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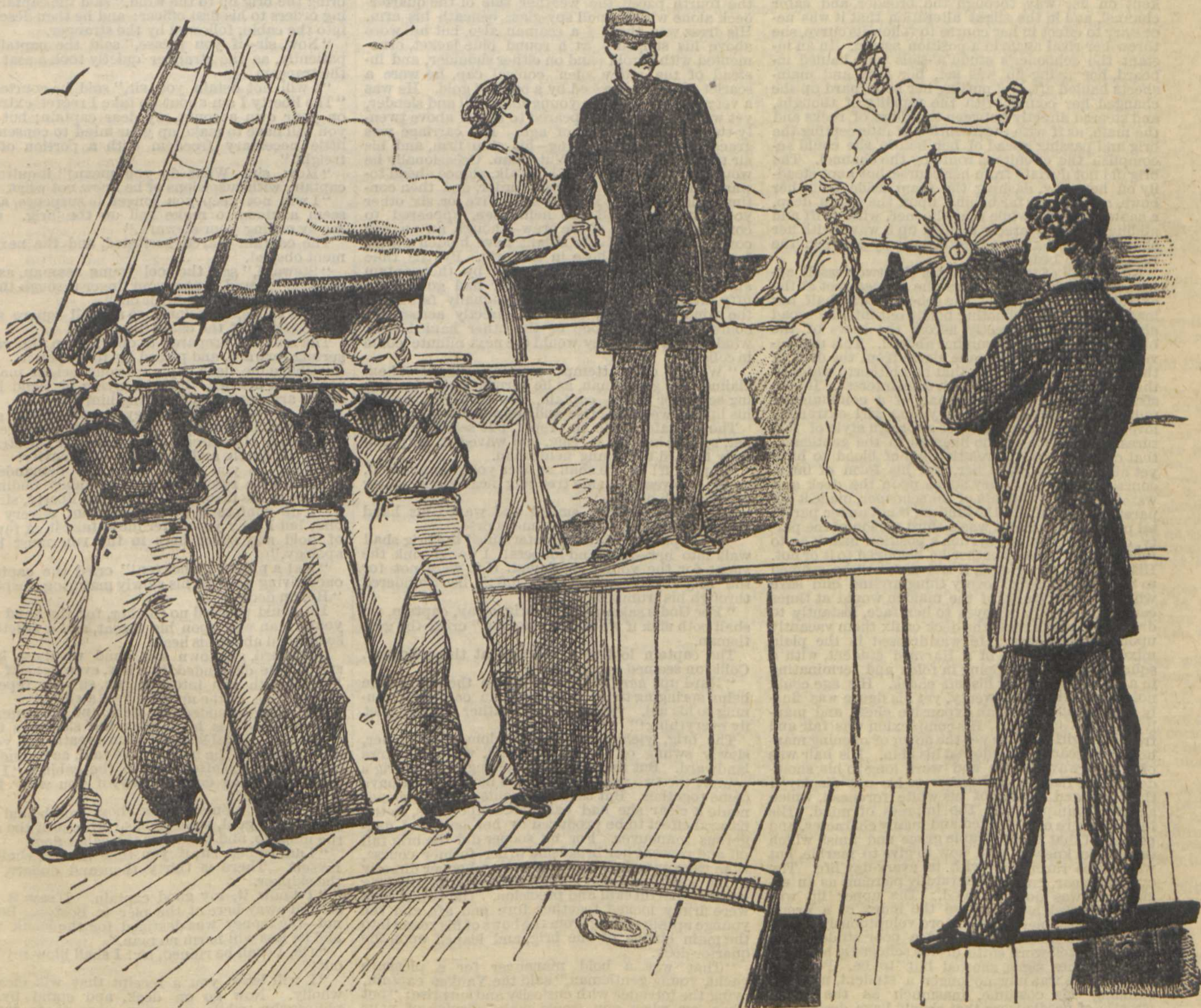
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# THE SEA SLIPPER; OR, THE AMATEUR FREEBOOTERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.



"FIRE!" THERE WERE TWO SPIRITS RELEASED AT THAT FATAL DISCHARGE.



# The Sea Slipper;

OR,  
THE AMATEUR FREEBOOTERS.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE SEA SLIPPER.

It was at the close of a golden afternoon in Autumn, that a numerous fleet of small vessels might have been seen making for the narrow outlet of Long Island Sound, between Sand's Point and Hart's Island, which forms the entrance to that beautiful strait called East River, but which well deserves to be named the "American Bosphorus."

As the fleet approached the eastern entrance to this miniature Bosphorus, it drew nearer together, and the diversity of form among the numerous vessels composing it was in strange contrast, for there were the tall and stately brigantine leading the way, gayly painted sloops, with their high spiral masts, schooners by the score, mackerel boats, pilot-crafts, and far astern heavy sailing luggers, laden to the bends.

Before a steady breeze the vessels crowded toward the Pass, stretching every inch of canvas in order to reach the port, seven leagues away, before night-fall.

One of the fleet, a beautiful clipper-built schooner had been for the last half-hour gallantly overhauling one after another of the convoy, and leaving them behind to glide by others still ahead, to finally gain a position just astern of the leading brigantine just as she was entering the Pass.

The schooner's canvas was stretched to its utmost, and a long, square foresail, extended on the weather bow, forced her through the water at a speed that threatened, before another half mile to leave the brigantine itself astern, and give her the lead of the entire squadron. The brigantine continued to stand steadily on toward the usual channel, between the island and the main, and in imitation of the schooner began also to increase her sail by the addition of a fore-top-gallant-studd'n'-sail and her main-top-sail. Notwithstanding this intimation, on the part of the brig, of an intention to maintain the lead, the schooner gained on her rapidly, and entered the narrowest part of the passage abeam and to windward of her. They continued to sail abreast a few seconds until they approached a portion of the strait where the main channel inclines to the left toward the main land, and is divided from it by a rocky ridge, inside of which is also a narrow and dangerous passage, seldom attempted save by vessels of very little draught, and under the government of skillful pilots. The brig kept on her way through the broader and safer channel, and in the slight alteration that it was necessary to effect in her course to follow its curve, she threw her rival again in a position astern. In an instant the schooner's studd'n'-sails were hauled in-board, her flying-jib was set, her fore and main-sheets hauled aft, and putting her helm hard up she changed her course with the rapidity of thought, and steered directly between the ridge of rocks and the main, as if with the intention of intercepting the brig and passing ahead of her before she could accomplish the circuitous route by the channel. The brig did not deviate from her course, but kept steadily on her way, dashing the foam aside from her bows, and leaving far behind, upon the azure deep, a snowy furrow; while the schooner, with swift and gliding motion, scarcely turning up a wave with her sharp prow, took her adventurous way between the rock and the beach.

After a sail of twenty minutes the two vessels approached each other, where the passes met at the extremity of the ledge. The schooner was half her length ahead, and shooting boldly out into the broad channel, steered directly across the bows of the brig as if intending to run her aboard. This maneuver was observed with some alarm from the deck of the brig by a small group that had hitherto watched the progress of the chase with deep interest. It consisted of an elderly gentleman, of a commanding military appearance, and a young girl extremely lovely, but with something of a foreign style of features. But there was no likeness to the gentleman that could betray any relationship of blood to him: yet his manner toward her, and his form of intercourse with her, as they stood upon the deck and watched the movements of the schooner, made it apparent she was under the kindest, if not under parental protection. There was a third person of the party, or rather standing in such a position near it as to render it uncertain whether he belonged to it, or not. His face was thoughtful, if not sad, and he seemed to be unconscious of every thing around him save when the light laugh of the maiden would at times cause him to lift his eyes to her face, instantly to drop them again upon the deck or fix them vacantly upon the schooner. He was dressed in the plain mixed gray costume of a Harvard student, with a square black cap dropping in folds and terminating in a silken tassel over his left cheek. His age could not have been above twenty, yet his figure was finely proportioned, with an expansive chest, and manly, elevated carriage. His complexion was fair and fresh as a girl's, for as yet the down of opening manhood had scarcely shadowed his chin. His hair was of a soft wavy brown and worn long to his shoulders. The fashion of the visor to his cap displayed the light and beauty of his white forehead, which also was stamped with the impress of mind. His features were of a spirited and manly character, and possessed that indescribable grace and finish which the Greeks knew so well how to give to marble, but which is so rarely met with in every-day life. The eye was clear, gray and naturally piercing as an eagle's. It was now subdued. The upper lip was slightly curled as if it were the index of a proud spirit, and the nether was more voluptuously rounded and fuller than becometh a poor student—for such the well-worn state of his scholastic habit, as well as other signs, showed him to be. Perhaps, however, he was now no longer a student, notwithstanding his costume, inasmuch as the usual wreaths of needle-work that should have designated the number of his scholastic years, had been careful-

ly removed from his cuff, though not without leaving traces of the marks appropriate to a junior.

"The schooner will surely fall foul of us, captain," said the elderly gentleman, with some anxiety, as the adventurous vessel came bounding with a flowing sheet across the course of the brig.

"If he has had the luck to run the 'Devil's Bite,' sir, without knocking off his fore-foot, carrying all sail, like the Flying Dutchman in a gale of wind, he'll take care to keep the ribs of his nimble craft out of the way of a merchant brig's nose," said the captain, quietly replacing his cigar, which he had taken from his lips to reply, and coolly turning once more to lean over the quarter-rail and watch the motion of the graceful vessel.

The schooner was eighty tons burden, and constructed on a most perfect model for sailing, and with a tasteful eye to symmetrical beauty. Her hull was painted green below her bends, and her upper works were jet black. A narrow ribbon of white paint, scarcely two inches broad, separated the two colors, and gave relief and brightness to her sides. Her bows were as sharp as those of a club-boat; and fitting as, if it grew out of them extended at a sharp angle a very long bowsprit, gracefully terminating to a pencil-like flying jib-boom. Her masts were single sticks, tapering to withes, and instead of being round, were flattened fore and aft to an oval shape, in order to hold less wind. Her fore and mainsails were very square, and displayed canvas enough for a craft nearly twice her size. She carried fore and main gaff-topsails, a fore-top-sail large enough for a brig of two hundred tons, an immense jib and large flying-jib, while a square fore-sail swung to a yard extended from her cross-trees to her fore-castle. She plainly was built rather for sailing than burden, and in all her appointments it could be seen that speed alone had been aimed at. Altogether she was one of the most beautiful vessels that ever danced the waves. On her neat decks, as they looked down upon her from the brig, they could see that every rope was coiled with the nicest nautical precision, and that the decks themselves were as white and spotless as a housewife's floor—while caboose, companionway, binnacle, and hatch-covers, neatly painted black, strikingly relieved their snowy hue. At her peak was displayed a small blue flag, representing the waves of the sea, and with a white graceful slipper in the center.

What particularly struck the group as the schooner came nearer, was the appearance of those on board. At the helm stood a young man dressed in neat white pantaloons, a blue striped shirt and a black knotted handkerchief, while on his head he wore a red woolen Portuguese cap; but this sailor's costume could not conceal a certain air of refinement in his appearance, that showed he had not been all his life a child of the sea. Two others similarly dressed, save that they wore silver bands around their caps, were standing near him, indolently leaning over the railing, conversing and smoking, while the fourth paced the weather side of the quarter-deck alone with a small spy-glass beneath his arm. His dress was that of a seaman also, but he wore above his striped shirt a round blue jacket, ornamented with a gold band on either shoulder, and instead of the red woolen conical cap, he wore a scarlet silk one, adorned by a band of gold. He was a very dark, handsome young man, tall and slender, yet well shaped, and appeared to be not above twenty-two or three years of age. His carriage was graceful and commanding—his step firm, and his air that of a bold and resolute man. Occasionally he would pause an instant in his walk, glance ahead toward the brig, give a formal order, and then continue his nautical promenade. Five or six other young men, dressed like helmsmen, appeared to compose the whole of the crew—though an awning covering the fore-castle might have hidden others from the view of those in the brig. By the time these observations had been made by the captain and his passenger, the schooner had got within fifty fathoms of the brig, and gradually falling off the wind, was boldly standing directly across her course, and unless one or the other hauled their wind, it was clear they would the next minute come in collision.

"Will he dare attempt crossing our bows!" exclaimed the gentleman, as he turned from the daring schooner to the captain, who was compressing his lips between surprise and apprehension.

The captain made no reply, but seizing a trumpet, sprung into the rigging, and waved it emphatically toward the young helmsman.

"Luff, luff! or we shall be over you!" he shouted, as the two vessels came trending nearer and nearer toward each other.

The young seaman smiled and waved his hand and continued to steer the same course.

"By Jupiter! They are determined the brig shall walk into her—the land-lubbers! I would sink the yacht for the young gentleman if it were not for the brig's danger. 'Luff, luff!' he thundered through his trumpet.

"For God's sake, put the brig away, captain, we shall both sink if we strike together," cried the gentleman.

The captain looked a moment at the schooner. Collision seemed inevitable.

"Hard up! hard!" he shouted to the man at the helm, springing to the deck, with an oath, and running to his aid. "Cast off the weather braces! Let fly everything!"

The brig, yielding to the freedom granted her, slowly swung off from the wind, with her bows landward. But for this sudden change in the brig's course, the two vessels would the next instant have come together. But the movements of the schooner made it clear she had calculated upon this, as the natural effect to be produced by her bold and dangerous maneuver. For no sooner did the brig fall off and present her broadside to her former course, than the young helmsman put the schooner directly in the wind's eye, and laid her alongside of the brig with wonderful skill and precision. The two vessels were firmly locked together fore and aft, and the young captain sprung from the bows of his vessel into the main chains of the brig, and leaped upon the quarter-deck.

"That was a bold maneuver for a pleasure yacht, young gentleman," said the Yankee captain, eying the intruder with curiosity and surprise; "but I beg, sir, when you would make display of your skill in boarding, you would come up to windward

and not put me out of my course by crossing my fore-foot. It was a masterly piece of seamanship. A pretty yacht you have for pleasure sailing in the sound."

"Yes, captain, and we are out for pleasant pastime, this evening. I pray you, a word with you. Ah! there is loveliness!" he exclaimed, as his glance rested on the young lady, who was gazing on him with unconscious admiration and curiosity. The maiden caught the glance of his large expressive eyes, and shrunk back, blushing. The intruder approached the group, and after courteously saluting the noble-looking gentleman, said to her, in a voice most pleasing in its tones to the ear:

"I trust, gentle lady, my rude visit has not caused you any alarm; I should hardly have taken this liberty had I known there were fair passengers on board the brig. But I will soon leave you—as a few moments will suffice to dispatch my errand with this stout captain here."

"Your yacht, sir," said the elderly gentleman, "is the most beautiful vessel I ever beheld."

"It is graceful as a gondola," said the young lady addressing the gentleman rather than the young seaman, though her eye once rested on his face as she was speaking.

"She is called the Sea Slipper, lady."

"And that is the meaning of the symbol on the green flag," she replied, looking up at the object of her remark. "Pray, sir, are you the commander of this beautiful craft?"

"Yes, madam."

"I was not aware that American gentlemen indulged in these amusements. Noblemen of fortune usually alone pursue them," remarked the gentleman.

"We are noblemen of fortune, also, sir," replied the young man, smiling, "but our title is our freedom—our coat of arms, yonder bright flag—our fortune, the wide sea."

"Ha! you do not mean—"

But the young man instantly turned away on speaking, and walked toward the spot where stood the captain, who had not overheard this conversation, while the gentleman drew the suddenly pale and beautiful girl to his heart, kissed her forehead, and remained for an instant watching his movements.

"Captain, I have a word with you," said he calmly, as he came up with him.

"Well, sir, pray be speedy, for I am losing time with this delay."

"Have you not a cabin?" asked the other, haughtily.

"I—I thought you could speak to me on deck," replied the surprised captain—"but I scarcely have time to go below with you. Is your business of importance?"

"It is worth full thirty thousand dollars to me, my dear sir."

"Stand by the weather braces, and get all clear to bring the brig up to the wind," said the captain, giving orders to his first officer; and he then descended into the cabin, followed by the stranger.

"Now, sir—if you please," said the captain, impatiently, as the stranger quietly took a seat upon the transom.

"I will not detain you, sir," said he courteously. "The liberty I am about to take I regret extremely on your own account, my dear captain; but I fear you will have to make up your mind to consent to a little necessary freedom with a portion of your freight."

"How, sir? What do you mean?" inquired the captain, with suspicions of he knew not what.

"I will not keep you longer in suspense, as you seem anxious to make sail on the brig. Oblige me by calling your steward."

The captain stared, hesitated, and the next moment obeyed.

"Steward," said the cool young seaman, as a tall mulatto entered, "pass your finger through the ring of the run-hatch, and lift it off."

As he spoke, he pointed to a small square scuttle in the center of the cabin floor.

The mulatto prepared to obey, when the captain sprung forward, and placed his foot upon it.

"Oblige me, dear captain—your weight makes it somewhat heavier," he said, laying his hand lightly on his arm, and gently forcing him aside.

The captain fixed his eyes upon those of the speaker an instant, and then yielded in silence. The steward, at the reiterated command of the stranger, lifted the hatch, and exposed a dark cavity.

"What do you mean, sir?" now demanded the captain, with resolution, as if suddenly finding the full use of his faculties. "This is a liberty, sir—"

"I do confess it is, dear captain; a very great one; but I pray you suffer me to take it. A few kegs of gold and silver here in the run must be my apology."

"Ha! a pirate, by heaven!" cried the captain, at once giving voice to his slowly maturing suspicions.

"Ho, on deck—"

He could proceed no further, for the hand of the young man was upon his throat, and a stiletto was suspended above his heart.

"Steward, go down and hand up those kegs of specie," he demanded, in a low, even tone of voice.

"Down with you into the run, sir!" he repeated a second time, as the mulatto hesitated.

The man descended the steps, and the young captain released his hold upon the skipper's throat. "Breathe a syllable above your breath, and you are a dead man on the instant," he said, as he motioned him toward the after part of the cabin. "I would have this thing done quietly, if you will. Lively, lively, steward!"

In a few moments, six short iron-bound kegs, filled with gold, were handed up out of the run by the mulatto, and placed on the cabin floor.

"I am ruined, sir, if you take this. I shall hang myself. There is thirty thousand dollars," cried the skipper.

"I know it, my good captain. I saw it safely stowed away here at the pier in Boston. But fear not—the money was destined for the bank vaults, and its loss will harm no man."

"Oh, I shall be ruined, sir! I shall blow my brains out!"

"I will leave you a receipt that will clear you wholly. Now go on deck, and stand by, with philosophy, while my men pass these into the schooner."



"Surely you will not take it sir? I shall jump overboard, and drown myself."

"Obey me!"

"Never!" shouted the captain, roused to resolution; "I have ten hands, besides my passengers, and it shall never be said Captain Ezra Wheelock let six kegs of gold be taken out of his cabin, by a bloody pirate, without striking a blow for it."

"Hush, captain. I have thirty-seven young gentlemen lying yonder, beneath the awning of my fore-castle. shaw! nonsense, my dear Captain Ezra Wheelock. You will do no such foolish thing. Go on deck and put your brig under sail while the gold is passed out."

The last determination of the captain was conquered by the coolness of the pirate, as he now evidently appeared to be, and, without a word, he sunk upon the transom, and buried his face in his hands. The emotion was but for an instant. With a sudden impulse, he sprung to his state-room, seized a cutlass that hung above his pillow, and with a phrensy of desperation attacked him. Thrice the young man caught the blade upon the steel guard of his stiletto, then closed with him, and wrested the weapon from his grasp. Then sounding a shrill whistle, which was affixed to the end of the dagger, the answering feet of twenty men were heard leaping upon the deck, and the next instant the cabin was filled with determined young fellows, each with a short naked sword in his hand.

"Six of you pass this gold into the schooner without noise, and the rest of you hold possession of the deck of the brig till it is done," he said, addressing their leader, who was one of the two young sailors who had stood together on the quarter-deck. "Captain, come to the deck with me. Be under no alarm—for, unless your crew resist me, there shall be no violence, nor anything removed save the gold, for which I have been in chase of you the last twenty-four hours. I would have preferred coming up with your craft in more open sea; but men of our profession must risk something. It's a timid wolf that will not venture into the fold."

They ascended to the deck to find the crew of the brig under guard in the waist, and the passengers already noticed, standing far astern, alarmed, wondering, and silent. The young captain immediately advanced toward them, and said, in a tone of apology, to the elder gentleman:

"I do exceedingly regret the alarm my presence, and that of my companions, has caused you—and especially this lovely girl at your side. I need not disguise my profession. My object in boarding you is to remove kegs of specie, which I had reason to know were on board this brig. My men are now transferring it to the schooner. With the last keg I also quit the brig, and leave you to pursue your course to the city."

"I do not less regret, sir," replied the gentleman, in a feeling, yet dignified tone of reproof, "that a young gentleman of your bearing, and that of your companions, who all seem well-born young men, instead of common pirates, should have undertaken this profession, which must assuredly end in a premature and ignominious death."

"Sir," said the young man with seriousness, "we are all young men, who have been educated to be gentlemen, without the birth or the fortune to sustain and maintain the rank of such. We entered the world, and found it already apportioned to the laborious and the useful. We could not, therefore, but carve our fortunes out of it with such instruments as fortune had given us—and these were only our wits. We tried them on honesty, but they grew dull and blunted—we could not starve, and mother earth refusing to nourish us, we threw ourselves upon the charity of father Neptune. When he has been generous to us, we leave his domain awhile and live like pleasant gentlemen on shore till empty purses drive us once more to depend upon his bounty."

"You are a pleasant gentleman, by mine honor," said the old man, sadly smiling; "I do grieve at your guilty profession, for you will seldom get bloodless gold, as you have now done."

"We court no carnage. Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, is our motto. Dearest lady, I pray you accept this gem as a memento of my visit here—my heart tells me I shall need no token of the hour I first beheld you."

As he spoke he placed, ere she was aware, a brilliant diamond upon her hand.

"Sir, this is bold," exclaimed the gentleman, stepping between her and the young captain.

"Nay, sir, it shall be a gage of your safety, should circumstances ever place you or herself again in the path of any of the gentlemen belonging to the Sea Slipper."

"Keep the ring, sir," said the young lady, firmly; "I can never wear the gift of a freebooter."

"Nay, sweet maid, thou shalt have it; and that those sweet lips have called me a freebooter, Cupid forefend! but I will have my revenge on them."

As he spoke, the handsome buccaneer was about to press his bold lip to those of the fair girl, when he received a blow upon the breast from the hitherto inactive student that made him stagger backward and reel ere he could recover himself.

The student had remained, during the whole of the foregoing scene, apparently so enwrapped in his own sad thoughts as not to observe the events taking place around him, or else so reckless from inward sorrow as to be indifferent as to the result. But when the young buccaneer chief approached and addressed the maiden, he lifted his eyes and observed the interview with interest. When he presented her the gem his eyes flashed and the color rushed like lightning to his brows, and he instantly threw his body forward, as if he anticipated further boldness, and was prepared to defend her. Scarcely had the freebooter meditated the insult in his mind, when his eye betrayed it to the student, and ere he could accomplish his bold purpose the youth sprung forward, unarmed as he was, and, with a well-bestowed blow, sent him reeling half across the deck.

The buccaneer recovered his feet and surveyed his assailant, who quietly resumed his former posture, with a steady glance of savage vindictiveness, and then, clashing his stiletto, leaped upon him. The old man caught the uplifted arm, and turned the blow aside so critically that the weapon buried itself in the mast by which the student was standing.

"Hold, young man! add not blood to robbery!" cried the gentleman, sternly.

"It is well—but be it so," he said, with a light laugh, drawing forth the weapon and replacing it in his bosom. "Young gallant, you and I will meet again, or I know not the destiny that awaits young adventurers like yourself in yonder city."

The student met his menacing look with a clear, unmoved gaze, and slightly smiled, as if in defiance.

"The kegs are safe on board, sir," said the lieutenant of the schooner, approaching him.

"Then cast her free. Captain, I cannot leave you without expressing my grief at the inconvenience I have put you to; but you perceive it could not well be otherwise. You are at liberty to proceed. I trust we shall have the pleasure of meeting again. Farewell, sir," he added, addressing the elder passenger: "I pray you will pardon the rudeness that I meditated toward your daughter."

"Nay, she is my niece; but—"

"It matters not; had she been thy daughter thou wouldst have been less slow in protecting her. And, lady, forgive me if thy beauty tempted me, as the sweet flower does the bee. Blame thy charms alone, for, had they been less rare, they would have been less coveted."

"All clear, captain," said the lieutenant, who stood upon the brig's bulwarks, ready to swing himself by a stay on board the schooner; "yonder group of vessels seem to have discovered our character, for there are twenty boats dropping from as many sterns, and full eighty men jumping into them. We shall be cut off by them in putting back into the Sound."

"We shall have to keep on through Hell Gate, and so through into New York Bay. Let us have a look at these gentlemen."

He sprung into the rigging as he spoke, and, looking in the direction the lieutenant was gazing, saw that a score of sloops and schooners had come to astern, as if aware of the situation of the brig, and suspected the profession of the vessel that lay alongside of her. They were huddled together, as if for mutual protection, and all their boats were in the water, with from four to six men in each, armed with pistols, muskets and cutlasses. Their attention and movements were plainly directed toward the brig.

As the last man passed him, and leaped from the deck upon the schooner, the brig's colors rose rapidly to the peak, Union down. This signal of distress, which the captain had too late sent up, was instantly answered by a shout from the boats, which immediately began to pull toward the two vessels.

The young freebooter looked as if he would have jumped back upon the brig's deck to cut the colors down, but seeing the intended object was already effected, he, the next moment, sprung upon his own vessel, and gave rapid orders to cast her off. In a moment she swung clear from the side of the brig. He sprung to the helm himself as she fell off from the wind, and commanding, in a loud tone, every brace and sheet to be hauled close aft, shot under the brig's stern.

The two vessels, while together, having laid their bows in opposite directions, had been kept very nearly stationary by the counter action of their sails, so that when they separated they were but a short distance below the "Devil's Bite," through which the schooner issued to intercept the brig. It seemed at first to be the intention of the buccaneer to attempt to weather the head of the reef, and, getting inside, place the ledge between himself and the boats. But a moment's observation convinced him of the impracticability of this attempt, and he was about to turn back and encounter the boats when his quick eye detected a deep, narrow gap in the long line of reef, opening between two bold rocks, leading from the main channel to the inner pass. He saw that the wind as it then was, would just allow him to effect a passage through it. It was scarcely two feet more than the schooner's breadth in width, and failure would have been fatal.

Without hesitation, he braced his vessel as sharp to the wind as she could lie, and laid her course. It was now plain, from the determined eye and firmly compressed lips of the young freebooter, as he bent to the helm, that he deemed the situation of the schooner a critical one, and that all his coolness and skill were necessary to extricate her from it. The boats, in the meanwhile, impelled by a hundred oars, and, with loud shouts from their crews, were pulling up the main channel, with a rapidity that promised those who from the liberated brig eagerly watched the movements of both parties, speedy retribution for their robbery.

"Let us get the ledge between us and the infernal boats, and we will laugh at them," said the captain to his lieutenant. "If the wind would haul so as to give us about half a point free, we should clear this ugliest spur of black rock on our lee bow, and then we should dance right merrily one side of the ledge, while yonder boats are pulling on the other. Haul taut every brace and bowline till they spring like steel—give the canvas not an inch of play. Let every man throw his weight to leeward. Now steady, there! steady!"

"Ha! we shall clear it yet," he cried, a few moments after.

The sails of the beautiful little schooner were now drawn aft to their utmost tension, till they lay up to the wind like boards, and the sharp-bowed little vessel, as she crept along, seemed literally "to eat her way to windward." She lay within five points to the wind, and yet, as her captain looked ahead, he could see that her bowsprit was in a straight line with the lee side of the passage, which was now not fifty yards before him. It seemed impossible that the schooner could clear it in safety. Her speed as she moved through the water was but just sufficient to keep her obedient to the helm. The boats in the meanwhile were rapidly approaching, and that of the brig was also let down and manned, to join them as they came up; and from the shouts of those that crowded them, it was clear that they expected that the schooner would fall short of the passage in the gap. This fate, indeed, seemed inevitable. She continued on, standing a few yards further, and the practiced eye of the captain saw that she had not opened a finger's breadth between the lee-rock and the end of the jib-boom. It was a critical moment. For an instant there appeared to be no other alternative left but to go about, and force a passage through the boats into the Sound, or to put away before the wind, and boldly run the gantlet through the East River.

The schooner was now within her length of the passage. Another moment and it would have been too late even to put about, when, just as he parted his lips to give the order to tack, the wind, as if willing to lend its assistance to so much skill and daring hauled a little. The schooner's bows freely came up to its embrace. The captain saw the opening between the rock and her jibboom grow wider and wider and the faithful little vessel, yielding to the helm, glided into the gap between the rocks, which she just grazed with her sides as she passed them, and, like a bird loosed from the hand, shot out into the channel beyond. A loud, exulting shout rose from her decks. Sail after sail was freed from its bowlines and swung free to the breeze, and away she went, darting and curling the waves before her prow, through the "Devil's Bite," with the wind two points free on her bow, steering for the wide-spreading Sound.

The disappointed boats, which were within an eighth of a mile of her, saw at once that to pursue her through the gap would be useless; but, as if resolved she should not escape without annoyance, they instantly pulled in toward that part of the ledge opposite where they were, and reached it just as the schooner was passing by on the other side. The motley crews immediately leaped ashore, and, covering the rocks, opened upon her a heavy discharge of pistols, musketry and blunderbusses, which they kept up, apparently without effect, until she had got beyond reach of their fire.

The adventurous schooner at length re-entered the main channel, a quarter of a mile below the fleet of coasting vessels from which the boats had started after her, and having received the fire of a swivel from one that lay nearest to her, stood boldly past the residue of the fleet, and was soon spreading a flowing sheet in the open Sound.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE STUDENT.

THE boats at length returned to their respective vessels, and the fleet was once more under way. The inmates of the brig, however, stood together in groups on the fore-castle and quarter-deck, discoursing upon the events that had taken place. The captain paced the deck like an insane man—now pausing in his rapid walk to look after the receding schooner, now striking his hands together in despair. The elderly gentleman and his niece for a long time stood aft, near the taffrail, gazing in silence upon the bright speck that marked the pirate vessel, while the young student remained a few paces off, gazing upon the lovely, ever-changing features of the maiden with silent admiration. He seemed to have forgotten the visit of the freebooter, and to remember that the world held anything else besides the fair creature before him. At length he turned suddenly away, and said sadly and bitterly: "Wherefore should I gaze and drink in madness from her intoxicating beauty? I am a wanderer, nameless and penniless. Why should I make myself miserable by loving what I feel I only must adore afar off? It is madness and folly! I will not look upon her again. My fate and hers can never be linked!" He sighed and walked away to the furthest side of the deck, and, leaning his head upon his hand, gazed over the brig's quarter upon the waves that heaped to her swift progress through the water. A hand lightly touched his shoulder! He turned quickly round, and the elderly gentleman stood beside him.

"Young man," he said, in a tone of gentle reproof, "I pray you join my niece and myself. Your conduct in this late unpleasant affair has commanded my respect and her gratitude. We have been three days fellow-passengers, but our confinement in our state-room from slight sea-sickness has, until this afternoon, denied us the pleasure of meeting you. I see by your habit that you are a student."

"I have been, sir," said Hayward, "but I am one no longer. I beg you, sir, to excuse me from joining your society," he added moodily.

"Nay, young gentleman, Blanche desires to thank you for your noble interference in her behalf, when you rude buccaneer would have—"

"Nay, sir, I did but punish insolence," said Henry, somewhat abruptly.

"You are ill at ease—Blanche shall sing for you."

"I have no ear for music. I pray, sir, do me a kindness—I would be left to my own thoughts. I am unworthy your notice or of your niece's regard."

"Nay, you are not guilty of crime, or there is the most finished deception in your open features."

"Crime!" he repeated with a kindling eye—he then directly added—"Yes, sir, I am criminal in the world's eye—I am poor. It were better I should be chief of yon crew of freebooters than a mendicant student, for I did see thy niece glance with an eye of more approval than it should have had, upon the handsome and bold pirate; for woman ever loves daring, even if coupled with crime."

"You speak freely, young sir; but I forgive you for the wounded spirit you seem to bear in your bosom. I think it best, on the whole, as I do now construe thy feelings toward my niece, that thou shouldst not make her acquaintance."

The gentleman then turned coldly away with a slight bend of his head, and joined the young lady, who seemed to wait with interest the result of this conference. She received it as he rejoined her, with surprise visible on her intelligent features, and turned upon the young man a look of mingled curiosity and reproof. He did not, however see it, for he had turned away as the other parted from him, muttering:

"It is best it should be so. I am resolved to banish myself from all society, until I am in the path to honorable distinction. Yes, yes, the haughty uncle thinks it best the acquaintance should not be formed, now he has divined my heart's secret—discovered the germ of what *might* one day ripen into love in the poor scholar's breast!"

Thus speaking, the young man turned bitterly away, and paced the deck apart with a moody brow, and a rapid, nervous step. Henry Hayward, for such was the name of the student, was the son of a clergyman in the vicinity of Boston. His father was a poor man, but unfortunately, was influenced by the false and dangerous ideas of respectability that prevail so universally throughout New England. With a salary, barely sufficient to furnish him with the necessities, and none of the luxuries of life, he was trying to bring up a family of ten children, as if he had ten thousand dollars apiece to leave each of



them on arriving at age. It was his desire as he often expressed it to his wife, that his children should all be "respectable."

With this idea inculcated in his heart, Henry Hayward became proud of the profession of his father, that made him and his family so much more "respectable" than the families of mechanics, and he grew toward his more humble classmates proud and arrogant, and the same false reasoning governed when his misguided father sent him to Harvard College where, through the courtesy of the trustees he had been enabled to attend without charge.

He entered with ease the junior class, and his father the first year paid his bills; but at last there came a split in the church, the clergyman's salary was lowered, and he wrote his son that he could do no more for him.

At once he determined to leave college, and packing up his few traps, selling what things he did not need, he bade farewell to the collegiate halls, and left for Boston, on foot, determined to find some employment, which his necessities forced him to do, for already had he bitterly learned in what a false school his father had brought him up. As he could find nothing to do in Boston he took passage on the brigantine for New York, the captain allowing him to go for half the regular fare.

He was at first very moody, but soon discovered that he was not the only passenger, for upon the quarter-deck sat an elderly gentleman and a young lady of rare beauty.

The heaving of the sea soon drove the young lady and the gentleman to the cabin, and Henry Hayward saw no more of them until the third day, when the beauty of the Sound scenery and the balmy air lured them on deck once more, and shortly after followed the scene of the piracy already related.

Mr. Francis Hillary, the elderly gentleman mentioned was an India merchant in Boston, and was on the way to New York in the brigantine, which he owned, but with the specie he had nothing to do.

He took with him his niece, for a visit to the great metropolis, and she was a bright, beautiful girl, with a warm, impulsive heart and noble nature, believing life was all it was represented in the novels she had read.

Having no mother to guide her, she prepared to mingle in the world as if she had been introduced into it in some golden romantic age, instead of in these matter-of-fact days.

The brigantine now kept on her course through East river, passed the dangerous gantlet of Hell Gate, and left the foaming waters behind her.

Henry Hayward stood alone leaning over the quarter-rail, gazing upon the beautiful shores, and the tranquil influence of the hour pictured his own peculiar condition with less somber shadows than he had done since leaving Cambridge.

### CHAPTER III. THE RESCUE.

The afternoon was drawing to a close as the beautiful brigantine glided along by the green banks of Ravenswood, the far-extending branches of whose noble trees almost swept her decks. The air was laden with fragrance, from shaded pastures that stretched from the villas to the waters, and birds were singing in the trees, and children were at play on the lawns, as it successively passed them before a gentle wind that scarcely ruffled the limpid surface of the river.

Our passengers stood upon the quarter-deck, their senses filled with the beauty of the panorama, through the midst of which they moved. The seamen leaned in listless, idle positions, over the bows or windlass, silently gazing on the ever-changing views shoreward, and even the helmsman, at times, forgot his duty, in the contemplation of the pleasant scenes through which he was guiding his slowly gliding bark. The captain, however, walked the deck amidships, with a troubled brow and angry impatient step, too much absorbed in the recent singular loss of his specie to think of anything else. He was all anxiety to reach the city to dispatch a cutter after the freebooter; and nature wore no charms that he could admire while in this mood. On the quarter-deck, near the taffrail, stood Mr. Hillary and Blanche, gazing in silent pleasure upon the shore, and only by looks expressing their additional gratification when any new scene suddenly unfolded itself to their rapt and admiring gaze. Henry Hayward stood aloof from them, proud, cold, and gloomy; for he felt they looked down upon him as a poor unknown student and wanderer; and his sensitiveness would not permit him to intrude upon them, even at a time when all around them seemed to invite strangers to interchange sentiments of admiration. This austerity, however, was only outwardly. His spirit had partaken somewhat of the calm and beautiful tone of nature, and he gave himself up to the enjoyment which taste and an impassioned eye for nature now presented to him. Each succeeding villa, with its varied grounds and changing scenery, drew from him as he leaned over the side opposite to that occupied by the uncle and niece, glowing feelings of delight. Under the influence of the hour his heart grew benevolent, and his spirit became more gentle. He felt his situation less hopeless than he had believed it to be, and looked to the future with composure. Such is ever the effect of the lovelier scenes of nature upon the cultivated mind and heart.

They had been for some time gliding along past a series of country seats on the Manhattan side, toward a point that projected into the river and formed a finely-wooded headland. Above its trees could be seen the pinnacles and battlements of a gothic cottage, which had awakened in Hayward a curiosity to survey it more fully when they should sail past it. He, therefore, kept his eyes fixed upon it, and as the brig rounded the headland he was gratified at beholding the most lovely scene that the beautiful banks had yet presented to his view. The headland was one arm of a romantic basin, about three hundred yards across, in which the water lay still and black, from the shadows of overhanging rocks and trees. At the head of the cove, was a curving beach of white sand, from which a winding path led up the rocks to an elevated lawn, upon which stood the gothic cottage, that had attracted his gaze further up the river, from the other side of the headland. The dwelling was of a grayish brown hue, most pleasing to the eye, and was composed of a gothic hall, with a square tower at

one end, and two turrets at the other. Light lattices of gothic tracery ran around its sides, supported by light stone pillars, around which vines were creeping to the eaves and roof. It was the most tasteful and rural abode imaginable, and in the style of architecture in harmony with the mingled rock and woodland scene amid which it stood.

An exclamation of surprise and pleasure broke from Blanche Hillary and her uncle at the same moment, and even the poor unfortunate captain paused an instant to contemplate its quiet beauty. The sun was low in the west, and by its level light flinging its parts into dark shadows and heightening its effect.

"How romantic!" exclaimed Blanche, as she thought of knights' and tournaments, in association with the gothic character of the edifice.

"A fine seat, and convenient to the city for business," observed Mr. Hillary, who, like a true merchant, had an eye to utility in every thing that ministered to luxury or taste.

"I wonder," was the idea in the head of the poor captain, "if it was sold, if it would bring as much money as those infernal pirates have robbed me of;" for the unhappy man had no other thought than what ultimately bore upon his great loss; not that he himself had to lose the money, for he had witnessed to this effect, as well as the certificate of the freebooter, of the piracy; but he felt sore that he should have suffered his brig to have been boarded and plundered in open day, in sight of a hundred other sail, without being able to offer any resistance, or intercept him in his retreat.

Henry's emotions, however, partook only of the finer impressions of taste. The effect of the whole lovely scene before him, was like that of music when it touches the heart. He contemplated it with feelings of quiet joy, yet sighed that earth was all so beautiful, and not for him. His attention was at length diverted from the mansion to a small skiff, containing a beautiful boy, about nine years old, and a lovely little girl of seven, who had just put off from the steps at the foot of the winding path, to recover a miniature boat, which a light puff of wind had borne beyond their reach as they were sailing it along the pebbled bank. The boy had a paddle and handled it very skillfully, and soon came up with his boat, and recovering it, turned it shoreward. He then looked up in triumph, and taking off his cap, unloosing a cloud of brown ringlets in the act, he hurraed at the brig, and then taking his paddle, boldly directed his pretty green painted skiff toward her, the little girl clapping her hands, apparently delighted at the idea of getting on board the big vessel which was so near them. The water was still and deep, and Henry, feeling alarmed for their safety, if they should advance further, waved them back. The boy promptly obeyed the signal, and putting down his paddle, sat beside his sweet little passenger, while the skiff floated still on the water, and with animated looks and gestures, was directing her attention to the various parts of the vessel.

All at once a plunge was heard in the water and Henry, looking in the direction of the sound, saw a large Newfoundland dog, which had been laying on the beach watching the sports of the children, impatient at their long stay out upon the water, had at length jumped in to swim towards them. With strong strokes of his huge paws the animal rapidly approached the boat, encouraged to advance by the boy, who no sooner saw him coming, than he called to him with childish delight, and shouted and clapped his hands. Henry watched the progress of the animal with some interest, as he made directly for the boat, and with a half-formed apprehension that he might in some way do them injury. This fear was increased when he saw the little girl lean over the side of the boat and stretch out her chubby white arms to clasp him, when he should get within her reach.

The dog soon reached the skiff, for it was not more than twenty yards from the shore, and about fifty from the brig, and Henry's heart leaped into his throat as he saw the huge animal, after swimming once round the boat, place one of his huge paws upon the gunwale and depress it fearfully down toward the water's edge, while the boy, with the thoughtlessness of his years, was leaning over and grasping his shaggy mane to try and lift him into the frail boat.

Henry felt his apprehensions were about to be realized, unless the dog's well-known sagacity should lead him to discover the danger he put them in, and withdraw his paw. The brig was gliding away, and the eyes of both Mr. Hillary and his niece were turned in the same direction, with their minds agitated by the same fears for the children's safety that Henry experienced.

"Let the dog go, my little fellow," he shouted; "he will upset your boat. Release him, or he will drag you into the water."

"Down, sir, down," cried Blanche, in an energetic tone of alarm to the dog, who was apparently conscious of the mischief he was doing, and immediately releasing his hold upon the side of the skiff, he dropped into the water, and dragged with him the boy, who had not yet released his grasp upon his neck. The united weight of the dog and the boy, as he was drawn over the side into the water, instantly caused the boat to fill, and sink beneath them, leaving the three struggling in the water.

Hayward had witnessed the whole from the deck of the brig, and having already anticipated such a catastrophe, prepared himself to leap into the water. Before, however, he made the spring from the deck, his ears were penetrated by a wild shriek from the shore; and, looking towards it, he saw, dashing down the pathway to the beach, a young girl on horseback, whom by her dress he recognized as one whom he had seen, through the openings in the trees, riding along the road on the other side of the headland. He could now see, before he sprang, that she was young, beautiful, and bonnetless—that her dark hair and ample robes wildly waved in the wind, as she dashed down the precipice. The next instant he was buffeting the waves in the direction of the sufferers. The boy, as the boat sunk, clung to the dog, who would have made for the shore, but for the voice of the little girl, who, buoyed up by her frock, cried touchingly.

"Nep, Nep, don't swim away, and let me drown." The dog seemed to understand her, and turning back, swam toward her, the little fellow on his neck assisting his progress by striking out with his disen-

gaged arm, all the time encouraging his little sister, who was fast settling beneath the surface as her garments became more and more saturated. The young lady, on reaching the water side dashed fearlessly in, all mounted as she was, and pressing her spirited horse till he was swimming, urged him in the direction of the children. The intelligent animal seemed to understand her wishes, and yielding himself to her guidance, soon approached the struggling children; while the fearless girl, forgetful of all else save their imminent peril, encouraged them by voice and gesture to hold out till she could reach them. Henry was already near the little girl, whom her brother once caught by the bright tresses as she was sinking, but had to release, as her additional weight drew both himself and the dog beneath the water.

"Oh, sir, save my little sister," he said, as Henry swam near. "Oh! sir, she's sinking; she's gone down!"

"Save the child, oh, save her!" cried the young girl, yet several yards distant, seeing it disappear. Henry was some feet off from the little girl when he saw her sink, and replied to her passionate entreaty by instantly diving beneath the surface. The maiden checked the progress of her swimming horse, and gazed breathlessly upon the spot where he and the little girl had gone down. There was a moment of terrible suspense, the waves parted, and Henry rose to the surface with the child in his arms.

"Thank God! Annette is saved!" cried the maiden, clasping her hands in gratitude. "Can you swim to the shore with her?"

"With ease," he replied; "but I beseech you have regard for your own safety. Your horse shows signs of impatience, and, if he should throw you, I could save but one."

"Then let it not be me, but the dear child," she answered, turning the horse's head toward the shore. "Are you safe with good old Neptune, Eddy?" she said, looking at her brave little brother, who, with one arm about the dog's neck, kept himself above water, as the sagacious dog, on seeing the other child rescued by Henry, turned and swam steadily toward the land.

"Yes, perfectly, sister. Neptune would never let me drown, and would have saved sister also, but she was too fat and heavy for him."

"I beg of you, miss, attend to your safety," cried Henry, seeing that her horse was fatigued and repeatedly plunged his head beneath the surface; "your brother is well cared for, and soon will reach the shore with the noble dog's aid and I will save this sweet child I hold on my arm. Heed your own safety, I implore you; and give your whole attention to guiding and encouraging your horse."

This cautionary advice was needed by the young girl, who, now that the imminent danger was passed, had lost something of that bold energy and fearlessness of spirit which, on desecrating her brother and sister's danger from the lawn, which she had just reached after returning from her ride, had inspired her to risk her own life in the effort to save theirs. Her horse, which was a beautiful light-limbed bay, full of blood and spirit, was fast giving way under the unaccustomed exertion of swimming with a rider upon his back; and though he struggled to sustain both himself and his mistress, his frequent muscular efforts to keep his head above the water, betrayed his rapidly increasing exhaustion. Henry, who with an eye of anxious solicitude for the fate of the lovely, self-sacrificing girl, had observed all this as he swam shoreward with his own almost insensible burden, at length seeing that the horse would drown himself, was about to swim to his bit, when he saw her disengage her heavy skirt from her waist, and leave the saddle, with a hand on the rein. The horse was for an instant relieved, and turned his head toward the shore. But the young girl, unable to swim, and dragging with a dead heavy weight at his bit, drew his head under water, and thrice nearly sunk herself beneath the surface. Henry, alarmed lest the animal should strike her with his hoofs, cried to her earnestly to quit her grasp and he would save her.

"No, no; Annette, save Annette, and leave me to my fate," she cried; and releasing her hold upon the horse's bit, she let him swim free. Henry, however, had already formed his plan of action, and as the horse passed near him on his way to the shore, he placed Annette in the saddle, fastening her light person to the horn by a firm turn of her dress around it, and then swam toward the generous girl, the exhibition of whose noble spirit had inspired him with a determination to save her or perish with her. She had already sunk twice, and rose again to the surface, and was a third time descending, with a look of perfect consciousness, when he reached her, and caught her hand as it was passing from his sight. He raised her to the surface insensible, and entwining one of her arms around his neck, and encircling her slight figure with a strong arm, he struck out toward the land.

The brig by this time had been brought to, at a great distance from the spot, her boat let down, and was now rapidly approaching. Henry, however, on calculating the space, found he could reach the shore before the boat could come up to him, and kept swimming steadily on. He saw with joy that Neptune had landed with his charge, and stood shaking the water from his sides, and that the horse had already touched the beach, where several members of the family who had flown down to the spot, released him from the sweet and almost lifeless burden he had safely borne to land.

"Can you bear up, sir?" anxiously inquired a gentleman from the beach, whom Henry supposed to be the father of the young children and the maiden; "we have no boat, and can only aid you with our prayers."

"I think I can, sir," answered the gallant swimmer, with hope, yet faintly; "but I am, indeed, fast becoming exhausted."

"Ho! the boat! Row for your lives, men!" shouted the gentleman; and all with him who stood on the shore added their voices.

"If you could send the dog again into the water, sir. The boat is too far off to reach me before I could get to the shore."

"Ho, Neptune! to the water! To his aid, noble dog," cried the gentleman, urging him to take the water to Henry's assistance.

The dog, first at fault to ascertain what duty was required of him, was at length guided by Henry, who



called to him, and immediately plunged in, and swam toward him. Henry was now full ten yards from the shore, and had become so exhausted by his previous exertions, and the weight of his lovely burden, that he was incapable of swimming any further; and when the dog reached him, he was employed only in buoying himself up, and keeping the head of the young girl above the water. The intelligent animal swam directly to her side, and fastening his large white teeth in the sleeve of her habit, instantly relieved Henry of half the weight he had to support. With a feeling of gratitude for this timely aid, he placed one arm of the young girl over Neptune's broad neck, and thus aided, swam toward the shore with her. With what intense and absorbing solicitude was every inch of their progress watched by the anxious group on the beach. The gentleman who had sent in the dog now waded up to his neck, and with a joyful cry, which was echoed by all present, extended his arms and received his daughter, as her exhausted deliverer placed her within his reach. At the same instant, the boat which had been rowing to their relief came up, but its aid was no longer required. All, lately in so great peril, were saved by the coolness and courage of the young student! On resigning his charge to her father's arms, the energy that had inspired him to such supernatural efforts deserted him and he would have sunk but for the aid of Neptune, to whose mane he clung, until the faithful dog dragged him to the beach. Here he was received by a group of grateful and admiring persons: and little Annette, pale but smiling, was placed in his arms by her happy mother. Eddy also, clambered up to embrace him, and for a moment Henry forgot his fatigue in the joy his persevering courage had produced. For an instant the father and the daughter seemed forgotten, in their gratitude to their preserver. Colonel Powel, aided by others, had, however, soon succeeded in recovering his child from her insensibility, when, after being perfectly sensible, she looked round for her brother and sister.

"Oh, are they safe? Edward—Annette." Springing forward, with a large Indian shawl wrapped round her as a substitute for her skirt, she embraced them; and then taking both Henry's hands in her own, she pressed them warmly, and said to him, with a deep feeling—"God in Heaven bless you, generous stranger! I have no words to thank the preserver of my life, and that of my brother and sister. So noble a spirit as yours will find its higher reward in the contemplation of its own act."

Henry colored with ingenuous modesty at her enthusiasm of gratitude, and, as he looked into her pale but lovely countenance, he thought he had never beheld a face so beautiful and intellectual. His heart acknowledged the power of darker eyes than he had ever looked into, and he felt he would willingly have lost his life to have saved that of one so lovely. Colonel Powel now advanced and embraced him, and after overwhelming him with his gratitude, insisted on his going to the house and changing his dress.

"I thank you, sir," said Hayward; "but the brig's boat is waiting, and I cannot detain the vessel. I am happy to feel that I have been the instrument, under Providence, of saving lives so precious. Noble Neptune, also, well deserves your thanks, for without his assistance I fear the bright-eyed boy would have been drowned."

"To your coolness, perseverance, and judgment, all is owing," answered the grateful Catherine Powel, "for I feel I should have been lost but for your self-possession. Indeed, sir, you must not leave a family you have made so happy!"

"That is right, Kate," said Colonel Powel, smiling, "we must take possession of him."

"Yes, you must come," cried Edward, grasping his hand, and pulling him along.

"You can't go now," cried little Annette, drawing him by the other hand.

"You see you are taken captive," said Kate, who could hardly escape from the embraces of the grateful friends who gathered around her, to speak to him.

"Indeed I cannot accept your kind invitation," said Henry; "I must now leave in the boat."

"But you will take cold," said the generous Kate Powel, who had begun to feel a deeper interest than gratitude in her young preserver.

"If you will excuse me, I shall esteem it a favor," he answered, his sensitive mind shrinking from their expressions of gratitude; besides his pride made him feel too keenly his poverty and isolated condition, to suffer himself to be exposed to the mortification of ultimately having to acknowledge it; for he knew they would wish to know something about him, and he felt he could give no account of himself that would increase their regard for the disgraced student.

He, therefore, resolutely determined to break from them, and forget the service he had done, though his heart told him, as he looked at the lovely face of Kate Powel, that he should never be able to erase from his memory the bright image indelibly impressed there. The rose had fled from her cheek, and her dark brown hair was heavy with water, but even these disadvantageous circumstances under which he beheld her, could not lessen the interest of her beauty; nor the ample Indian shawl in which she was wrapped, conceal the symmetry of her figure; or the wet riding gloves covering them, hide the fair proportions of a perfect hand.

"You will, at least, certainly visit us to-morrow from the city," she said, seeing he was decided in his refusal to go up to the house, whither Eddy and Annette had already been taken forward by their nurses and mother.

"Give me your address, sir," said Colonel Powel, "and I will send my carriage for you; nay, go myself."

"My address," thought Henry. Col. Powel's words painfully impressing upon his mind the loneliness of his condition, and he answered bitterly:

"It is of no consequence, sir. I may not remain in New York. Permit me now to take my leave of you."

Colonel Powel regarded him for an instant with an inquiring glance, as if struck by the sadness of his manner, and was about to speak when his daughter, in whom his manner had awakened sympathy, taking Henry's hand, said, with generous frankness:

"You will, at least, give us your name, that we

may often speak it; for, I assure you, it will never be forgotten by us."

"It were better, lady, you should forget one who may never prove himself worthy of remembrance," he answered, sadly; "but I feel that I can never forget!"

The look and low impassioned tone with which he said these few words, caused the maiden to drop her eyes, and the color to enrich her cheek. He pressed her hand hastily to his lips ere she could recover from her pleased surprise, and springing into the boat, he was rapidly borne away from the spot where he felt he had left his heart.

Colonel Powel looked after him with an expression of surprise at conduct he could not account for, and feeling upon his mind a load of obligation to the moody, yet gallant stranger, he did not like to leave this uncanceled; and he immediately resolved to seek him out, and if poor and unfortunate, but sensitively proud, to offer him assistance; but if otherwise, to bring him into intimacy with his family, and by kindness and courtesy in part repay him for what he had so disinterestedly done for him.

"A strange young man, Kate," he said, looking after him, as the boat reached the brig with him.

His daughter started, and the quick hue of her cheek betrayed the key of her thoughts. Her eyes had followed the receding boat, and as the distance widened between her and her preserver, she felt that there was a cord drawn upon in her heart that she had never felt before. Henry, at this period, was in his twentieth year, tall, and finely made, with a dark, intelligent, expressive face; a clear hazel eye, a graceful carriage, and singularly gentlemanly air. His appearance was striking, and calculated, under less interesting circumstances than the existing ones, to produce an impression upon the heart of a susceptible and generous-spirited girl like Kate Powel. She was just entering her eighteenth year, and with a heart as full of tenderness and sensibility as a woman's could well be, until this hour she had not known the sweet sympathies of love. It was for Henry Hayward, aided by an extraordinary train of circumstances, to kindle within her young heart the first spark of tender affection. As the brig which had received her preserver kept on her course, she felt, indeed, that it bore away her heart with it.

Long she gazed after it, as it moved along the shore, fast losing itself beyond the trees that lined it; and when, at length, her royal was only visible above them, she could not turn away her longing eyes, though her father took her arm, and entreated her to hasten to the house to change her wet garments for dry ones.

"One moment, sir, but a moment longer," said she, entreatingly.

"What has bewitched you, Kate!" he asked, affectionately, yet playfully. "Has the brig carried your wits away? Come, you will take cold."

"But one instant, father! There, it has nearly disappeared! It is gone!" And she sighed as she took his arm.

Colonel Powel was not so dull as not to perceive the effect the young stranger had produced on her mind; but he was ignorant of its true nature, and attributed altogether to gratitude what he should have also given the little blind god credit for. He, however, very sensibly thought that the feeling might, on further acquaintance with the gallant youth, become changed for a tenderer one, inasmuch as he well knew that gratitude is cousin-german to love. He therefore questioned her, as they ascended to the cottage, anxious to devise from her replies whether he had best pursue his intention of discovering the young gentleman, or leave him in that unknown state in which he seemed so moodily desirous to remain.

"What do you think of the young man, Kate?" he asked carelessly.

"He is noble, generous, and brave, father," she answered, warmly. "But for him, I—and perhaps Annette—would have been lying in the depths of yonder dark basin."

"He acted strangely in declining our hospitality, and seemed to scorn our very words of gratitude. Did you not think so?"

"He shrunk from our overwhelming expressions of thankfulness, father, with the sensitiveness of a proud and modest spirit. I like him the better for this."

"Then you like him a little, hey?" he said, smiling.

"How can I help liking the gallant preserver of my life. He is worthy of all our heart's gratitude."

"So he is, my child, and I hope we all feel truly and properly grateful."

"We should be insensible not to," said the warm-hearted girl.

"I wonder who he is? Did you observe that he seemed to be particularly desirous of concealing his address in the city? This is at least very singular."

"No, sir. He may be, as I believe he really is, poor—though gentlemanly in his address and looks. I judged so from his dress, which I saw was much worn, and that of a Harvard student, for, when I was in Boston, I often saw students wearing a similar costume."

"But poverty should not make him ashamed to be known, as he evidently desired not to be. I sadly fear there is guilt coupled with his mystery."

As Col. Powel gave utterance to this idea, which in truth he had half believed, for otherwise he could not, to his own mind, account for his anxiety to suppress his address, he closely watched the face of his daughter to see the effect of it upon her; for he had spoken it as much to feel the pulse of her regard for him as to express his own suspicions.

"Guilt, sir!" she repeated with a glowing cheek, turning her clear dark eyes round full upon her father, and which he saw flashed with indignation at the suspicion, and betrayed to his penetrating mind the true, and, if the youth was unworthy, the dangerous state of her heart; "can thought of guilt or crime be associated with that open brow, aside from his humanity and courage, which no bad man could possess and exhibit so nobly and gallantly as he has done? Out upon the thought, my dear father."

"I fear he is an adventurer, Catherine; the more I think upon him, the stronger my opinion is; nevertheless he has my warmest gratitude."

"He may be an adventurer! Men are all adven-

turers, sir, when they first enter life. If you mean by an adventurer, that he is a young man without means, just entering the world to make the living which Providence has demanded of all, then he may be an adventurer, and as such, commands our sympathies and aid. But if you would infer, father, that he is a criminal, every pulsation of my heart tells me it is false."

"You are a noble girl, Kate, and I love you for your liberal and elevated views; I honor your generous gratitude for the preserver of your life. But I fear you have let mere gratitude enlist your feelings too strongly in one who is so utterly unknown. Circumstances only have made him, instead of another, your deliverer. Suppose a common sailor from the brig had done the same."

"He would have been equally entitled to my gratitude, sir."

Catherine's long eye-lashes fell till they shaded her blushing cheeks, at the consciousness that her father possessed the knowledge of her true feelings. She was saved the difficulty of making any reply, as they had now reached the door of the cottage, before which stood her dripping pony, and Neptune, intelligently receiving the caresses of the family and servants; while the hilarious Edward and little Annette, half dressed in dry clothes, bounded forth to meet her, and ask, with disappointed looks, after the handsome and brave young gentleman that had saved their lives.

Henry had indeed made a great sacrifice to his pride and sensitiveness, when he declined to mingle with the grateful and happy family from whom his courage and humanity had averted the dark cloud of three-fold death.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A STRANGER AND ADRIFT.

It was already night when the brigantine came near the city, and sailed along past the serried tiers of shipping, that stretched from the Battery a league eastward. Hayward was leaning over the quarter-rail, watching the effect of the long vistas of street-lamps, opening and shutting upon his view, one after another, as the transverse streets were successively passed.

While he stood watching the novel scene and listening to the roar of wheels, which, like the continuous reverberation of distant thunder, was borne off from the shore to his ear, mingled with the voices of men, the idea of his own loneliness, where so many of his fellow-beings were congregated, came over him, and he felt a painful sinking of the heart. He contemplated sadly his own condition, destitute of friends, without any money or the means to obtain it—an educated gentleman with the position of a beggar! His thoughts then reverted to the lovely and spirited girl whose life he had been instrumental in saving; and, in the bitterness of his soul, he cursed the lot which denied him the participation of her society and that of her grateful family, and which held up an insurmountable barrier to the progress of that deep love for her which had taken possession of his bosom.

"No, no! I am poor and outcast—a common adventurer! she is rich, high bred, and aristocratic; why should I think of her? chance has made me the preserver of her life: why should I avail myself of this circumstance, to dwell, till despair take the place of reason, upon the richness of the treasure, which I may never possess? No, no! I will forget her! Another, not I, must win and wear her."

He sighed, at the same instant a hand was lightly laid upon his arm. Turning quickly, he beheld beside him Blanche Hillary, whose form was not to be mistaken even in the darkness that enveloped the deck.

"You are gloomy and silent, sir," she said in a low tone of sympathy, for which he felt grateful, but which his sensitive pride would not let him acknowledge.

"Young men are often sad," he replied in an illy-assumed tone of playfulness; "their feelings are enthusiastic, and as easily depressed as excited. It is the long experience and the philosophy that come with maturer manhood, I conceive, which makes men cheerful."

"But youth is not apt to be misanthropic, sir," she replied in a low kind tone that touched him by its sweetness; "I perceive, in our brief voyage, that you shun intercourse with those around you, who would cheerfully contribute to your happiness. Your noble conduct this afternoon has commanded my esteem, and my uncle's admiration; besides, I have yet to thank you for your interference in my behalf," she added warmly.

"What I did in your behalf, Miss Hillary," said Hayward, coldly, "was what every other gentleman should have done; what I have performed worthy of this expression of your esteem, this afternoon, was but an act of humanity. Every man, similarly situated, would have done the same. Did you not see that even the dog, himself, nobly worked to the same end? No, lady, I have done nothing worthy of praise of speech."

"Indeed, sir," said Blanche, laughing, "you are incorrigible. I like your temper, but I don't like your humor. How can a young gentleman amuse himself with so much solitude as you covet? My uncle waits on the other side of the deck for me to bring you there. If we stay longer it will look like a tete-a-tete. Come, Sir Knight of the gloomy brow," and playfully placing her arm in his, she would have conducted him to her uncle, who, interested in him for his gallantry of conduct, which he had witnessed, had a mind to put sundry New England interrogations to him touching his birth, condition in life, and family connections. But Hayward, whose poverty, destitution and friendliness, made him proud and suspicious, instinctively feared something of this nature, and lightly disengaged her arm from his.

"I pray, if you do regard me at all, Miss Hillary," he said hastily, "that you will permit me to remain by myself. In a few minutes we shall leave the vessel and never meet again."

"Not so, good sir student," she said, in a tone of playful authority; "you must call and see me at my uncle's, in Bleecker street, No. —. My uncle will be glad to see you. You will give me your address."

"I—I—that is, I believe that I shall make no stay in the city," answered the poor Henry, with embarrassment.

"Oh, if you go from New York at once, I shall regret it."



"You regret it, Miss Hillary," repeated the young man with surprise. "What interest can you feel in a nameless wanderer?"

"That of sympathy, sir," she said, feelingly. "I have a true knowledge of your position," she added, in a low tone, "much as your pride would disguise it. You are, forgive the word, it is a harsh one, but I mean it kindly—you are poor!"

The blood mounted to the young man's brow, and he felt a mingled sensation of anger and shame.

"Yes, Mr. Hayward, I had a cousin who was a student, and cast upon the world, friendless and penniless. You have reminded me of him constantly. I sympathize with you. The vessel approaches the wharf; we soon separate. Receive this as a slight memorial of our short passage together, and of my gratitude for your interference in behalf of my wounded delicacy. My uncle calls! Good-night."

As the enthusiastic, generous, yet romantic Blanche Hillary spoke, she left a small packet in his hand, and hastily left him, to rejoin her father.

"How has she discovered my poverty?" thought Henry, to whom it did not occur, that if his threadbare and poverty look were not sufficient to betray him, that she might have gathered the facts from the captain, to whom he had confessed it, on taking passage. He felt mortified; and half suspecting the contents of the folded paper, he approached the binacle and opened it. To his surprise and confusion, it contained a bank note for twenty dollars. His first impulse was to cross the deck and return it to her, for his pride shrunk at receiving such a donation at the hand of a young lady. On approaching the spot where she had rejoined her uncle, he found she had just retired with him to the cabin. He was about to follow, when it occurred to him that he would have a better opportunity of doing so, when she came out to go on shore, as the vessel was now already at the pier. At length she came up attired for the shore, and leaning on her uncle's arm. Henry availed himself of an opportunity afforded by her uncle's leaving her a moment to see about his baggage, to approach her as she stood at the gangway.

"Miss Hillary, I know not how you have discovered, unless aided by the tact and penetration of your sex, the poverty of which I confess myself guilty. You say truly, *I am poor!* but my pride and independence remain, and you must therefore pardon me for declining your noble and generous donation. I return it to you with the assurance that you will forever be gratefully remembered by me."

"You do wrong, Mr. Hayward," she said frankly; "this is false pride, and not manly independence; there is no loss of self-respect involved in accepting it."

"Yet I must be excused from doing it," he said decidedly; and placing the envelope with its contents in her hand, he gratefully pressed it, and turned away. She would have followed him to have forced it upon him, when Mr. Hillary came up to escort her on shore.

"Good-night, Mr. Hayward," said the merchant, who saw by the deck lantern that Henry was standing near; "bid him good-night, Blanche."

"Good-night, sir," said Blanche, in a tone that Hayward felt conveyed reproach; and he followed them with his eyes till they entered a carriage that stood waiting for them on the pier.

"Never before did I so keenly feel the degradation and humility of poverty," he said bitterly, as the hack drove off, separating, as it were, the link that bound him to any of his species. "Low, low, indeed, has that young man fallen, who excites the benevolence of a beautiful girl! pitiful indeed is his condition to become the object of a youthful maiden's charity! Oh, poverty, poverty, thou art a bitter draught!"

"You are stopping the gangway, sir," said one of the sailors roughly, as if a passenger had no business on board a vessel after she had got to port.

The hint roused him; and, after going down to his berth, and taking from it a small bundle, tied in a handkerchief, he returned on deck and went on shore. As his foot left the vessel's deck, he felt like leaving his only shelter on earth, and he touched the wharf with a sensation of deathly loneliness that caused him to lean for support against a post. His situation now forced itself upon his mind in all its painful features. A wanderer upon the world's wide manor, without friends, money or means, with perhaps a blighted name at home and at college, which might follow him and prevent him from entering successfully into any pursuit. But what pursuit was he fit for. His father had given him no trade, and his habits at college, and the condition of life in which he had moved, unfitted him for useful labor. He felt he was as helpless as a child, and tears flowed as freely from his eyes as ever they did in childhood.

The bitterness of grief will at length exhaust itself. The sorrow of his heart had found vent, and reflection, and the mental formation of plans for the future, as well as for the present action, took the place of hopeless despondency. He roused himself and looked round. The pier was nearly deserted, and the silence on board the dark ships around, broken only by the tread of the watchmen on their creaks, told him that he had been standing there a long time, and so lost in his own sad meditations, as to be insensible of the passage of time, and unconscious of what was passing around him. Slowly he now took his way up the wharf; and, guided by a dim lamp that stood at the head of it found his way into Front street, at the foot of Maiden lane. Ignorant of the metropolis, and having no correct idea where he was, he took his uncertain way up Maiden lane, in search of some lodging place for the night that might suit his narrow finances, which, in all, he found amounted to just one dollar and thirty-two cents. His wardrobe was on his back, save a shirt, a pair of stockings, and two collars, which his little bundle contained; so narrowly had he reduced himself to pay as many of his debts as possible, by the sale of his effects, before leaving Cambridge. As he walked along the dimly lighted streets, passing numerous drinking rooms and cavernous oyster cellars that lined the walk, he came to a dark alley, where was a sort of combined tavern and bar-room, with a victualing cellar beneath, and in the window of which was stuck a sign, signifying that "Gentle Lodgings" were to be had there at "10¢ cents per night." After hesitating a moment between his pride and purse, he opened the narrow,

greasy door and entered. The tap-room, in which he found himself, was small, and crowded with men, drinking and smoking, and playing at dominoes. On one side was a bar, behind which stood a thin, sharp-featured, black-eyed woman, with her hair profusely curled on the side of her cheeks, and an old cap stuck on the back of her head. Hayward's entrance drew no one's notice save that of her quick and restless eye. He stood a moment surveying the scene of low and vicious life, into which he had intruded, and was about to turn away to seek at least less disgusting quarters than those promised to be, when she spoke to him:

"So, Mister—we have as good liquors and cigars as any of our betters, and if you want food or bed, you may go further and fare worse. What shall I help you to?" and taking a dirty tumbler from which a negro had just drank gin, she held it in her hand, ready to wait his bidding.

"Nothing, I thank you," answered Hayward, scarcely able to conceal his disgust.

"Then what the d—l are you doing in here, with your black coat and shabby gentility?" she demanded, angrily. "Come! drink, or give room for others."

"I was looking for lodgings," interposed the embarrassed Hayward, who saw that her language had drawn the eyes of two or three upon them; and as he spoke he turned to go.

"Lodgings, hey!" repeated the hostess, in a less angry tone than she had before spoken; "well then, if you can pay for them you can stay. I can find you a clean bed and a single one at that, being as you look as if you had been used to such things. Will you go up now?"

"Yes, I believe I will," said Hayward, after a moment's hesitation, thinking for one night he might put up with inconvenient accommodations; resolving during the next day to look out for something more congenial with his taste. But he had to learn that in a large city poverty is most always the handmaid of squalidness and vice; that to live poor one must live amid dirt and moral degradation. The tenement in which he was, was an old wooden structure, and an air of slattern debauchery prevailed it. A citizen would have suspected a bad character to belong to the house, and would not have trusted himself there; but Hayward knew nothing of New York or its varied scenes.

"Will you take a drink, before you bunk?" asked a man, coming up and laying his hand familiarly on Hayward's shoulder.

Hayward started, and, looking at him, saw that he was a thick-set fellow, about thirty years of age, with a red, bushy beard, and small, keen eyes, but with a pleasant smile as he spoke, which displayed fine white teeth. His costume was half nautical, so far as a seaman's round jacket and checked shirt went; but he wore a second-hand Leary's beaver, with a rakish air, and straps to his pantaloons, which were cut gaiter fashion, over a pair of fashionable high-heeled boots, split out at the sides, and also much run down in the heel. In his hand he carried an ebony stick with a silken tassel, and on the little finger of the right hand was a huge seal ring. His voice, as he spoke was friendly and familiar, and remarkably pleasant in its tones. There was something both repulsive and prepossessing about him. Hayward felt, however, no disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, and answered coldly:

"No, sir, I seldom drink. I have just landed from a brig from Boston, and need sleep."

"A vessel from Boston!" repeated the man, quickly, "what is her name?"

"The Ariel."

The man started, with a look between surprise and pleasure, and, after a moment's close scrutinizing of Hayward's countenance, he touched him slightly on the arm:

"Look ye, he said in a low tone, "has the Ariel come to port safely?"

"I have but now landed from her at some wharf, which I know not."

"Met she no one by the way—that is—brought she all her freight in safety to the dock?" interrupted the man in a low, eager tone, fixing his penetrating gaze upon Hayward's open features.

"No; now I recollect," said Hayward, who in the succession of subsequent events had not thought again of the robbery of the brig; "that we were boarded by a—"

"Sh-h-h!" warned the man, pressing his arm;

"there are ears here. Come with me aside a step."

As he spoke, he crossed the room to a recess, half hid by a faded red curtain, and motioned Hayward to follow him.

Henry's curiosity was awakened by the man's manner, and he went and seated himself in the box upon a bench opposite to him. He immediately drew the curtain, and then said, in a whisper:

"I would not like to tell every thing I know before that old woman, nor would I advise you to; here we are alone. Now for the brig!"

"She was robbed this morning of thirty thousand dollars in specie, by a piratical schooner. If you have any interest in the loss of the money, sir, I fear you will be likely never to see it again."

The eyes of the man danced with secret pleasure, and reaching his hand across the board, he grasped that of Hayward.

"You are a bearer of news, man! Carried this vessel a blue flag with a slipper floating in the center?"

"She did."

"The Sea Slipper, by the gods! What course took she after?"

"She stretched away up the Sound."

"And so got off? This morning, say you? It must have been ten leagues off. She was bold!" said the man to himself.

"Do you know the pirate vessel?" asked Henry, whose suspicions were aroused by the man's words and manner.

"No, man; but I know there is such a craft on these waters; and the Ariel is not the first vessel she has fallen in with. Well, sir, thanks for your news. You will drink with me? I was just going to take a whet when you came, and seeing you were a likely-looking chap, with more ballast than freight, I would ask you. We'll now have it here. Old dame, bring here a couple of brandies," and the man seconded his order by a rap on the table with the butt of an iron fork that lay near him.

"Excuse me," said Hayward, rising; "I don't drink."

"It's time then you should begin; come, comrade. I have seen better days as well as you. Don't look lofty. All who once lodge in Betty Southack's house are brother companions. That's a good girl, Betty," he added, with a smile, to the withered old woman, as she set two glasses of logwood-looking liquid upon the dirty cloth that covered the board, "chalk me down another double mark. Saturday next I'll square accounts with you. Now, my friend, let us drink to our better acquaintance. What! up and off. Well, well, another time," he added, keenly looking after him; "I have a purser's allowance now left for myself."

"Pay down your scot beforehand, mister; for some folks are apt to rise early, and forget it till they get round the next corner. Fore pay is sure pay."

The hostess reached forth her skinny hand for the money which Hayward drew, with all he had, from his pocket. On seeing that he had not only a shilling, but considerably more, she looked more favorably upon him, and said to him, in a low tone, as she thrust the piece of money into a leathern bag, which she kept in her huge pocket, instead of trust to a money-drawer:

"You seem to be a nice young man, and I have had a good many nice people in my house in my time; now, let me tell you, if you have got much money about you, don't make too much of Red Fred there in the box, and keep a sharp eye on him. Now, if you want to go to bed, just take to the stair head, and you'll find a small room on the left, with a single bed. I call it the 'Gentleman's Parlor,' as I puts none but genteel lodgers in it."

Hayward thanked her for her kind warning about his late comrade, Red Fred, and following her directions, after crossing the thronged and noisy tap-room, came to the foot of a dark, stumbling staircase, at the top of which glimmered a ray of faint light from some unseen source. With some misgivings he ascended the narrow steps, glad to escape from the fumes of gin and tobacco, and the company of the rude customers of Dame Southack.

At the top of the stairs he came upon a landing-place, dimly lighted by an old black lamp, stuck on a chair. By the light of it he could discover he was on all sides surrounded by a board partition, dirty and unpainted, in which were set several doors made of two upright boards, fastened together by two shorter cross-pieces, and hung with leather hinges to their posts. Which of them led into the "Gentleman's Parlor," he was at first at a loss to conjecture. But, after an instant, he recollected he was to turn to the left; and in doing so, opened a door which led into an inclosed space—it could hardly be called a room—about seven feet long and four wide. It contained a narrow cot frame, on which was laid a starved mattress, covered partly by a piece of patchwork quilt. At the head of it was a suspicious-looking affair, which on closer inspection proved to be a canvas bag stuffed with rags, which was meant to supply the place of an honest pillow "for a Christian man's head."

The only light which entered this "parlor," was from the moodily burning lamp on the landing. It contained a chair without a bottom, to hang his clothes upon, and that was all its furniture. Hayward looked at his wretched quarters, and sighed to think of his condition. "And so," thought he, "this is the end of my father's plans of respectability. What despised mechanic lodges to-night like his educated gentleman, who is about to stretch his limbs on a twelve-penny bed that a negro would hardly accept. Well, I will sleep to-night, and to-morrow shape out my course. What is before me I know not. I am at feud with fortune, and feel reckless of consequences. I may yet be glad, outcast as I am, to make a friend even of the rude man, against whose companionship I was warned. Poverty and friendlessness are no choosers of their associates. Alas! my father, did you know the situation of your son, this night, you would repent the day you first thought of making him a gentleman. Had I any trade or handicraft whatever, I could find employment to-morrow. As it is, I am fit for nothing, and destitute of means to avail myself of what might chance to offer to my advantage. Well 'tis useless to complain. I will to sleep and see what the morrow brings with it."

Hayward then threw himself, without undressing, upon the rude, unsavory bed, and placing his bundle beneath his head, sought to bury in sleep all his misery. He lay a long time restless with the fever of his thoughts, but finally fell asleep amid the carousing sounds below, dreaming of rescuing Kate Powell a second time from drowning, in reward for which he thought Blanche Hillary gave him a one hundred dollar note.

He had been asleep about two hours, and the house was all still, the last lodger having half an hour before stumbled up to his cot, when Betty Southack crept from the tap-room softly up-stairs, and listened at the door of her "Gentleman's Parlor." All was still within. There was no sound to be heard save the snore of her twelve-penny lodgers around her, and the clear ring of the watchman's club upon the pane. Finding the inmate was asleep, she gently pushed open the door—for Betty Southack's chamber doors had no fastenings on the inside, though all could be hasped on the outside. This was a policy peculiar to her, and one which she found very convenient, both to keep lodgers in if necessary, and to enter their rooms herself, if it should be expedient.

She, therefore, found no resistance at Henry's door, and softly entered the chamber, shading with her hand the lamp she had taken from the entry. Instantly an expression of disappointment passed over her sharp and eager visage at seeing that her lodger's clothes were on his person, instead of hanging across the chair-back. She approached him closer and looked wistfully at his pockets, but evidently without being able to come to the determination which hovered half-formed in her mind. After watching his sleep a moment, she left the spot muttering:

"Well, well! let it be so. I'd 'a' liked to look at his pockets to see what money he really has got, to know just how long I could lodge him, and be sure of my pay. Red Fred says he has just landed from a Boston brig; and, as he is a stranger here, I might keep him at the Brown Jug while his tin lasts, as well as let any body else have it out of him. I'll find some way to-morrow to know. He seems a nice-looking young gentleman, and I'll put a sheet on his



bed to-morrow, and give him an inch of candle to go to bed by. That'll make him undress, and to-morrow night I'll know all about him."

By the time this worthy dame of the Brown Jug had ended her soliloquy, she had reached the door of a little room, back of the tap, where she herself slept, and having entered, soon forgot in sleep her disappointment in not being suffered to go through, in Hayward's case, her usual process of searching her more respectable lodgers' pockets, to know how far she might keep them with safety.

It was late the next morning when Hayward awoke from the long and deep sleep of the night. He looked around his little lodging room, and listened to the roar of wheels upon the paved streets below with bewildered surprise. The chamber had no window, unless a pane of glass set in the door, and admitting a dingy light from the landing place, could be called such. At first he mistook the narrow place for his cabin on board the Ariel, and the thunder of the pavements for the roar of the sea. But this passing idea was dissipated as soon as conceived, and he recollected where he was, with all the preceding links of circumstances. He remembered his lonely and poor condition, and a feeling of depression came over him. Rising with a sad heart, he took his hat and bundle, and went down the dark stairs to the tap-room. Betty Southack was in the bar cleaning glasses, for it was nine o'clock, by which time the toppers had had their 'mornin', and had not yet come in for their 'even'. So Betty was at leisure for a while, to mind her own concerns.

"Well, young gentleman," she said pleasantly, as he made his appearance, "you have slept a sixpence worth on the forenoon; but we won't mind that. I generally turns my lodgers out at peep o' daylight. But I saw you were tired, and I knows people just come ashore al'ays sleeps 'special sound the first night on land. Well, what'll you have for breakfast?"

"I thank you," said Henry, hesitating at the recollection of his narrow finances; "but I believe I will walk out first a little while."

"You have never been in York before?"

"No," replied Henry, walking toward the door.

"I thought so. Now if you want a good, nice place to stop in while you are here, you won't do better than with me. I'll put a clean sheet on your bed, and give you a piece of candle to go to bed by, a cup of coffee and bread, and a sassaenger, for breakfast, and a nice cup of tea and toast, all for two and sixpence a day."

Much as he had felt the humiliation of being compelled to take such humble lodgings as he had done the last night, and determined as he had been, on seeing his room, to seek another abode, he had, nevertheless, slept well; the woman appeared kind; the crowd of ill-looking men had departed; and so, after deliberating a moment, he concluded to accept the offer, and remain, at least, until his money was expended, which would be in three days at the furthest, and make use of the interval to try what he could do to improve his fortunes. The shrewd and avaricious hostess closely watched his face as he was deciding, and saw that she had gained him; and before he had time to reply in the affirmative, she said:

"Well, there now, give me your bundle, and I'll put it safe in my room till you want it. Sit down in the box, there, and I'll bring you a cup of coffee, and a sassaenger, and a roll. You'll breakfast like a duke."

Hayward's appetite did justice to the mysterious beverage the hostess denominated coffee; to the more mysterious looking affair she had called a 'sassaenger'; and, before he got through with his roll, he oftentimes paused to thank heaven that he had thirty-two sound teeth in his head. But hunger gave flavor to the coffee, relish to the sausage, and sweetness to the bread. He leaned back on his bench against the wall, scotting, and picked his teeth with the feeling of one "at home." The little room where he had slept, the table where he had eaten, the landlady, his entertainer, all three began to be pleasant to his mind, and to supply to him the home that every wanderer seeks somewhere.

"Yes," said he, emphatically, "I will remain here! This shall be a home to me till I get a better."

He drew aside the curtain which hung before the box, and was going out, when the careful landlady intercepted him with a silent appeal from her open palm. He was at a loss to understand her, which she seeing, explained to him with the significant single word:

"Eightpence."

"For what?" demanded Henry.

"Breakfast."

"Oh, I thought I was to pay up at night."

"Pay when you get, you'd get when you pay," is my maxim. You might forget the way back."

"But my bundle is with you," said Henry handing her the eightpence, and sighing to see how rapidly his little stock of money was diminishing, and trembling at the consequences, if he should at the end of three days, be without money and employment. He had already had several lessons, young as he was, in the selfishness and heartlessness of the world, and shuddered at the idea of being wholly at its mercy.

He left the tap-room of the Brown Jug with less elated feelings than he had left the table, and standing upon the steps, looked about to decide what course to take first. The idea had been in his mind two or three days before his arrival, to put an advertisement in the paper, and wait the result. He now thought of it, and decided on going at once to a newspaper office. He was, however, at a loss how to move the first step from the door. The Brown Jug stood at the corner of a narrow lane leading into the purlieus of the Five Points, and fronted upon a street leading into the Bowery. The street was filled with carts, wagons, drays, carriages, and thronged with a constant current of people mostly of an inferior condition. The noise and bustle bewildered him, and he remained sometime stationary, watching the tide of human life as it heaved and flowed around him. At length he moved from the steps and walked up the street. All that he saw was new and interesting to him. The stately structure of the City Hall, and massive pile composing the Astor; the height and extent of the buildings along Broadway on the Park; the style and grandeur of all in Broadway; the gay and fashionable throngs on the *parade*, all were to him sources of novelty and in-

terest. But amid all the life and motion, and hum of pleasure or business, he was alone. Among the thousands that he passed, there was not a face he knew; all were strangers, and he was solitary amid a world of his species. How he felt this solitude. It lay like a load upon his soul. Men around him were to him as trees or rocks; he had no sympathy from them, or with them;—and so he walked on through the city till his heart ached to have communion with some one; and he resolved to ask of the first kind face for a direction to a gazette office. He looked in the countenance of hundreds as they hurried past: but one and all seemed wrapped in themselves and wholly absorbed in their affairs. He saw none whom he would like to stop. Thousands passed, and he found no eye that met his with a kindred glance.

At length, an old African came along, and set down near him a heavy burden that he was carrying. It was directed 'Express Office.' Hayward remembered that this was a distinguished New York journal, and he asked the porter if he was going there.

"Yes, massa," said the black, touching his hat civilly.

The respectful reply and trifling act of civility, slight as it was, was grateful to him. He could have wept that a human being, humble even as that poor negro, had spoken to him in kindness.

"My good man," he said to him, "I am seeking a newspaper office. I will follow you there. Is it far?"

"Jiss cross de Park and ober toddler side de Post Office, please sir."

The negro then resumed his load; and Hayward, by his guidance, soon found himself at the door of the New York Express. Entering a side door to a small room, he saw a boy folding papers in wrappers by a window, and a young man writing behind a short counter.

"I wish to have the privilege of writing an advertisement here, to insert in your paper of to-morrow, if you please," said Hayward.

The lad gave him a pen and a slip of buff-colored envelope paper, when he wrote the following advertisement:

"A young man of education wishes to get some employment, either in a store, a counting-room, a school, or as a copyist. A trifling compensation only would be required for the present. Address H. H. at this office."

"How much is the price for insertion?" he asked, as he held the advertisement up to the professional scrutiny of the clerk.

"Fifty cents for three insertions," said the clerk, resuming his writing, after casting a significant glance at the young man of so many proficiencies.

"How much for one insertion?" asked Henry, who felt mortified at this open confession of his need.

"Twenty-five cents; and a shilling for each successive one."

"You may insert it twice," said poor Hayward, giving him three shillings; and then with a prayer in his heart that his advertisement might be successful, he left the office, resolving to call again as early the next day as there would be any prospect of his hearing from it.

Feeling that he had now done all that he could do at present, he bent his course at venture along the streets, wandering till near night, when he turned his steps toward the Brown Jug, the location of which he had carefully noted and remembered. On the way, he passed an Intelligence Office, when the tempting and delusive signs and advertisements upon its windows and doors drew his attention, which had been constantly alive to any circumstance that might offer him an opportunity of getting employment. Around the door were standing groups of men and women, black and white; while within, through the open door, he could see the office was thronged. A young man, about twenty-six, with a very genteel figure and air, with a seedy coat, buttoned to his chin to conceal the absence of a shirt and vest, and a much-worn hat upon his head, desperately brushed, stood near the door, looking wistfully in. Hayward saw he was, like himself, a poor gentleman—and feeling a kindred sympathy for him awakened in his breast, he approached him.

"Will you be so good as to tell me," he said, "if young men are often successful in getting employment through this office?"

"Indeed, my dear boy," said the shirtless young gentleman, smiling affably, and touching his hat with the air of *past* better days, "I can not tell you, upon my soul. I have just come here myself to see what I can find worthy a gentleman's accepting."

"What place do you expect to obtain?" asked Henry, laughing at the amusingly lofty air and nonchalant way of his new acquaintance.

"Oh, I can do anything, from casting a sheet anchor to making a penny whistle; from driving four-in-hand to a milk-cart. I am a sort of universal genius. I have not yet been able to get along, and so have lived the last year on the spout and sponge system."

"And what is that?" asked Hayward, amused; for there was an air of serious drollery about him that was irresistibly comical, while it challenged sympathy.

The gentleman of unappreciated genius stared full in the face of our hero as he put the question to him; then laying his fore-finger significantly against the right side of his nose, caused his countenance to assume a peculiar expression, which is better seen than described; but which, rendered in English, means, "Do you see anything green in my eye?"

Significant as this was, the unsophisticated Hayward could not understand it, which the other seeing, immediately performed another significant operation with his four digits, the thumb slightly touching the tip of the proboscis; which, to the initiated, was as significant as if he had emphatically said:

"Green!"

Hayward was not so dull as not now to understand what his new friend thought of him; and, amused at his manner of expressing his opinion, he laughed, and said good humoredly:

"Yes, I am from the country, as you seem to have discovered, and wholly ignorant of the ways of a great city."

"Then you are my *protege*! I will be your *cicerone*. I will initiate you into mysteries greater than the

Eleusinian! Come, my rustical, leave this infernal place, and go to Sandy's and take a cool inspirer. But stop," exclaimed the universal genius, speaking in a solemn tone, and fixing upon Hayward a look like that which the ghost fixes upon Hamlet, "my friend, hast thou the bullion wherewithal?"

"I have no money, I confess, to spend in drink," said Hayward, smiling; "besides, I am at this office to seek some opening for employment."

"Employment!" repeated he, throwing himself into a dramatic attitude; "work was made for slaves not men!"

"Out upon the groveling soul that would,  
For the mere getting of base silver coin,  
Degrade the God within!  
Thou hast coin, for I did hear it now  
Ring in thy pockets deep, unto mine ear  
Most musical."

Come, let us imbibe! I will show thee Gotham!  
Wouldst thou work, I will show thee work. Wouldst thou be idle, I will help thee. Wouldst thou eat, I will

"Be by thy side, my love."

Wouldst thou drink, I will pledge thee! Wouldst thou sleep, I will share thy couch, and

"Like two buds growing on one stalk,  
We will together cleave as long as  
Thy money lasts!"

Come, let us seal in fragrant juleps our bond of brotherhood."

And, thus speaking, the universal genius placed his arm beneath Henry's.

He, however, succeeded in extricating himself from his new friend, and, instead of entering the Intelligence Office, he took his way toward the Brown Jug.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TEMPTATION.

WHEN Hayward reached the Brown Jug, it was already twilight. The dingy lamp at the entrance of the lane, on the corner of which the inn stood, was already lighted, and the glare through the dusty panes in the window of the tap-room, showed him that Dame Southack had trimmed her lamps for the evening orgies of Bacchus, that were nightly held there. As he surveyed the wretched premises, he certainly felt that he had got into very disreputable lodgings; but when he thought of his meager purse, he resolutely opened the door and entered. The hostess's quick black eye fell upon him as he came in, and he saw that she gave him a warning and cautionary gesture, while her glance was turned in the direction of the box where he had sat with Red Fred the night before. His eye followed hers, and he started at seeing this personage there, half concealed from view by the faded curtain, in close conversation with another person, whose foot and hand only were visible; but they were enough to show that he belonged to a better class than his companion.

Surprised, and wondering what there was in him, or his fortunes, that could awaken an interest in her iron bosom, he returned her a glance of gratitude, and retreated behind a Venetian screen, placed on the inside, before the door, to prevent passers-by from seeing who was within when it was opened. Red Fred had not seen him; yet Hayward had no particular reason for avoiding him, save a repugnance for his companionship, and a decided dislike for his physiognomy. He therefore resolved to leave the bar-room, and stroll about until he had left. His hand was upon the door for this purpose, when Dame Southack came through an opening in her bar, and touched him on the shoulder:

"Young man, if you have any regard for your life, keep out o' the way of Red Fred. I overheard them talking about you, and the stranger swore he would have your life. You know best who you have angered. I see you are a young man what don't know the ways o' the world, and I have a son just your age away at sea; and so I do you a kindness, hoping it will be one day returned to poor Bill!"

"I have given no offense to any one," said Hayward; "I thank you for your warning, however, and shall avoid them. What can be their motive?"

"Devil knows, except you have peached, or got some secret they would rather have the sole keeping on."

"I can guess, I think," said Hayward, remembering Red Fred's close interrogations in reference to the robbery of the Ariel; "I have a secret of theirs. I now feel assured, and they apprehend discovery. I am sorry to have to go from your house, just as I find in you a friend."

"You needn't go. Just step out doors and go down the cellar, and you will come to a flight of steps that lead into my back parlor. I will find out what their intentions are, and what they are afraid of."

Hullo, there, Dame Betty: are you flirting at your age, behind blind with a customer, hey?" called Fred, in a loud coarse tone. "Come, come, give me and my comrade here, another pint of true blue Jamaica. We have got money—gold and silver by the gallon, as you measure pot beer. Come, bear a hand, bear a hand."

"Now go, and you will find the back parlor door open," hurriedly said the hostess, quitting him, and entering her bar.

Hayward hesitated an instant, and left the tap-room. He paused on the side-walk, and deliberated whether it were not better to leave so dangerous a spot altogether, and seek other lodgings, than remain in the vicinity of assassins and under the doubtful protection of Dame Southack. But Hayward was no coward—on the contrary, he had a spirit that courted, rather than shrunk from danger. He felt a curiosity to know more about the parties in the box, and what motive they had in conspiring against his life. Yet he half-suspected that he knew the truth.

His bundle was in Dame Southack's charge, and as he had found a friend in her, he finally resolved to follow her directions. The cellar was dark, and he descended with care and suspicion, crossed the stone floor, and was looking for the stairs to ascend, when a door was thrown open at his right, and a pleasant voice of a young girl bade him follow her. Surprised and more confident, he approached the spot, and found a door open at the foot of a flight of stairs; but he could see no one. He, nevertheless, began to ascend, and had got half-way up to a landing, when the same voice said, laughing, "You must



to the left now," at the same instant a door was thrown open at the head of the staircase, and a lamp shone brightly into the passageway from a small comfortable room, which he knew must be the "little back parlor" of hostess Southack. But who was his guide, who had made herself known only by one of the sweetest voices he had ever heard, and was now nowhere visible?

While wondering at this little spice of romance, Dame Southack entered from the tap, and quickly closed the door behind her, and bolted it. She smiled, but seemed perturbed as she saw him, and said hurriedly, "You did well to take the cellar, for Red Fred got up as you went out, and swore I had been talking to you at the door, and sending you off. The others jumped up at this, and both rushed after you. One has taken the street and the other the lane. You are safe here. Oh, I hope the Lord will remember this good turn I have done for you, when my poor Bill gets into a scrape!"

"There is no doubt your goodness will meet its reward, good dame; but, pray, who was my invisible guide through the cellar?"

"Oh, that was my niece, Hetty Bell; a nice child she is, too. I have to keep her out of sight in such a dangerous place for young girls as my house is. Red Fred has seen her, and I had as lief the horned Satan had laid eyes on her. That is what he keeps skulking about here for! But Hetty is a good girl, and minds me, though she is something wild. I told her not to be seen by you! for she's too pretty, if she is my blood, to be too common. But you may see her while I'm here. Hetty!"

A door opened from an inner sleeping room, at her call, and a young blooming girl, of sixteen or seventeen, made her appearance. Her hair and brows were black as a raven's wing, and her eye dark, and full of fire. She was a neat, round figure, with a charming bust and small waist. Her look was demure, but qualified by a playful smile. She looked like a girl who was graceful and beautiful, in spite of no education and of evil circumstances, with a disposition of great good humor, united to passions of the strongest character; a woman whose career would be marked by strength of feeling and wild impulsive passions! A girl to be loved, and to love again strongly; but one not to be trusted where her love was crossed, or her jealousy awakened.

Hayward regarded her at first with admiration, and then with a look of pity. He was pained to see a face and figure, which nature had made to adorn society, degraded by such associations, among which her life had been passed. It was one of those faces, he felt, which would one day be the curse of its possessor.

"She is a nice girl, Hetty," said Dame Southack, admiringly. "You see I do you a favor! Red Fred, ay, and many a one his better, would give a handful of gold to be in the same room with my Hetty. But she's a wise girl, and always does just as I'd have her. Now, niece, get a cup of coffee and a roll for the gentleman; I must look after the bar."

With these words she left the room. Hayward turned round to speak to the young girl, when, to his surprise, he saw her bolt the door after her aunt, and then secure the door leading to the cellar. Before he could divine the cause of this precaution, or ask for explanation of this mysterious conduct, she tripped lightly toward him, with her finger placed on her lip in sign of silence, and taking him by the hand, led him to a seat, and placed herself beside him.

"What is your name?" she asked, looking him full in the face.

"Henry Hayward," he answered, smiling at the placid way of addressing him.

"You came passenger in the Ariel from Boston, and were witness to a piracy on board?" she asked, rapidly.

"Yes."

"What are you?"

"A poor student, thrown upon the world to seek my fortune."

"You are like to find it at the knife's point. You were in company here with a young man last night?"

"He was a stranger to me, if you mean he they call Red—"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, putting her hand on his mouth; "no matter what they call him. You told him you were witness of the piracy?"

"I did. Is he one of the pirates?"

"It matters not what he is. He has threatened your life. You are nowhere safe. He will scent you out like a sleuth-hound! You can be secure nowhere from his purpose of murder."

"How know you this? How is it you are so familiar with his purposes?" asked Hayward, looking with suspicion of treachery upon her dark, beautiful face.

"It matters nothing to you. Your life is forfeited. Yet I can save you."

"How?"

"Promise—nay, swear to me, that you will never reveal to any one your knowledge of that piracy, nor recognize, if you see them again, any one who was concerned in it."

"I have no motive in exposing it. I am," he continued, recklessly, "a wanderer, with as much as I can do to look after myself and my own fortunes, without meddling with other men's affairs. If the laws have been broken, let justice look to it. I have had so little justice from the world myself, I care little for her interests. But why this oath, pretty one?"

"For your own safety. Will you swear?"

"If you wish it."

The girl smiled, and went to the cellar door, where had been heard a light tapping, and called softly, "Frederick, you may come in. He is here."

She removed the bolt as she spoke, and the individual called Red Fred came quickly into the room.

Hayward's first thought, on hearing her words to him, were of treachery; and his first act was to step back and seize a short harpoon slung in the becket over the mantle-piece. Hetty, at the same time, whispered in the intruder's ear.

"So, young sir, you may as well put up your weapon in its becket again," said Red Fred, quietly.

"The girl tells me you are willing to swear not to expose what you know about the matter of the Ariel. I have been waiting for you all day, and would have put my knife into your heart, to secure the silence of your tongue, but for this girl, who plead for you

this morning, and promised to make you take the oath. You are a likely fellow, and I like your spirit. You shall be one of us."

"Hush, Fred! Let him swear, and then leave him to pursue an honest life than thine," said the girl, quickly.

"If I am to save my life by an oath, extracted from me for fear of an assassin's blade, I refuse to take it," said Hayward, firmly.

"Refuse!" repeated the bravo, drawing a knife, and brandishing it before his eyes.

"I am not to be intimidated," answered the student, with resolution. "So far as I can learn, you belong to the party of river robbers who rifled a brig in which I was passenger; and now, lest I should recognize some one of you on shore, you menace my life."

"You have it, master, as regular as print," answered Red Fred, winking at the young girl.

"Further, you agree to take my oath of secrecy, and forbear to molest me."

"A priest wouldn't have said truer."

"Now, then, we understand each other. I shall take no oath!"

"Then, by Heavens you shall die. Forty gallant fellows are not a-going to swing for the paltry life of a ragamuffin student."

As Fred said this, he approached Hayward with his uplifted knife. The girl, however, caught his hand.

"Nay, Frederick, take his word, he will give that," she implored.

"Yes, I will pledge my word freely, for this young woman's sake, never to betray my knowledge of any person I may meet, or recognize, who may have been concerned in this piracy."

"Take it, Frederick! His word, I am sure, is to him an oath."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Red Fred, contemptuously casting her from him; "this is all very good in poetry, girl, but it don't do where men's lives are at stake. Yet I will take his word, for I believe he will keep it. You promise not to betray them?"

"I do."

"Good! Give me your hand!"

Hayward extended his hand and grasped that of his late foe, who, with an oath, declared he was a devilish good fellow, and that he liked his spirit.

Hayward smiled at the change in his friend's manner and hostile bearing, and feeling that he had nothing more to apprehend from the fears of the man, put up his harpoon, saying to him, in a careless way—

"Pray tell me how you knew I was here?"

"Hetty, here, the good girl, saw me running down the lane, and called to me."

"Was this after you vanished, on letting me in?" asked Hayward, turning to her.

"Yes," she answered with a smile.

"You were treacherous! So you brought me in to make me take an oath, and for Fred, here, to put me out of the way, if I refused. So this is the object of mine hostess's hospitality, for, of course, she is privy to it," said Hayward, angrily.

"No—the dame was only protecting a customer, by sending you here. She had an eye to future profits out of you. Hetty, here is in my confidence; and when I told her, this morning, that I had talked with you about the brig, and that you must be put out of the way, she promised to make you take an oath of secrecy. Her mother, it seems, also, overheard me talking with a comrade in the box, and sent you here for safety. So it has turned out all round as it should do. Now, comrade, let us drink and be friends," said Red Fred, thrusting the stiletto beneath his vest, out of sight. "If the world goes bad with you, seek out Fred Berry, and he'll show you a way to retrieve your fortune."

For the present, Hayward thought it best to humor his new ally, and, following him through the cellar, greatly surprised all, as well as pleased Dame Southack by walking into the tap-room with him.

They drank together—Hayward just bringing the glass to his lips and setting it down again, and then Red Fred left the house on plea of important business. Having explained to Dame Southack's satisfaction, except so far as Hetty's agency was concerned, the cause of his reappearance, he sat down to his coffee and roll. The conduct of the girl—her evident collusion and intimacy with Red Fred, as well as her influence over him—the ignorance of the shrewd aunt of any acquaintance between them—her beauty and apparent guilt, were all subjects of reflection, which, the more he thought upon them—as he ate his humble meal, the more the whole puzzled and perplexed him. But the progress of the tale will unfold what to him was mysterious, touching the beautiful Hetty Bell.

While he was sipping his coffee in his little narrow box, where, now that there was no danger, the hostess had set it for him, a person came abruptly into the tap-room, and by his quick, firm step, drew his attention. He was tall, and carried himself well, if not haughtily. His figure was half concealed in a brown wrapper; and a large fur cap, notwithstanding the season, covered his brows. He approached the bar, spoke to Dame Southack, and then, as if satisfied with her reply, turned about and went out, exposing his side face to Hayward's gaze. He thought he had seen it before—the features, air, and general carriage were familiar. While he was endeavoring to recollect where he had met him, the hostess came to him, and said, in a cautious tone:

"Do you know who that was?"

"No—yet I have seen the face."

"So you have," she said, in a suppressed voice, and with a look of significant mystery.

"Who is it?"

"A gentleman," was the dry reply of the old woman, who feared she was going too far.

"He is a pirate," exclaimed Hayward, half rising.

"I now distinctly remember the face."

"Then the sooner you forget it the better. You have sworn, Red Fred tells me. But, ah me! How has Hetty and Fred become acquainted? and I have watched her so closely, too! Ah! the girl! I have long suspected something! If he speaks to her again, I'll give such information as will soon have old Hays's grip upon him, and I as much as told him so. Where the sakes she could first see him, or how she could see anything in his green eyes, and red head, and fire-flame beard, to like, I can't see. I'll lock her up, the minx!"

The ensuing day, at eleven o'clock, our hero was

at the Express office; but there was no reply to his advertisement. He wandered about the city until night, brooding over his disappointment, calling so often at the office as finally to excite the smile of its inmates, and to become angry with himself. He returned to the Brown Jug at night with a heavy heart, and ill at ease with the world. He saw no more of Hetty or Red Fred, and the old Dame, careful to exact from him payment for lodgings and meals as he had them, took no further notice of him. At length, for the seventh time, the next day he called for an answer to his advertisement, and found in the rack a note addressed "H. H." He took it down with trembling fingers, and tore it open. It read as follows:

"If Mr. H. H. will call at No.—, Chatham street, he may find employment."

With eager steps he hastened to find the address, and of the first person he met after leaving the office, he asked, without taking his eyes from the paper, for Chatham street. The individual addressed stopped, turned short round, and throwing himself in a tragic attitude, thus addressed him:

"Art thou a stranger in the city, sir, That thou dost ask where lies the street Called Chatham—the paradise of Jews? Of auctioneers of furniture and old ware? The empire of three gilt balls, And mart of cast-off vestments? Who art thou? Nay! I know thee now, my rustical. What takes thee thither? Art thou short And hast a ring, a brooch, a golden key—Last relic of some long-pledged watch—That thou must hie with such great speed of foot, And earnestness of eye, to Chatham, And its golden balls? Speak, for thou art challenged."

Before the "universal genius" had spoken the first line, Hayward had looked up and recognized his Intelligence Office acquaintance. There he stood, with the same rusty coat buttoned desperately close to the chin, and pants desperately stretched to meet the top of his shoes, by narrow straps. As he stretched forth his arm in his address, there was visible, beneath a terrific wound in his coat, yawning horribly a ghastly smile at each elevated gesture. Hayward could not help laughing at his appearance, and felt, in the loneliness of his situation, a degree of pleasure in meeting with one whom he had ever seen before. To be sure his new acquaintance's wardrobe was not very creditable, but Hayward did not know how soon, so far as that was concerned, they might become *par nobile fratrum*. So he repeated his inquiry for the number on his paper.

"What wouldst thou in Chatham, my rustical?" demanded the other, with a patronizing air.

"I have advertised, good sir, for business, and having just got this reply, hasten to the writer."

"Let me see;" and the gentleman with the horrid gash beneath his arm, took the paper daintily between a thumb and finger and held it up to his eyes, as if he were near sighted. "Oh! dem! vulgar! I know the place," he said, with ineffable contempt.

"What is it?"

"What! 'tis a wholesale peddlery. Shouldst thou go there, I would cut thee direct and instant!"

"Is he an honest man?"

"Honest!" repeated he, scornfully and dramatically:

"Ay; he'd pare a dead man's nails And draw his teeth, if lucre came of 't! Honest? Ay, he'd cheat no man nor lie If more were got by honesty and truth. He Thinks, that men should eat three times a day A waste of good provision, which else might bring

The ready money and the thrifty penny. Ay, He is an honest man. God help his honesty!"

"What is his business?" asked the amused, yet misgiving Hayward.

"To make money," returned the other, with a gesture of contempt.

"So is mine. I will go to him."

"And he will coin thee! Thy garments, Unrepaired, will fall from off thy flesh; Thy flesh, no more renewed, will quit Thy shivering bones; and these, lest thou shouldst slip

His hands, he'll hold from falling 'part With wires and rivets, and so keep thee A skeleton clerk, no more a walking Draft before his eyes for bread and breeches!"

"I will try him, nevertheless. Come with me, as I am quite ignorant of the way."

"No! Chatham street is my abhorrence, sir! 'Tis filled with ghosts of long departed coats, And rings, and chains, and canes with heads of gold,

Which once did appertain unto my person; if Thou wilt go, walk thou alone! The first Left turning there, will bring thee thither. Now, Friend and rustical, good mine! hast thou About thee what men vulgarly call coin?"

"I have but little of that vulgar metal, good sir, but I will share with you," said Hayward, taking from his pocket a sixpence the ninth of all his money, and handing it to him.

"Thanks!" said the other, with a lofty air, receiving the money,

"When next we meet I will repay thee Or, else, call me coward!"

"Stop, I will give you my card, sir," and the "universal genius," placing the sixpence between his teeth for want of a safe pocket, drew forth a very suspicious-looking object, which was intended to represent a wallet. This he opened, and took from one of its greasy and well-worn receptacles, a pledge ticket, and handed it to Hayward.

"There, sir, is all the card that fate has left me."

"Tis both the sign and index of my name and fortune."

Thou seest 'tis Simpson's ticket—not Simpson Of the Park, nor a Park box ticket— But Simpson's, prince of pawnbrokers! My name, Is writ there—George Frederick Cooke Sykes, Esquire.

Take it! The day of sweet redemption for the ring I pledged therein, hath long since passed."

Hayward, with a feeling of sympathy that did



honor to his heart, bade his tragic friend good-morning, and hastened to answer the note, wondering on the way if the person who wrote to him was in truth the character Mr. Sykes had dramatically described him. He soon reached the number designated. It was a tall, narrow structure of wood, old, and tumbling to pieces. The front was hung with clothing, furniture, bedding, strings of crockery, old keys, and a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends of cast-off housekeepings. The walk was blocked up with stoves, tables, cots, kettles, tin ware, etc. etc. The door was low, and seemed to give entrance to a cavern of old clothes.

He hesitated to enter; but finally resolved to know the worst. Behind a counter stood a slender, thin, and very little man, about forty years of age, in white iron spectacles, burnishing up the knob of a door. His restless gray eye fell upon Hayward as he entered, and he stretched his neck toward him, as if he expected in him a customer.

"Are you Mr. Fink?" said Hayward, satisfied he saw before him bodily the original of Mr. Sykes's portrait.

"Yes, yes, I believe I'm Mr. Fink, when I'm to hum," replied the little thin anatomy, with a simper and a smirk, and a bow affable.

"I received a note from you at the Express office," continued Henry, faintly; and casting his eyes around the gloomy place, he shuddered lest he might have to make it his home.

"Oh, ah!" ejaculated Fink, drawing himself up till he bent back; and looking Hayward full in the face, he surveyed him through his spectacles, letting his gaze slowly descend over his person to his feet. "Hum; so you are H. H.!" and Mr. Fink looked with as much contempt on H. H. as he could bring to bear upon him. "Hum! so you are H. H.!" Well, what can you do?"

"I can cheerfully knock you down," Hayward felt like replying, but he thought of his reduced purse, of his exalted hostess, and of utter destitution; so he called the philosopher of necessity to his aid, and answered quietly, "I can do almost anything to make myself useful."

"Oh, ah! you can! Well, Mr. H. H., I suppose you have a reference?" and Mr. Fink placed both hands behind him, crossed, and spreading his legs astride, as a man sometimes posts himself back to the fire, and staring him in the face, waited his answer.

"Reference!" repeated Hayward taken quite by surprise.

"Yes, sir, reference, Mr. H. H. How do I know but you are a burglar, a robber, or what not, till you refer me to somebody about you. Suds and shavings. I might be murdered in my bed or have my eye teeth stolen. Come Mr. H. H., your reference."

"My name is Hayward," said Henry, feeling his indignation rising.

"And that is what you call referring to yourself, I suppose, Mr. H. H.," replied Mr. Fink, with a chuckle at his own wit.

"I know no one in the city to refer to," answered Hayward, after running over in his mind, Dame Southack, Hetty Bell, and Red Fred, and even his late acquaintance, George Frederick Cooke Sykes, Esq.

"Then you won't do for me," answered Fink, with a sneer.

"What would you think of paying a clerk, sir?" "Pay! pay!" repeated the little man, hopping a foot high, "pay? Why, what the d—! do you think of yourself? I should give you a bed in the loft, and a meal as often as I ate one, with all my cast-off garments."

Hayward cast a rueful eye to the loft, a pitiful glance at Mr. Fink's shrunken abdomen, and a look of prophetic woe at the threadbare coat he then had on, and sighing while he smiled, he turned slowly on his heel, and left Mr. Fink to find a clerk elsewhere.

"Yes, what shall I do?" he repeated, a hundred times to himself, as he walked slowly up Chatham street. "I have but five shillings in the world, and to-morrow I shall be penniless. I cannot even advertise again. What a situation is mine; friendless, houseless, workless and moneyless, in a great city! Alas, my father; my poor misguided father! God forgive you, and forgive my bitter thoughts against you!"

Suddenly he felt a hand laid upon his arm. Looking up, he saw beside him a fashionably-dressed young gentleman, with long brown hair waving upon his shoulders, a mustache adorned his lip, and he carried a gold-headed stick, and wore white kid gloves. A massive gold chain was hung from his neck across a green velvet vest, and from a slender chain of finger metal dangled an eye-glass. His form was slight and elegant. His eye was large and piercing, but his face bore an air of recklessness that marred the beauty of his handsome features.

"So—you are sad, sir," he said, in a tone that went to Hayward's desolate heart, for its kindness and ready sympathy. Surprised to be thus addressed by a stranger, whose condition, so far as the superfluities of life went, evidently was so different from his, he nevertheless smiled, and replied:

"Something sad, sir. But you have probably mistaken me for some one else."

"No, you are Henry Hayward, are you not?" he asked, in a frank way, that at once drew a reply in the affirmative.

"Well I knew I had my man. You and I have met before."

"Where?" inquired Hayward, surveying his features with a slight consciousness of recognition.

"Not where you think—but come along with me and you shall know. The street is too public for private conversation between two old fellow-students!"

"Ha! I know you now. It is Morris Græme!" cried Hayward, between pleasure at meeting an old college acquaintance, and suspicion at some recollection associated unpleasantly with the recognition.

"You know me, I find, notwithstanding the time and change. Come with me, and let us talk of the past."

Hayward would have shrunk from his invitation from some secret cause or other; but feeling his own destitution, and his need of friends, and willing to fly to any society for relief from the painful thoughts which weighed down his spirits when Morris Græme met him, he suffered him to take his arm.

Græme led him some distance down a cross street, talking lightly with him on various subjects, and

finally stopped in a narrow lane, before a low door, with a pent-house roof projecting above it. Although the middle of the afternoon, the place was silent, and the wretched houses about seemed uninhabited. The court was dark and narrow, and bounded on the side opposite to where they had stopped, by a high brick wall. The fashionable costume and chains of gold of Morris Græme were ill assorted with the scenes around him. The place seemed entirely strange to Hayward, yet he thought it was not far from the Brown Jug. Morris knocked once heavily with his stick, not against the door, but the beam above it, which returned a very ringing and prolonged sound. After a moment's delay, the low oaken door was unbarred from within, and opened by an old decrepit African.

Without interchanging a word with the negro, the young man motioned to Hayward to follow, and preceded him through an obscure passage, up a flight of steps, to a long gallery. This he traversed to its extremity, and entered a door that led into a spacious room, in the center of which were two billiard tables. The room was deserted.

"Where do you lead me, Morris?" demanded Hayward, stopping, as he saw him approach a door on the opposite side, as if to pass through it.

"Come, and I will show you," said he, smiling, throwing it open, and displaying to him an apartment, gorgeously furnished, with crimson curtains descending from the ceiling to the floor, marble pin tables, velvet ottomans, gilt satin chairs, and costly girandoles; with a profusion of painting and statuary.

Hayward started back, astonished at the unexpected sight, and stood surveying the sumptuous room with incredulous surprise, so great was the contrast from the rude apartments he had just passed through.

"Why do you hesitate, man?" demanded Græme. "This is my home, and I welcome you to it."

Hayward's suspicions were now confirmed; but he had no friends, and so he clung to Morris Græme for the relief which friendship affords. After entering and surveying the rich apartment, he walked to the windows, and was about to put aside the closely-drawn curtains to look out into the street upon which it fronted, when Morris politely detained his hand, and quietly removed the fold of the drapery from his grasp.

"Pardon me, Harry; but I have wine waiting here, and you must pledge me," and he led him to a side-board in a recess, which glittered with decanters, filled with various rich wines.

"I am bewildered," said Hayward, passively receiving the wine glass placed in his hand; "I can scarcely believe I am not in a dream."

"Let us drink to our meeting," said Græme, without seeming to hear him. "Pledge me, Harry."

Hayward filled his glass, and drank. The wine was Burgundy, and delicious; and he was easily persuaded to take another glass to—"The Halls of old Harvard."

Græme now threw himself at full length on an ottoman, after having seen Hayward seat himself, and in a careless tone said,

"So, Hayward, you have left Harvard without a diploma, as well as myself."

"How did you hear of it?" asked Henry, with a quick flash of shame, as if his father's error had become his own guilt.

"There needs no greater proof than your being here in New York during term time, and wearing a Harvard coat, something the worse for service," answered the other with affected carelessness, while his searching glance was scanning every line and lineament of Hayward's face.

"True," replied our hero, half angry that his poverty already had a tongue to speak so openly for itself.

"You have just arrived—three days ago—in a brig from Boston," continued Morris, in the same tone of seeming indifference. "How do you like town?"

"I have seen but little of it. But how is it you know so much about me?"

"It requires no necromancy to tell you much more—but you lodge at the Brown Jug, and are without money, and are puzzling your brains to know what to do to keep soul and body from taking leave of each other!"

"You know all I know myself, then, and there is no need of disguise," said Hayward, frankly. "How you have got your information, I cannot conceive."

"I knew you were in the city only yesterday, and I have been seeking you ever since you left the Brown Jug to go to the Express office."

"And did you know this too?"

"You told it to Dame Southack—and what a woman knows is not apt to rust for want of telling."

"And you know the hostess of the Brown Jug?"

"I called there for you," answered Græme, evasively.

"Do you know that daughter or niece of hers? She is a singular girl."

"She is a singular girl. You have seen her, then?" asked Morris, with interest.

"Only once. What connection has she with the fellow they call Red Fred?"

Græme smiled, and was silent, and then replied, "You may know, possibly, more by-and-by. What do you do with yourself to-day?"

Hayward was at a loss to answer. An indefinite idea that he must do something, and that speedily, floated through his mind; but what he was to do, he was puzzled to tell. Græme seemed to divine his perplexity, and said, "Well, go with me."

"Whither?"

"You will see by-and-by," said Morris, with a reckless and important air, as if he did not like the suspicion which the question conveyed.

"Nay, Morris Græme," said Hayward, firmly; I am poor, and have, as you conjecture, left Harvard on account of my poverty, yet I cannot be blindly led into crime."

"Crime!" repeated Græme, with a loud laugh; "po! Harry, you are preaching."

"I remember you were expelled from college for a crime, and came to New York. I have heard strange stories of your subsequent career. Recent events have confirmed my suspicions that you are a—"

"What?" demanded Græme, in a slow and low tone.

"Nay—I may be wrong. But I firmly believe I saw you one of the foremost in a party of amateur

freebooters, who boarded and robbed the brig in which I came passenger."

Morris Græme pleasantly smiled at the charge, twirled his mustache, and then laughed aloud: "Truly, Hayward, you have a good memory. I was not there, nor could you have seen me there, therefore. You have your head filled with pirates, and look upon every honest man you meet as one. But, nevertheless, I have been this day seeking you about that very affair of piracy. Another time, however, will serve as well. Will you lodge and live with me while you are in town?"

Hayward declined.

"Well, well; I see you have no confidence in me. I will confess I am something free in my mode of life; but poverty and want, such as you are on the verge of, drove me to it. You will yet come to it, or starve; mark me, Hayward! What has the world, or society, or the laws, done for you, that you should be their slave, and die of hunger and perish for want of shelter, rather than break your chains and live! Come, you are poor, friendless, and have a feud with mankind, and with fortune! Ere the fickle jade goads you to despair, act while you can. Frankly and freely, I am one of a party of clever young fellows whom fortune made foot-balls of, as she is making of you, until they kicked her in turn. They are now free cavaliers, and have neither sorrow nor care. Come, and join yourself to us. What has the world given you, that you should be honest and virtuous for it? Unite with us, and you shall be equal with us. These rooms shall be yours, and gold at your will!"

"Tempt me not, Morris Græme," cried Hayward, bitterly, "tempt me not! I confess I am poor, and have little but despair and hopeless misery before me. Yet I am a man, and never will consent to war against and prey upon my species. Say no more to me! Let me depart, and leave me to my own sad fortune."

"Be it so, Hayward," said Græme, kindly; and going to the rear door, by which they entered, with him, he suffered him to depart, adding: "Now, Harry, if the world go hard with you, and Fortune turn her back, remember the offer I made you. Here you shall always find a home, by knocking once at the bar above the gate. I need not remind you that I depend on your honor for secrecy, as to what you have discovered this afternoon."

Hayward shook his friend's hand with a warmth of feeling he was himself surprised at; but he was voluntarily parting, from principle, with the only familiar face he had seen in the metropolis.

"And this, then, is the course of the wild and reckless Morris Græme," he said, as he walked slowly away; "and have I listened to his temptation? Have I, Henry Hayward, deliberated whether to join league with freebooters or not? Yes; I felt the temptation! I felt my wrongs plead for this sacrifice of honor! Oh, God, protect and defend me! If I am driven to this at last, be the guilt on the heads of those, whose weak and wicked ambition to make me a gentleman, hath driven me forth a houseless wanderer upon the free and beautiful earth, which God has given for man's heritage!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN DESPAIR.

As our hero went slowly homeward toward the Brown Jug, after quitting the companionship of Morris Græme, and flying from the temptation he held out to his poverty, he began to reflect upon his future course. He had but five shillings and three pence in the world, and the little bundle in Dame Southack's bar would not bring much more, if pledged or sold. Yet he had a lodging and breakfast to pay for, and the second day he would have nothing left. He devised a hundred impracticable and romantic plans, rejecting each successively as it came up in his thoughts. He thought of shipping as a sailor; or hiring himself as a servant; of going into Jersey to seek a school. He envied the sweep that passed him with his cheerful song, because he had employment and the means of life.

In this mood he reached the Brown Jug, and going into the tap, seated himself in one of the little dark boxes, and gave himself up to gloomy forebodings and the contemplation of his own wretchedness. He at length attracted the attention of Dame Southack.

"Come, come! you look low-spirited!" she said, calling to him from behind the bar. "Take a little brandy and water, it will cheer you up."

"No, I thank you," answered Hayward, rousing himself.

"Well, then, here's a newspaper. I've seen gentlemen, as didn't care to drink, take a paper, and seem to enjoy reading on it just as if it was the nicest glass o' liquor ever tapped."

And as she spoke, she tossed him the 'Flash,' the only paper taken at the Brown Jug.

Hayward was both amused and disgusted in looking over the classic sheet, and was about to throw it aside, when his eye rested upon an advertisement for a 'carrier.' The thought instantly struck him, that if he would examine the city papers he might find advertisements for situations, one of which he might fill. Inspired to renewed hopes with this idea, he went out and sought the Express office, where he obtained a sight of the day's newspapers. They were filled with advertisements of all kinds, but none that applied to him and his condition. There were several for servants of every sort, and one for a footman who would not object to wearing a livery; but none for poor young gentlemen! He left the office in deep depression. Suddenly he stopped and turned back.

"Yes—I will take that address for the footman! I cannot starve, or run in debt and rot in prison. I will do anything that holds out to me a home."

Five minutes later he was on his way to answer the advertisement for a footman. He had made up his mind, and walked resolutely on until he came to B— street, and before the house, which was a large, old-fashioned brick mansion, placed back from the street, with a magnificent horse-chestnut in the yard, overshadowing the whole place.

He hesitated at the gate, and felt his cheek burn. But he recollected his destitution, and opened the gate, and entered the yard. It was near twilight; and it being a summer's evening time, the family were seated on the portico. The group consisted of an elderly gentleman, a maiden lady sewing, and a young lady reading a book to the old gentleman. Hayward approached with a faltering step. As



he came near, the maiden lady eyed him closely, and the young lady, hearing his step, lifted her eyes from the book. Conceive Hayward's surprise at beholding Blanche Hillary! His first impulse was to fly for shame, as if she had divined his yet unspoken purpose; but a moment's reflection showed him the impropriety of such a sudden retreat. He therefore advanced nearer, bowed to her, and spoke. She rose and extended her hand to him with a warm welcome.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Hayward. I was speaking of you to-day to father, and wondering if you had left the city. This is my uncle, Dr. Emers, and this is my aunt Mary. Mr. Hayward, uncle! He was a fellow-passenger with us from Boston."

Hayward bowed, and declined a seat to which Miss Hillary had invited him.

"Hayward! Oh! a friend of yours, Blanche," said the old gentlemen, who appeared hard of hearing. "I didn't know but he was a young man come to get Peter's place."

"By, uncle! Mr. Hayward is a gentleman. You must excuse my uncle, sir," said Blanche, with a smile; "he sometimes makes strange mistakes."

Hayward could not, however, but give him credit for coming very near the mark for once.

"Here is an end to my visions of a footman's place," he said to himself. "The fates are against me."

"You are not going, Mr. Hayward! You will surely remain to tea," entreated Blanche, seeing him descend a step, as if to go.

Not knowing how to refuse, after having ignorantly placed himself in the situation in which he was, he reluctantly consented; and so he sat at the table as a guest, where it was, an hour before, his ambition to wait as footman.

After tea, during which he was charmed with the vivacity and humor of Miss Hillary, he took his leave as early as etiquette would allow, and bent his solitary way homeward. The meeting with Miss Hillary had given him pleasure, but it was greatly qualified by his disappointment. He had been buoyed up with the hope of obtaining even the humble situation of a footman; but this hope had now vanished.

A few days elapsed, during which poor Henry had availed himself of every possible means to obtain employment. But there were no situations he could fill, and those he would have gladly taken were only given to such as could furnish references. His money was expended to his last penny—his little bundle had been pledged to Dame Southack for his last night's lodging and last meal, which was his breakfast.

It was late at night, and the little tap-room was deserted of its last visitor for a "night-cap," and Dame Southack had blown out all the lamps but her bed-taper, which she held in her hand, as if prepared to retire.

"Come, sir," she said, in a harsh, unfeeling tone, directing her attention toward the box with a faded and red curtain, in which some one was visible, leaning his head upon his hand. "Come, young man, you needn't think you're going to loaf on me, now you have got no more money. I kept you as long as you could pay, and even took, what nobody else would ha' done, your shirt and waistcoat, out o' charity, coz I've got a son Bill 'way to sea, and hopes it'll be remembered to him some day. Come, now! I want to shut up. There is the clock striking twelve, as true as I'm a lone woman."

As the charitable hostess finished speaking, she came out from behind the bar, with the lamp in her hand, and with a quick, resolved step approached the box. The occupant slowly raised his head, and showed the countenance of Henry Hayward. But how changed! His high, manly forehead was pale and heavy, with a clammy sweat; his fine eyes were sunken, and hard in their expression; his cheek flushed, and his lips fiercely and painfully compressed.

"Woman, what would you?" he demanded, in a quick, stern tone, but as if he hardly had proper consciousness of what he said, or whom he addressed.

Dame Southack stepped back, with an exclamation, "Oh, la! you needn't look so like a madman! Poor young man! I pity you, I do, from my heart; for I think, if poor Bill should be without a shilling, and in a lone house, at twelve o'clock, how sorry I'd feel if I knew it!" and Dame Southack put the corner of her apron to her eyes. "But, then, that's neither here nor there! If I gave everybody free lodgings, that came to the Brown Jug without money, I'd have my hands full. No, no; I am sorry, young man, but you must get up and go."

By this time Hayward who had been for the last few hours seated in the little box, in the stupor of heavy grief, completely broken in heart and spirit, had recovered his full consciousness. He quietly rose up, and, with a faint smile, that he meant should be apologetic to Dame Southack, but which was painful to see for the pallor and rigidity of the face, he stepped out of the box. She stood aside, in silence, to let him pass, and slowly he walked to the door, turned, tried to smile, and say "good night," and then, with a loud phrensied laugh, sprang forth into the street. Dame Southack's blood was chilled at the cry, and, with a trembling hand, she barred and locked the door, and went to her comfortable bed; for scenes of startling and unusual kind were not so unfamiliar to the charitable hostess of the "Brown Jug," as to leave, for any length of time, an impression upon her mind.

In that wild, miserable shriek, poor Hayward had given vent to the feelings of deep and silent despair, that for hours had burdened his heart. Naturally sensitive and proud, educated like a gentleman, and possessing a mind and person fitted to adorn society, he had, within the last few days, found his sensitiveness wounded and his pride insulted; while the education he had received only rendered more poignant his degradation, and his gentlemanly appearance and manner had proved, more than once, obstacles to his success.

The night was like day, for the brightness of the midnight moon silvered a hundred spires, and shone upon the tiled roofs around, as if they were plated steel. Henry stood upon the walk and heard the locking and barring of the door from which he had been ejected, and he felt a loneliness more dreadful than the prisoner who is shut up and locked within

his solitary dungeon. The Brown Jug had been his home. He had found there, while he had money, kindness; and in the little closet where he slept he had forgotten each night the disappointments of each day. It was his home. His thoughts, associations, all had centered there since he had been in the city. He had received sympathy and attention, too, from that strange young girl, Hetty Bell, when she was at home and saw him there, which, however, was not often; and even "Red Fred" had made himself agreeable to him, and been company for him in his loneliness. Humble as the inn was—vicious as those certainly were who resorted to it—selfish as Dame Southack herself was—it still had been a home to him, his only shelter in his exile and wandering.

He stood upon the walk, and, as he looked up at the little sign of the "Jug," swinging to and fro with a creaking sound, and cast his eyes into the window from which Dame Southack had just withdrawn the light, leaving all within in darkness, and then thought upon his own desolation, he felt his heart melt within him like a child's.

Slowly he moved away, bending his footsteps he knew not whither. There was no sound in the moonlit streets, save the quick step of some belated citizen, hastening along in the black shadows of the moonless side of the way, or the distant noise of a hurrying hack, crossing the city through some far-off street. On a corner above him stood a watchman in his glazed helmet and thick coat, with his short, heavy club swung on his arm, and looking as if asleep on his post, notwithstanding the cry that Hayward had just caused to ring through the echoing streets; but watchmen, like Dame Southack, are used to strange sounds, and do not let small matters move them from their propriety.

Hayward passed the silent keeper of the city's peace, as he stood leaning against a lamp-post, his dark shadow thrown across the walk. He envied him that he had a means of livelihood. What would he not have given to have exchanged all the hopes of that "respectability" his foolish father had intended should be the issue of his paternal ambition for his now wretched son for the occupation and position in society of this man. Thus reflecting, he walked on up the street, calmer in his mind than he had been for some hours, for the bitterness of his despair had passed by, and began to be sternly reconciled, as it were, to whatever was before him. He felt his cup of misery and degradation could not be fuller. Every curtained light beaming from the chamber window of some rich man's dwelling, mocked the houseless and bedless wanderer of the streets.

"Woe," sighed he, "woe, for the wealth that men heap together, for itself, while around them they see so many who are in utter destitution; men, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. Will not a just God require the lives of the poor at the hands of the rich, who are but God's stewards of the bounties of Providence?"

A distant light of a pale crimson color drew him on, uncertain which way to wander, until he came to a cellar, still open, the light he had seen being in a transparent box, covered with red cotton and labeled "Oysters." He stopped and looked wistfully down into the well-lighted subterranean apartment, and contemplated with the feelings of a hungry man, who had eaten nothing since breakfast, the display of steak, chops, soups, sausages, pies, cakes, pickled oysters, etc., which, inclosed in a glass case, were visible to him from the sidewalk as he looked down. Poor Hayward! to what a low and pitiful state wert thou reduced. Poorly clad, without money, without shelter, without food, eying with a beggar's longing the rich and savory viands thou must not touch.

As the full force of his miserable situation pressed upon him, while he stood there, he experienced that feeling of self-contempt which a proud mind acknowledges at its lowest point of degradation. His teeth met and ground upon each other involuntarily at this consciousness of despising himself, while his hands clenched till the nails pierced the flesh of his palms, that he had fallen so low as to be a subject for his own scorn.

"Yes," he said, bitterly—almost savagely—"Yes, I am a despicable wretch! I feel as if I could fly the face of man, and bury myself forever from the eyes of my species. Yet what have I been guilty of, that I should regard myself as the cold world would regard me? Nothing; I do not experience that feeling which is common to humanity. It is natural for men to look with contempt upon the wretched of their kind, and I but share the same emotion in contemplating my own wretchedness. But there is a sensation like guilt which I am conscious of feeling. Yet I am not guilty. I have done nothing yet to bring a blush to my cheek. Is poverty then crime? I do believe it is. It is attended with punishment and suffering, as crime is—it brings down the censures and scorn of the world, as crime does—it shuts man from generous sympathy, as crime does—it exiles him from society and his species into the dens and holes of the earth, as crime does—it causes him to hang his head, to lose his self-confidence, to 'flee when no man pursueth,' as crime does. Yes, poverty is crime; and, because I feel I am criminal, it is that my disapproving mind condemns me at its own tribunal, and that my soul is filled with bitterest self-contempt. I loathe my very existence. Life is become a burden—the gift of God has become a curse upon me. I can fall no lower, save in vice. Yet that must follow. Does the ragged, pitiful wretch—the ridiculed loafer, retain his integrity and his honor? Can he do it? Can he do it in this low state of degradation? Does not want, and starvation, and woe, lead to treachery, to falsehood, to theft, to every vicious thing? Yes, poverty is crime, because it leads to it. The effect is so identified with the cause that they are indivisible in the world's eye. This is the truth of it. Ha, what poor wretch is here?" he exclaimed, discovering at that moment a person seated on the curb-stone, with his back against an empty box. He was in the shadow of the houses, and Hayward could see him but indistinctly from where he stood, a couple of rods from him. "So I have company abroad to-night."

He approached the place where the man sat, and found him so busily engaged in picking out shells from a pile that had been poured out from an adjoining cellar, as not to notice his approach. Hayward came close to him, and saw that he was picking off, with his attenuated and meager fingers, the gristly ligaments that secure the oyster to its shell, and voraciously eating them. A second and closer view

of the wretch told him that it was his dramatic acquaintance, George Frederick Cooke Sykes, Esq. He stood still beside him, and watched him for a few moments. The poor "universal genius" was sadly changed in his outer man, *paucere* as it was before. His second-hand beaver hat was gone, and a torn straw, not worth two-pence, with the brim hanging like a torn feather over one shoulder, supplied its place. The coat, kept so carefully buttoned up to the chin, was absent, and a miserable old linen jacket had taken its place. His shoes were gone, and he was barefooted, while he exhibited no sign of shirt or vest. Poor Sykes! starvation had driven him to the "spout" till he had nothing left that could be pledged for a half-penny. He was now on his last legs. The probability was that his feet would never know the luxury of shoes, or his head the comforts of a hat again; or that he would ever find a shelter for his head, till death kindly laid it upon the sweet pillow of that couch from which there is no waking to a world of suffering and woe.

The poor "loafer,"—we mean the word in its kindest and tenderest sense—was so busy in satisfying the cravings of hunger that he took no notice of Hayward, although he once glanced up to him from the pile which he was picking over. He examined, with a low muttering noise, every shell, with the avidity of a miser seeking for grains of gold; and thrusting close to his lips each shell that had upon it the least particle of nutriment, he tore it off ravenously with his teeth, like a man dying of starvation. Hayward could compare him to nothing but a famished wolf, growling over and gnawing at the bones of a carcass left by another. He forgot his own misery in the contemplation of him who sat on the earth before him. He forgot his own hunger in sympathy for his, which was fearfully so much greater. Yet he trembled to think how soon he might be in the same situation. Two days more would drive him to the offals of the street, like poor Sykes. The thought was horrible. He spoke to Sykes, but he faintly growled out, raised up his shoulders, and shook his head, and covered the pile of shells with his spread arms and body as if to protect them.

"Go away—go away! They are mine—mine!" and he fastened his teeth upon another ligament, and tore it from the shell.

"It is I, Mr. Sykes," said Hayward, kindly.

"You sha'n't—you sha'n't. They are all mine," he cried, peevishly, and covering them with his hungry body.

"I don't want to take them from you, my poor Sykes; I am your friend. Have you eaten nothing to-day? Speak to me; I will not harm you."

The kind voice of Henry seemed to have an impression upon him. He slowly removed his arms from over the pile of shells, and looked up in his face. Hayward was astonished at the change a few brief days had made. His eye was large, white, and glassy, and glared on him with a fierce, unearthly stare. His cheeks were sunken; and his lips, shrunk from his teeth, left them exposed with frightful shining whiteness.

"Good God, sir, are you starving in truth?" he cried, with mingled pity and horror.

"Yes, I'm starving," answered Sykes, in a pitiful tone, poking again among the shells.

"Have you had nothing to eat to-day?"

"Nothing since Sunday."

"And this is Wednesday. What can I do for you? Have you got much nourishment from these miserable shells?"

"No, not much," he replied, in the same low tone, like one who answered without being aware of speaking, or like one who talks in his sleep.

"Why have you not begged?"

"Begged," he repeated, looking up with flashing eyes, and speaking in an indignant but hollow tone, "beg! I beg! Sir, I will starve first."

"You are likely to starve, then, poor fellow," said Hayward, who, proud himself, could not but sympathize in his feelings. "But you must not starve in the sight of food. Come with me and you shall have something to eat."

"Shall I?" cried the poor famished wretch, making an effort to rise, but failing again through weakness.

"Have you any money?"

"No, but I will see that you have something to eat. Lean upon my arm. It will assist you to your feet."

"Stop! stop! there's a good piece on this shell; let me eat it first. Oh, I am so hungry."

"Then come with me into this cellar," said Henry, resolutely, resolved at all hazards to get something to appease his hunger.

He succeeded in getting him to his feet, but even then he could, with great difficulty, draw him away from the pile of shells, which he seemed to cling to in his heart, as if he were quitting the only hope of his life.

"Come my poor friend, we will get something better here," said he, conducting him to the oyster cellar, and taking him down the steps leading to it. As the light flashed on his face Hayward was appalled by its ghastliness. He hurried him in and made him sit down on the first seat that offered. It was directly opposite the "stand" where the oysters were opened for customers. Sykes's eyes immediately dilated, and seemed to devour a heap of unopened oysters that laid upon it.

"Sit still, and I will get you something both to eat and drink," spoke Henry, kindly.

He then went toward a bar placed against the wall, in the center of the long, sanded apartment, where sat a man upon a high stool, in a white apron, reading a newspaper, and two negroes, that looked like waiters, seated by a side table eating supper; and, as he passed along by the row of curtained boxes, he also saw that two of them were occupied, but the inmates were hid by the closely-meeting curtains.

"Sir," he said to the man who was reading, "here is a poor man whom I found starving at the door. He needs food."

The man looked up from his paper, and eying Hayward steadily, glanced in the direction of poor Sykes, and then said, in a cold tone, and with an immovable face:

"Well, he can have any thing he pays for."

"But he has no money," said Henry, earnestly.

"Then he must starve for me," and the man resumed his reading, while the two negroes at the side table set up a coarse nigger laugh, with their mouths



stuffed with potatoes and mutton. Hayward's indignation rose at the want of feeling in the man; and he felt like knocking the negroes over and taking their supper to Sykes, and defending him till he had eaten it. But this was too Quixotic an idea to be carried out successfully, and so he resolved to appeal to the man's humanity.

"The man will die in your apartment without something to eat."

"What the devil did you bring him in here then for? Have you any money yourself?"

"I must confess I have not," answered Hayward, mortified and feeling more bitterly the want of money for the sake of Sykes than he had yet done for his own privations. His was one of those rare spirits which have so little that is selfish in them, as to forget their own griefs and wants, when those of others appeal to their hearts. He had also so little knowledge of the world, of the selfishness of human nature, of the indifference custom will create toward human sufferings in men's breasts, that he wondered other persons did not feel as he did, and other hearts bleed as his did, for the wretched and necessitous. His answer that he had no money was received by the man with a scornful laugh, which was echoed by his two pals.

"But what will become of him?" asked Hayward, angrily.

"That is none of my business," answered the man, doggedly.

"If he dies, his blood will be upon your head," said the indignant Henry.

"I'll look to that," replied the man, removing from the stool and walking deliberately toward the spot where Sykes sat, panting with mingled hope and fear, as he listened to the progress of Hayward's exertions on his behalf. "Hullo, here! What are you doing here, you d-d loafer! you needn't think you are going to die in my house, and give it a bad name. I'd as lief see the devil as a Coroner in my cellar. Come, get up and take yourself off!" With this he took Sykes by the shoulder, and violently shaking him, being a strong man—placed him upon his feet.

"Why, Mattocks, don't put me out to die, Mattocks. Don't you know me, Mattocks!" said Sykes, in a pitiful tone. "I'm Sykes."

"The devil you are," repeated the man, laughing loud, "I thought you had starved to death long ago. Why, what the devil keeps your soul in?"

"I have been eating oyster meat from the shells about the doors," answered Sykes, in a childish tone, or like some poor idiot.

"Is that the way you darkies open my oysters?" he cried, turning to the two negroes; "d-n you, if you leave enough in your shells again to bait a flea, I'll keep you on short commons a month. You mean to make me support all the infernal loafers in the city. No man shall live off mine, Master Sykes, without my having the benefit of it."

"I have paid you a good deal of money, Mattocks," interposed Sykes, sinking again upon the bench.

"And because a man pays his rent this year, the landlord must let him live rent free the next. You have always had your money's worth, and no thanks and favors asked. Besides you have owed me three and sixpence these four months."

"I couldn't pay, Mattocks."

"Then don't come into my place. Come, move! I'm going to shut up. It's one o'clock. And you may go and get fed where you can get credit; for I'll be d-d if either of you get anything here to-night, without money. Come, don't die here," and he gave Sykes another shake, and made him groan with suffering.

Hayward had remained silent during all this, his blood boiling and his heart aching. He felt himself impotent, so far as his services might avail poor Sykes, but he did not want resolution in his defense, nevertheless. Without saying a word, he laid his hand on that of the man, and quietly but firmly removed the hold it had upon the poor fellow's shoulder. The man started, and fixed his fierce gaze on Hayward's face, while his fist contracted with the blow he meditated. But Hayward's glance encountered his, so full and resolute, and his bearing, as he faced him, was so calm and determined, that he, after hesitating a moment, turned aside his look, and relaxed the muscles of his sinewy arm—the physical and animal power was subdued by the moral and intellectual.

"Give this wretched man something to eat," said Henry, quietly, and in a tone barely above a whisper; but he heard it to whom it was addressed.

The man looked dogged and sulky, and seemed to be undecided how to act.

"He must not perish," added Hayward, in the same quiet and firm tone, while his clear, resolute eye sought the averted glances of the other. At length he answered, and said sulkily:

"I have got nothing but a pie and them crackers in the tray there."

"Shall I give him the pie and crackers?" asked Hayward, approaching the oyster bar, upon which, with cruet of vinegar and pepper, and salt cellars, they were standing.

"Yes."

"I thank you," said Hayward, hastening to get possession of them and place them before the famished young man. Sykes snatched a biscuit from the tray, and thrust it whole into his mouth, crushing it with his teeth, and murmuring with idiotic joy. But he could not swallow it. His throat was parched and inflamed.

"He must have a glass of ale," said Hayward, to the man who stood by in silence.

"One of you darkies bring a mug of ale here—quick!" said the man, giving the order, and then, turning on his heel, walked away.

The ale revived Sykes, and he was able to eat the crackers soaked in it. Hayward sat beside him with the kind assiduity of a brother, until he had eaten and drank as much as he thought would be safe, the keeper of the cellar walking all the while impatiently back and forth, looking, at each turn he took, as if about fiercely to order them out, but each time catching Hayward's glance, and withholding his purpose. Hayward had not been insensible to the power he had temporarily obtained over the man, and having given Sykes all the benefit from it he could desire, he wisely resolved to leave before the force of his influence—that of mind over matter, of good over evil—should be dissolved. He could

not expect to get a night's lodging for Sykes, and felt it would not be prudent to ask it. So he rose with Sykes, who appeared very much improved, though still weak, and, thanking the man for his kindness, he bade him a civil "good-night." He was leaving the cellar without even satisfying his own hunger and thirst, for he was too proud, and also too indignant at the other's inhumanity, to confess, by taking a single mouthful of biscuit, his own pinching hunger, when he received a blow in the temples that nearly felled him. As he had suspected might be the case, the man had recovered from the spell of submission to another's will—the mesmeric wand by which Hayward had held him, through the power of the eye, had snapped—and no sooner did Henry move away, than he approached him, and struck him a blow with his fist on the side of his head. Staggered by the force of the blow, it was an instant before Hayward recovered himself, when he returned it with such good will and judgment between the eyes of his assailant, that he fell against the side of the boxes, blinded with blood.

"Excellent, never saw a better hit. You handle your fist better than a harpoon, my hearty one," cried Red Fred, coming out of one of the boxes. "Mattocks, boy, your peepers are put handsomely in mourning, set off with red lining!"

Mattocks made no reply; but as soon as he could manage to see, he made his way to a tin wash hand-basin, at the further end of the apartment.

"Now my good friend of the harpoon," said Red Fred, coming up to Hayward, "I would advise you to make the best of your way out of Dan Mattocks's premises. He will put a knife into you, and no boy's play."

"He is a wretch, and I shall not move out of the scoundrel's way," answered Hayward, wiping a trickling stream of blood from a slight wound in his temples.

"Do come, good valiant," said Sykes, drawing him toward the steps, scarce able to support himself.

"Yes, go with the poor devil, thy friend, there, or perhaps thy shadow," said Red Fred, laughing.

"Have you left the Brown Jug?"

"Yes," said Hayward, slowly retiring.

"Out of pockets, and so out of doors!"

"Yes," said Hayward, adopting the slight tone of the other.

"I thought so. What poor devil have you got under your convoy there? But I see Mattocks is coming. Do you want to fight him fair?"

"No. I wish to have nothing to do with the inhuman wretch. I am no brawler."

"I like you, and will be your friend. I know you don't fear him." And, as he spoke, he advanced and met the man who was approaching the foot of the steps, where Hayward stood awaiting him, too proud to leave, and with Sykes half up the steps pulling at his coat-tail.

Red Fred stopped the savage Mattocks, and said a few words to him.

"Is he, indeed?" demanded Mattocks, with a look of surprise, glancing toward Hayward.

"Yes, took the oath, is one of us!" replied Fred, in a low tone, which Hayward indistinctly heard.

"Well, then, as we have had a fair turn about, I'll let it pass."

"You will, of course," said Red Fred, quitting him, and approaching Hayward. "Now I have got you out of this scrape, you will believe I am your friend."

"I believe it," said Hayward, yielding at last, to Sykes's entreaties, "and am obliged to you for your kind and very friendly interference. Good-night."

"Good-night!" repeated Red Fred, as he walked back to his box; "why, the fellow is as cavalier as you please, and says me 'good-night,' with an air of a man out of better earth. Yet he is a brave fellow, and I like a brave man! I have taken a fancy to him ever since the harpoon affair! Damn my blood, if I wasn't afraid of him, while he was as cool as if he was waiting to take a partner for a waltz."

With these words, he re-entered his box, where he had left a comrade, who was too much absorbed in the discussion of certain excellents, seasoned with brandy and water, to leave his seat at so trifling an affair as a midnight rencounter in an oyster cellar.

Arriving outside, Hayward asked Sykes where he was going to lodge.

"Lodge," repeated the poor fellow, whose weak brain the ale had by this time excited,

"Lodge! in Heaven's free Halls, with the earth My bed, and the blue Heaven my curtain; the pale moon

My lamp to light me to my couch, and the stars With their harps of gold to charm with song My slumbers! Would'st thou, bethink thee, lodge A prince or monarch in a better state?"

"Nay, my good sir, but have you no home?"

Sykes was silent for a moment, and then answered in a melancholy and touching manner notwithstanding the bombast of his style:—

"I am a poacher on the world's broad manor! There was a home I once called mine—a mother, Whose love did make me her heart's fond idol. As I grew to boyhood, I did fill with sacred pride her Breast maternal, by spouting tragedy! And she with all a mother's pride, did see in me a second

Kemble, Kean, or Cook. I looked thence forward to the stage!

And on the day my wiser sire to some good trade Would have bound me, I made my debut in a country barn

To a wondering audience, of country people, as Othello! My genius triumphed! Like youthful Norval.

Then I left my home, and sought renown upon the Bowery's

Boards—deeming myself a rival of the Forrest!"

"You must have had ambition, at least," said Hayward, gravely.

"Hear! Hamblin—from rivalry—did not appreciate The lofty genius that had filled a barn With thunder-claps of glorious applause; And so, from Hamlet, sir, he basely made me Supernumerary. Ye Gods! I would have challenged Him—but had no pistols—and so I bore the wrong,

And played the part; and after that my genius, sir, Was made promiscuous for part or service That might, perchance, a blockhead call for! And so Disgusted with treatment so unworthy, I did quit That stage—because the managers did fear my rivalry.

Thus was I degraded! The day will come I'll write His Epitaph—no other vengeance pray I for than this!"

"And how do I find you now so destitute?" asked Hayward.

"Listen! The Park did have Macready at the time, Who, hearing of my genius, doubtless, and how Tom Hamblin had dismissed me from his boards, For very jealousy, and fearing that Simpson should Engage me, for Richard or Othello, I should eclipse him, being a native genius! And thus

He did conspire with Simpson, and so I was ejected With a kick posterior from the green room, sir! Since then I've had a feud with players, and scorn To be their 'sociate. I'd rather starve than take On Simpson's boards, or Hamblin's, or the Chatham, Engagement for a night! I am a genius, sir, The world shall see that genius can have revenge on 't."

This rambling dramatic relation of Sykes was delivered in a semi-dramatic attitude, one hand holding by a lamp-post, and the other stretched forth to gesticulate with! Now his voice was indignation, now pathetic, now lofty and proud! There was, throughout, a pervading enthusiasm and earnestness of feeling, which, while his words amused Hayward, inspired him with sympathy. When Sykes had ended, the influence of the ale, which had awakened his sensibility to his wrongs, subsided with the communication of his griefs, and he sunk upon the box against which Hayward had first found him leaning, quite exhausted.

Unwilling to leave him there, yet anxious to seek some shelter for himself, he was deliberating what to do, when a watchman appeared slowly walking up the street. The idea occurred to him to give him in charge to him; and, on his approaching the spot, he mentioned briefly his condition, and advised him to take him to the watch-house, and have him taken care of.

"To the watch-house!" repeated Sykes, rising up, and looking indignant, while his face was flushed, and his eyes strangely dilated, "never! I am a gentleman!"

"Never to the watchman's care will I commit myself!"

"Avaunt, thou sleepy guardian of the night, thou! Thou walking paving mallet, to tread the flag-stones down!"

Out of my sight! I know thee, thou Sonambulist; Thou paid and well-clothed sleep-walker! Begone!"

"He is drunk," said Charley, with a growl.

"Drunk! I! I! Thou liest! I have not drunk but once for three long days, save water! Tho—th—t—t—"

"Hold him up, watchman," suddenly cried Hayward, seeing him falling, "he is in a fit! This long fasting, poor fellow, has been too much for him, and the food he has taken, light as it was, has driven the blood to his poor weak brain! Hold him, watchman!"

"It requires little strength; he is but a baby. Poor fellow, how his bones stick out. He is dying, sir."

"I trust not," cried Hayward, "yet I fear it. I will hold him while you go down that cellar for means of resuscitation."

But human aid was of no longer avail. Before the watchman returned with brandy in a tumbler, and one of the negroes, the convulsions ceased, and the spirit of poor Sykes had left its frail tenement, for that world where hunger, and thirst, and famine, and woe, are no more known; but where, alas, the fruits of an evil education in this life will be experienced in some state, throughout eternity.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ARREST.

HAYWARD stood for a few moments, looking sadly upon the corpse of poor Sykes, upon the haggard and famished face of which the moonlight brightly shone. The head was leaned against a barrel, one arm hung over the edge of the box, and the body was stretched upon the pavement.

"Poor Sykes!" sighed the student, as he gazed upon him; "there is an end to all thy misery."

"Yes, sir, he was a poor miserable devil, to be sure," said the stout watchman, looking down upon him, leaning over his staff. "I've seen many a sad sight, master, in my rounds; but I never seed a man die o' starvation afore. It's an awful sight. He was poor player, I'm thinking."

"What is to be done with the body?" asked Hayward, after dropping a tear to the memory of his poor friend, and turning to the watchman.

"I s'pose he must be got to the dead-house and kept there. But a coroner's jury must be set on the body 'fore it is stirred from the spot—that's the law."

"Well, then, I will leave the arrangement of this matter to your care, watchman. I suppose the city provides for such contingencies."

"Oh yes. If a poor devil has nobody to bury him, the corporation does it at its own 'spense. Never you fear, but he'll have a better night's lodging for his head to-morrow night than he seems to have had for many a night. Poor man! He had good larnin' too; for I've had him, afore he got so bad off as he was to-night, stop and talk with me on my post, as intelligible as a schoolmaster; and sometimes I've seen him stanin' on this here very box, and act out pieces o' some play he said a friend o' his'n, named Will Shakspeare, writ, as good as I've seen Mr. Forrest do it at the Bowery. Poor man! he's done up now. He's walked his last round, and stood his last beat for this world."

"Good-night, watchman, I can be of no use to my poor friend, and will leave you," said Hayward, moving away, anxious to leave a scene, which some painful foreboding in his heart seemed to tell him foreshadowed his own fate. He cast a look at the body of poor Sykes, and hurried along the street with a rapid step. The moon shone like noon, from its unclouded brilliancy. Objects were visible the whole length of the street; only the side lanes and alleys were dark, impenetrable to his eye. He wandered on some time, he hardly knew whither. At length he



step was arrested by the stroke, near by, of two o'clock, the sound breaking loud and startling upon the silent city. He stopped and looked up to the tower, upon the golden hands and letters of which the rays of the moon fell brightly reflected.

"Where shall I be when next those hands point to the early morning hour of two?" he said, after a few moments' meditation. "I have no prospect but misery and starvation. I feel a weight laying upon my heart—an ominous sensation of coming evil. I feel, and can not shake off the horrid sensation, that the end of this poor player will be mine. And am I so reduced? Am I in fear of starvation? Can I realize it? Can it be myself, so lately the happy, admired, popular Henry Hayward, at Harvard, myself, wandering at midnight in the streets of New York, without where to lay my head; without food since morning, and destitute of means to provide it? Yes, these shabby clothes—my worn shoes—my gnawing appetite—the burning fever of hunger that I feel—all bear witness to it. God of mercy! what will become of me! I have no hope of any employment. I have offered to ship before the mast, but 'they' wanted seamen, not shabby gentlemen." I offered to become carrier to a newspaper, but 'they' wanted somebody that knew the city." I offered to wait at a hotel, but the proprietor, casting his eyes upon my dress, said "he wanted genteely dressed waiters." I have even offered to black shoes; but the man said he employed "only negroes." I have offered to tend bar, and was asked "for my references." What—what is before me? Oh, God," he cried, clasping and wringing his hands together, "cast me not off from the inheritance thou hast given in common to man—vouchsafe to guide and protect me in this time of my great affliction."

As he ended this petition, he discovered, in the shadow of the church tower, an individual intently regarding him. Feeling a sense of shame at being seen in an attitude of prayer, he walked a little way on, and turned into another street or alley—for it was narrow, and the shadows of both sides meeting, filled it with a gloom, singularly contrasting the bright streets. The darkness and solitude of the alley harmonized with his feelings, and he walked on, brooding in the silence and obscurity of the spot, over his dark fortunes. He felt keenly the calls of hunger, and his mind was filled with ideas of food and his own destitute condition. He felt weak from sorrow and long abstinence, and at length stopped and leaned against the wall.

He had scarcely turned the corner into the lane, when the individual he had seen watching him in the shadow of the tower, and who himself had the moment before, emerged from the alley, turned down after him. He wore a slouching cap, and his face was covered by the cape of a short, half-cloak. He came with a light step to the spot where Hayward stood with his arms folded, his chin fallen upon his breast, and his whole attitude weary and desponding, and too wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts to hear anything around him. As the stranger came close to him, Hayward's voice, speaking to himself, arrested his steps.

"Yes," said the young man, bitterly, "yes, there remains for me only crime or starvation. I can see no relief! Houseless, penniless, without food or money, without a friend or a home. I see for the morrow only additional misery, without one ray of hope. Ha! what thought is that which flashes upon my brain. Morris Græme and his wicked temptation. Why has this fiendish idea occurred to me! I will not harbor it a moment. I am yet innocent, though destitute. I will continue to preserve my integrity. Sykes perished from a pride that would not let him beg. I will perish from a principle of integrity that will not let me commit crime. No, no; whatever be my fate, I will not avert or lessen its horror by the sacrifice of my honor."

He remained with his head drooped and his arms folded, without looking up. The individual who had approached so near him and had heard every word he uttered, now silently retreated, unobserved, and walking slowly up the alley, displayed, as he emerged into the moonlight, the dark and intellectual, but dissipated countenance of the tempter, Morris Græme. He had been foiled by the integrity of the poor student, and fled.

"Not now; another time," he said, as he passed on; "he has not yet been sufficiently starved. How is it that he has wandered toward the spot, then, if it were not in his heart to throw himself among us? Well, another time! He is as sure as if I had him one of us! And so Morris Græme walked rapidly on, to some midnight rendezvous."

Hayward was roused from his painful reveries by the stroke of three, and looking round, was about to walk on, when his eyes were arrested by the appearance of the house near which he had been so long standing. It was familiar to him, and a second glance at the pent-house roof above the sunken door, told him it was the place to which he had been conducted and admitted by Morris Græme. A sensation of he knew not what unpleasant feeling, passed over his heart at this discovery. He felt like sinking to the earth. What wicked destiny had directed his footsteps hither. He looked upon the door with fascinated eyes. He felt the temptation growing stronger at his heart. He would have flown from the spot, but his limbs refused to obey his will. He stood gazing upon the door—upon the beam above it—one stroke upon which would open to him all the luxuries the soul of man could desire—he trembled like a leaf—his heart ached for the load upon it—his wretchedness came before him in all its horrors. Famine and starvation were vividly presented to his imagination—his thoughts were filled with the crowding memories of the comforts he had seen within—pleasures and temporal advantages which were his at command—he sunk upon his knees, shaking fearfully—his soul was torn with the struggle—the strong and terrible conflict between vice and virtue—between virtuous penury and guilty affluence—between starvation and abundance—the houseless wanderer debating whether to surrender the bright jewel of his integrity for the shelter of the sumptuous halls of crime the tempter had held out to him.

"It is but a single stroke upon the hollow beam," he gasped, and his hollow eyes glistened as it were, upon the door that one word would fling open. "I do remember how comfortable were Græme's rooms," said poor Henry, in an eager tone, surveying the door before which from weakness and excite-

ment, he had sunk upon his knees; "I remember the fruit on his side-board, and the rich wine that is so warming to the heart. I—oh me—I wish I had but a glass of wine—one single piece of bread. It is but one knock. But I will not knock. I feel I am growing weaker every moment. I do not know if I could drag myself away from here. It is only one, a single stroke upon the beam, Morris said. Yet I will die first. Perhaps Morris is one of the pirates, as I think he is. He says he was not among them. Perhaps he is not so bad as I have thought. He may give me something to eat—he would not let me starve here. I will knock."

He lifted the billet of wood with a trembling hand, and held it suspended near the beam. Another moment, goaded by hunger and despair, he would have struck, when it dropped from his fingers to the pavement.

"No, no. It was at the price of my honor only that he promised me relief," he said, indignantly. "It is well my memory hath brought it to my mind. He pledged me his aid only on the condition I would become like him. What he is I know not—what he would have me become I know not, save that it is to enter into a compact of guilt. No, no. I have no business at this threshold, unless I am willing, when I cross it, to take leave forever of my integrity and honor. No, no, Morris Græme, I have escaped thy snare. I will leave this hateful spot. If I must die, I will die with the proud and sweet consciousness to the last, that I have brought the evil upon me by no act of my own." He turned his footsteps hurriedly from the fatal door, as if afraid to suffer himself to remain in the vicinity of so great a temptation, and walked up the alley—he had gone but a few steps, when he heard the door itself open, and looking round he saw a female step forth, the next moment followed by a man. They walked rapidly away in the opposite direction; but Henry had time to see that the man was Red Fred, and he felt he could not be mistaken in the female figure, which he was quite sure could be none other than that of Hetty Bell. "And this is the companionship Morris's temptation would have led me into," he said; "these are his companions. Can it be that the young girl is depraved and vicious? Yet I could not be mistaken in her air and figure. What a den of infamy, what a rendezvous of crime does yonder low and sunken door lead to. I am poor and hungry, and ready to die. Ah, here is an apple." He eagerly grasped at the prize which his eyes had detected in the gutter, and though it was decayed, and scarce sufficed for a mouthful, he eagerly devoured it. The excitement to his appetite which this created, now made him incapable of thinking of anything but of something to eat, and actually quitting the sidewalk, he went along in the sewers, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, examining and eagerly searching, perchance he might find something else that would furnish him with a mouthful.

Thus had poor Henry Hayward become reduced even to seek for food among the refuse of the street offal.

The gray dawn of the morning broke upon the sleeping city. The early milk-cart was heard rattling through some distant street leading from the country; the watchman retired from the street; the chimney-sweep began his sonorous and monotonous cry; a hack, with a trunk behind, rolled off to some early boat; the omnibus appeared, and the drays began to thunder toward the scenes of business; the sidewalks were filled with workmen, with tin pails in their hands, going to their morning tasks. The poor loafer crawled forth to seek his food, and the beggar to pick up alms. The day had fairly commenced, with all the noise, bustle, confusion, sorrows, cares, hopes, fears, ambition, happiness, and miseries. It was eight o'clock, and the sun had been three hours giving life and cheerfulness to the scenes around, when, from beneath a pile of boards, which were so laid as to afford shelter under their cover, and suffer the grass to grow long and rank between, Henry Hayward, the unhappy hero of our story, made his appearance. At four o'clock in the morning, wearied, and ready to die, he had wandered to this spot, not far from where we left him, and lain down, overcome with the weight of his woes. Sleep soon locked his senses in blessed repose, and he awoke only when the high ascending sun sought out his covert, and shone bright and warm in his face. He opened his eyes, and smiled, on feeling the refreshing beams of the sun, which, too often serves both for fire and garments for the wretched poor—God's own universal gift, of which no man's power can deprive them.

Hayward rose to his feet, and looking round, found he was in a lumber-yard, not far from some noisy thoroughfare; for the sound of voices and numerous feet, and the roar of wheels, were constant and loud, and not a great distance from him. His face was pale and haggard, and wore a look of anguish—of mental suffering. He walked away as firmly as he could—he felt very weak and broken in spirit. He had proceeded but a few steps before he experienced the terrible gnawings of hunger. His mouth was parched, and he felt like choking, as if he was deprived of air; his head throbbed, and his pulse beat quick and unsteady. He felt that, unless he soon obtained food, he should die or go mad! He hastened from the yard, and entered the crowded thoroughfare. It was Chatham street, and he recognized near him the shop of Pink, whose note for a clerk he had answered in person. He walked along slowly, the crowd jostling him to the right and to the left, and none caring for him, or heeding him, except he stood in their way.

"I shall perish with the bright sun shining down upon me, the faces of my kind about me, and amid the merry laughter of passing ladies, and the sports of children," he said, bitterly. "Yes, I shall perish in the midst of my species, with none to relieve, none to pity, till I'm dead I must eat! Oh God, this suffering! I must eat. I cannot perish—I will not perish," he cried, with desperate energy. "He is a stall, God of Heaven! See the fruit—see the cakes—see the means of life. I cannot die with these in view. It would be a crime against the providence of God to die, when I can stretch forth my hand and save my life. Yet I will ask for it. I will not take it, though I can scarcely restrain my fingers. The woman looks at me, I will ask her."

Henry approached the stall that stood at the junction of Chatham street with the square. An Irish woman, with the hard, brown features of one ex-

posed abroad to all weathers, sat behind it, with her arms folded beneath an old shawl. Her eye-brows were angular and lowering, and the little gray eyes that twinkled beneath were cold and avaricious. She had a nose that turned up, always the sign of an ugly temper in the uneducated, and her upper lip was very long and straight. Her mouth was very ugly and brutal. As Henry approached the stand, her quick eye, ever on the alert for a buyer, saw him, and she bent over her stall toward him. Henry laid his hand upon a pile of three or four penny molasses cakes.

"Pinny a piece," she said, mechanically.

Hayward's hand involuntarily relaxed, as he heard the term money; but it was laid again irresistibly upon an apple pie, next the cakes.

"Tuppenny aitch," said the woman; "baked this mornin'."

"My dear, good woman, will you—will you give me one of these cakes," he said, eagerly; and carrying one to his mouth, he bit off a large mouthful before he could successfully resist the impulse.

"Giv' yer a cake. Och, give! Was e'er the likes. Now ye have bit that, ye'll please tip me the pinny."

"I have no money—I'm starving," said Henry, eating away with a voracity that bore testimony to the truth of his words.

"No money, is it!" repeated the woman, setting her arms akimbo, and looking fiercely; "pay me that pinny, or I'll have the police on ye."

"Indeed I have no money," pleaded Henry, who by this time had devoured, with a sort of animal instinct and famished ferocity, half the cake.

"Thin, by Jasus, you don't feast off o' Jinny Mo-Thwafter, yer thaif o' the world. Thaif! Thaif! Thaif! Stop Thaif!"

At this cry of the enraged stall-woman, the passers-by, whom nothing less than the cry of "thief" or "murder" could stop in their headlong course, immediately thronged around the stall; and two rough fellows, in red shirts and tick pants rolled up over the tops of their boots, seeing her point at Hayward, immediately laid hands upon him.

"What has he done? What has the thief stolen?" were the cries that assailed Henry's ear, mingled with the vituperation of the woman.

"He has stolen my cakes! drag him off to the police office!" shouted the virago. "I'll have hold of him, the villain," she screamed, getting round her stand, and catching poor Hayward also by the arm.

"Indeed, indeed—I have not stolen." But Henry could go no further in his defense.

"Hear to the villain! hear him!" shouted the woman, shaking him. "He says he hain't stole, and see the gingerbread in his fingers, and his mouth full! He shall go to the police office, and I'll have justice, if it is to be had in Ameriky."

"Only a cake; pay her for it, and cut sticks," said one of the men, letting go his grasp upon his shoulder.

Henry was about to answer that he had no money, when the man in the red shirt and his comrade disappeared in the crowd.

"Hallo! what's the row here?" said a coarse stout man, forcing his way into the crowd, which was now composed principally of the lowest order, negroes and boys, all talking and making confusion together, with Hayward standing silent, unresisting, in their midst.

"Och, Mister Constable, an' it's your blissed face is welcome this minnit," said the woman. "Here's the spalpeen of a thaif, thinking, coz I'm a lone woman, he'd be after coming the blather over me; and so he steals my ginger cakes, and thrums them into his black maw, without niver askin' by your lave, or havin' never a penny in his impty pockets!"

"Ay, and so this is your game, my covey, is it?" said the policeman, taking Hayward by the shoulder, when the woman released her grasp upon his wrist. "What have you to say for yourself, hey? You are an old lark, I see! Don't my gripe feel like an old acquaintance?"

For a moment Hayward was silent. He was overwhelmed with grief, shame, and disgrace. He felt he could not have resisted eating that cake, if his life had depended upon withholding it from his mouth. He was taken in the act of stealing what he could not pay for, and he felt that there was no defense that he could make in the face of the fact. His painful and public situation forced itself upon his proud and sensitive mind, and he felt as if death at that moment would be a relief to him. His heart ceased to beat. All the blood rushed to his brain!

"Well, what have you got to say, my fine cove?" repeated the officer.

"Nothing; lead me where you will," he answered, in a low tone, with difficulty articulating the words.

"Will you appear against him, old woman?" asked the officer, leading off the desponding Henry amid the jeers and jokes of the heartless crowd.

"I'll do it, if I don't sell another thing to-day," said the virago, turning to fasten up her stall.

The officer, who was an underling of the police, was a short, thick, stout fellow, who looked as if his former trade had been to knock down bullocks for the slaughtering-knife, and who had a beetle-shaped head and beetle brow, with a gross animal physiognomy, in the expression of which there was not one atom of charity, kindness, or benevolence. He led Hayward away toward the lower police, by a rough grasp of the collar, and with a troop of ragged negroes and boys at his heels.

How deeply did Hayward feel his degradation. How his proud spirit was humbled, and his kind heart hardened by his wrongs. How his sensitive nature shrunk at this public ignominy! He felt as if the bitterest moments of his life had come.

"Have I been suffered by Heaven to come to this—have I but retained my integrity, to be branded as a criminal? Is this the reward of virtue? Better had I been guilty, and lived in luxury, than—No, no; I have now the consciousness of innocence. I am not guilty! Before God I did not steal that food; I could not resist the impulse to convey it to my mouth. No; I am innocent, whatever be the issue. And I am now on my way to prison; dragged like a murderer—dragged, a thief, through the streets. And what is my crime? Poverty. If ever any man had reason to war henceforward with society, it is I. If Heaven desert me, I fear for my integrity when I shall be released, for then I shall be indeed forever an outcast, with the brand of crime upon an innocent brow. Then there will be no career



open before me, but that in which I can have criminals like myself for companions. Oh, that I could free myself from life—that I could breathe my last breath, ere I be taken and arraigned before the bar of a criminal court. What will Blanche Hillary say? What will my enemies say? Oh God! am I about to be branded, before the world, with infamy? I, Henry Hayward—I who have never committed an act unworthy a man or a gentleman! God help me; I shall sink under this blow," were the bitter feelings of his broken heart.

"Will you join us, if I get you clear of this ugly scrape, comrade?" said a voice close to his ear.

Hayward started, as if his secret thought had been read, and beheld, a few feet from him, mingling in the crowd, the form of "Red Fred." He had recognized his voice, and knew that he must have been the speaker. Fred's glance met his significantly. The temptation was a great one. "How can he aid me?" thought Hayward. "He may be in league with the officer." Fred watched his opportunity, and again jostled near him.

"You will be sent up for three months. Disgraced forever. Better say 'yes.' Nod your head and you are free before you turn the next corner. Come, shipmate, bear a hand."

"How can you save me?"

"Will you join?" asked he, in a low tone. "Speak, quick, for I can't be seen here."

There was a violent struggle in Hayward's breast, between his innate principle of honor and his horror at public arraignment for theft, perhaps followed by imprisonment. His pride pleaded for release, before public exposure and infamy had branded him. His fear of giving himself up to the criminal life of the one now near him, restrained his desire of freedom at such a price.

"Come, comrade, there is little time for consulting charts; the rocks are dead ahead, and you'll strike and go down, unless you tack ship, and follow my track," said Fred; and he pointed to the Halls of Justice, which now appeared in sight.

Henry shuddered as he looked at those massive granite prisons, and for a moment his resolution wavered. He laid his hand on Fred's arm, half uttered an assent, and then flung the arm from him.

"No, no! I will bear my fate. I thank you, but cannot listen to you on the terms you propose. Come, officer, lead on," he added to the policeman, who had not heard, or seemed not to heed, what passed between his prisoner and the other.

Fred looked disappointed, and standing where Hayward had replied to him, he let the crowd pass on.

"Well, if he isn't a rum un, may I never hold another glass of half-and-half between my left eye and the light. I don't know what to make of this chap. He is either a fool, and don't know what is best for him, or else he is a Methodist, and thinks he's going to martyrdom; and, I dare swear, would rather be burned at the stake than eat a steak. Well, I'll back to the captain and report progress. Here I've been all the morning in chase o' him, and just as I come within hailing distance, he must steal a piece of gingerbread, and be nabbed by Butcher Bill. I wonder what there is so very special nice in him, that makes our captain so anxious to get hold of him. He is brave and resolute, and would be a good bargain to the band, if he could be made to work well and pull steady."

Red Fred having given utterance to this mystical speech, turned on his heel, and took his way rapidly in the direction of a crooked street that diverged eastwardly from Centre street, in which stood the Tombs, or City Prison. He kept on his way, along the ill-paved sidewalk, for a few minutes, and passed a row of old, half-sunken houses, that seemed, from the great number of black and white children about the doors and cellars, to be inhabited by Africans and Irish. At the extremity of this wooden range of tumble-down tenements, he descended a few stone steps, which led him into a narrow paved alley, three feet wide, and shut in on each side by the walls of houses. At the end of this alley he came to a small open court, at the opposite side of which stood a sort of quadrangular tower, which, in the earlier days of the city, had been a windmill. It adjoined in the rear a lofty, rambling pile of brick tenements, with a narrow wooden terrace or platform to each story.

"Here is the rookery, looking like an old hulk at her moorings. I wonder if the captain has got here yet. He told me to bring the student here, if I found him, and he would be here. Ah, here's one o' the lads. It's the lieutenant!"

As he spoke, a person appeared from a large, open archway beneath the tower, which runs through it, leading to some dark, unknown place beyond, where the light of day did not penetrate. He was clad thoroughly like a sailor of a North River sloop; but the face was that of Morris Græme.

"Are you there, Fred?" said the individual, advancing and meeting Fred beneath the entrance of the arch. "Have you seen the captain?"

"I was to find him here."

"He has not come. I wish to see him. Have you fallen in with Hayward?"

"Yes; he has been taken up for stealing ginger cakes from an old woman's stall."

"Stealing! Arrested! Then he is ours," said Morris, with delight.

"Not so sure. I spoke to him as Butcher Bill was leading him off, but he wouldn't listen. He will die hard game."

"Is he at the police?"

"Not yet. I left him on the way."

"I will get him off. Tell Carleton I shall soon be here, and wish him to wait for me as I have something of importance to tell him."

With these words, Morris Græme, in outward appearance looking like one of the commonest fellows in the street, took his way rapidly toward the police office, resolved to ply his temptation at this hour of trial.

Morris Græme was the son of a judge, who had spoiled him, from infancy to youth, by a series of indulgences. At the age of eighteen he entered Yale College, but was dismissed, before he had been there six months, for his vices, for the indulgence of which his father supplied him with ample funds. His father's influence succeeded in getting him admitted to Harvard, where he soon made himself notorious for his dissipation. Morris's indulgences in a college life were restrained, and having involved

himself largely in debt, he executed a forgery upon a Boston merchant. Detection ensued, and he was arrested; but, by the influence of the faculty and friends, the prosecution was suspended, and he was sent from college in disgrace. This was the first year of Hayward's collegiate life, and he had then become acquainted with Morris, and indeed intimate with him, until he had discovered the vices of his head and heart. From Cambridge, Morris came to New York, and entered upon a career of fashionable extravagance, which, it was known, he supported by gambling. Gambling, however, if long followed, impoverishes, and ruin is the issue. Morris Græme, therefore, struck out a new path for the exercise of his genius, and associating himself with a few other kindred spirits, began systematically to prey upon the community. He became president of a secret society, the field of whose exploits was not confined to the city, but extended to the waters surrounding it, the islands and opposite shore. But as we are, by-and-by, to introduce our readers to the company of these gentlemen, we will leave further account of them to future developments of the tale.

Hayward was led by the officer in the direction of the Tombs, and as he approached the vast gloomy pile, with its huge Egyptian pillars and solemn portals, his heart sunk within him. Fatigued from wandering, by excitement, he felt truly wretched. It was with difficulty he could get up the steps with the unfeeling aid of the officer.

The chilliness of the stone hall cut him to the heart. He looked round on the stern faces of men, who scarcely heeded him, for the presence of prisoners, under the charge of officers, is of too common an occurrence there to be noticed beyond a passing glance. The policeman conducted him to the upper vestibule, and then through a passage leading to a guard-room. He here delivered him to an officer, or keeper, in attendance, who thrust him into an inner apartment, and turned the key. The place was filled with prisoners of very low degree. He found himself in company with the foulest negro wenches, the most squalid-looking white men, and bad, and vicious, and filthy people, such as he had never met before. His appearance did not cause any emotion, as each was too much occupied with his own condition. They were all prisoners who had been taken up the night before, and were now waiting to appear, and receive their sentence at the hands of the judge of the petty sessions.

Hayward turned away, with a full heart, from the wretched company in which he found himself, and walked toward a grated window which looked upon an inner court of the prison. He began to reflect painfully and sadly upon his situation. In how short a time had he come to this, and without crime! It seemed to him that innocence and guilt met with the same treatment from the hands of men, and that, save the loss of that self-confidence which innocence gives, it were best to be guilty! But this was a momentary error of thought, and he banished the idea, the moment it entered his mind. He feared not the gloom of a prison—he trembled not at the anticipation of long weeks of confinement. His thoughts dwelt on the ears of all who knew him; and there were many whom he respected. He groaned aloud, as he thought it would reach his beloved Professor's ears, or the respected President's, that their late friend and pupil had been arraigned at the bar for theft! He felt miserable at the idea, and shuddered at the picture of their surprise and just horror at his crime!

"Yes, I shall be lost, and an outcast from all I ever loved and honored. Oh, that Heaven would open to me some way of escape from this fearful disclosure. As yet, my name is unknown. To-morrow it will be branded with infamy. Oh, God, my cup is indeed drugged with the bitterness of Thy displeasure!" He leaned his head against the iron bar of the window, and tears filled his eyes. The door now opened on the opposite side, and, looking up, he saw an officer come in and take two prisoners out into the court-room for examination. Through the open door he caught a glimpse of the interior of the court, and beheld their honors on the bench, and the throng of spectators, and knots of lawyers and reporters about the bar. His knees smote together, and his heart sunk within him. He was a gentleman in feeling and education like themselves; yet he was to be led before them, charged with a crime of theft.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of painful surprise, and at the same instant the door was closed. Among the spectators he had caught a glimpse of the face of Colonel Powel.

This discovery nearly deprived him of all life and motion. For several minutes he stood clinging to the iron bar of the window, with his eyes set in the direction of the court-room, and the muscles of his face as rigid as iron.

From the hour Henry had saved the life of Catherine Powel, he had not ceased to think of her. In his wanderings, his privations and sufferings, her image had cheered and blessed him. If the future had held out any charm, it was Kate Powel that was to give it rest and value. He desired to live only for her, and, if possible, to die for her. If he looked to win an honorable name in the world, it was that he might wear it for her; if it was his ambition to be great and good, it was that he might be so in her eyes; if riches filled his vision, he contemplated them only as a means of making her happy; if he wished to appear and do well, it was in her opinion. His present disgrace drew all its bitterness from this feeling of living in her, and through her, and none but a lover's heart at such a time could fathom the depth and pregnancy of his sorrow.

To behold now among the spectators, the father of the maiden whom he loved and worshiped, was only wanting to fill the cup of his misery and disgrace. From his former despondent and quiet manner, his whole bearing suddenly became changed. His form dilated—his face flushed, his temples throbbed, and his whole manner became excited and discomposed. He paced to and fro the prison-chamber, weak as he was, from continued hunger, a quick, firm step, and muttering lip. Every eye was upon him, and those prisoners about him stood involuntarily aside to let him pace to and fro, at his will. His eye flashed, and his hands were clenched

\*Also see the 'Gipsy of the Highlands' for a feature of the same association.

together, and flung madly out with the intensity of his thoughts. While thus excited, the door by which he had entered the keeping-room of the prison, was cautiously opened, and a man was let in, when it was locked again by the keeper without. The person who entered wore a short, light drab watch-jacket with large horn buttons, and the collar turned up about his ears. His pantaloons were rolled up, and rested on the top of stout sailor's boots; and a broad tarpaulin covered his head, pulled low over his eyes.

Hayward was too much excited by the fever and delirium of his own thoughts, to notice him, and he stood observing the young student a few minutes in silence. At length, as he passed him, and, as if timing the expression by the young man's countenance, he laid his hand lightly upon him. Henry stopped short, and looked him full in the face, and repeated, without betraying surprise:

"Morris Græme."

"Yes, I am sorry to see you here, Harry," said Græme in a kindly tone.

"Ha, ha, ha! So you know it too. Well, the whole world will know it, ere long; Red Fred knows it, and—" here he came close to Græme, and whispered hoarsely in his ear, "and there is one who, rather than she should know it, I would willingly die."

"Who is this?" asked Græme, startled by his wild and earnest manner, and looking at him as if he doubted if his reason had not been removed from its throne.

"I may not tell," he whispered, looking round, and lifting his finger as if fearing any one should overhear, his whole look and conduct precisely that of an idiot, or a lunatic, half afraid. "I would not breathe her name in such a hellish place as this, for there are devils about trying to catch it, and snatch it away. Her name should be breathed only in heaven."

"Henry, you are ill. You must come with me. This is no place for you."

"No, she is not here, I must go," he answered, without seeming to know that he spoke.

"Come with me, then. I saw the stall-woman at the door, and have sent her away satisfied; so she will not prosecute you. You are at liberty."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE BLOW FOR A LIFE.

THE carriage into which Henry had been conveyed from the Halls of Justice, after leaving this stately but gloomy building, turned down a street leading in the direction of Chatham Square, and, after two or three devious windings through narrow and filthy lanes, was stopped before an old house with a pent roof projecting above the sunken floor. It was the same spot where Morris Græme had first conducted our hero.

"Is this the right place?" asked the hackman, getting down from his box and opening the carriage door.

"Yes," hurriedly answered Græme; "help me out with the insensible young man."

Morris sprang out, and, striking the bar above the door with a heavy stick he carried, returned to look after his victim, for a victim Henry Hayward certainly was destined to be. The virtue, sterling honesty and manly integrity of Hayward's character, so repeatedly exhibited when they were in college together, to his own disparagement, as well as during his present poverty and misfortunes, had filled him with that resentment the bad feel against the good, and made him resolve to make him as evil as himself. This is the key to his interest in him—the clew to his espionage and eager desire to bring him into companionship with himself.

"He looks as if he was dead," said the hackman, as he assisted Morris in lifting him from the carriage, insensible as when he had first fallen in the room of the prison, from excitement, famine and despair.

The old negro now made his appearance at the door, and, taking the hackman's place, Græme dismissed him. The carriage drove off, and Morris and the negro disappeared within the portal with their lifeless burden. They conveyed him to the same apartment in which Henry had once before been, and placed him on a sofa. The negro then departed, and Morris rung a bell, which brought into the room a tall, beautiful girl, with the too evident traces of dissipation and lost virtue in her fine features.

"Ellen," he said, hastily, without noticing her surprise, "bring restoratives, and assist me in bringing this young man's senses back."

The girl obeyed, and by their united efforts poor Hayward revived. Græme then dispatched a servant for medical advice, and on the arrival of the physician, communicated to him the fact that his illness was caused by want of food and mental anxiety.

The physician judiciously advised what method should be pursued, and under his treatment, in a week's time, Hayward was almost well, though pale and reduced from the former fullness of his flesh. During the whole time Morris had been kindly attentive, though he had not seen the female a second time. Nothing he had seen, in the meanwhile, had given him any clew to Græme's mode of life. The house seemed to be like that of a wealthy citizen, without any appearance of wrong in anything connected with it, save that Hayward knew the female could not be Græme's wife.

After the lapse of a week Hayward felt that it was time for him to look for something to do, and resolved to trust himself once more to the precarious fortunes which death had so nearly ended. He was alone in the room allotted to him, when he came to this determination, pacing to and fro. It had a window in the rear, which was closely blinded, and had not been opened since he occupied it. He stopped at this window, and attempted to throw it open, to see where the house was situated, as well as to inhale the fresh morning air, and look out upon the gray and stirring scenes of life. The effort to raise it was ineffectual, and, on examination, he discovered it was secured by an iron bar. This singular cautiousness on the part of his host, brought vividly to his mind all his former knowledge of him, and his previous suspicions of his mode of life; and he inwardly resolved that, much as he was indebted to Morris, even for his life and liberty—he would not only resist all overtures, but immediately remove himself from the temptation.

"No," he said, turning from the window. "Life is



not worth preserving—liberty not worth the gift, if the one is to be supported only by guilt, and the other to be maintained by the sacrifice of integrity. I will seek Morris Græme, thank him for his great humanity, and beg him to give me the privilege to depart."

"And *whither?*" was spoken close beside him, in a low ironical tone, accompanied by a light laugh.

Hayward stepped back a pace, and saw Græme himself before him, who had entered the room by a door hitherto invisible to Henry.

"My obligation to you hardly gives me liberty to choose, Græme," said Hayward, quietly; "I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay, I fear. Your motives of conduct, I sincerely believe, were dictated by humanity, and a kind recollection of more youthful days. But the reward of the humane is left for a future world. Let me now thank you and leave your roof."

"To die in the kennel. No, Henry Hayward, you go not so easily. The only man who has been kind to you, you scorn, because he has broken laws made for the protection of the very men who would let you die of starvation. I know your thoughts of me. It is true, I am an offender against the laws of society. I am leagued with men who get their subsistence by their wits. Men of bold spirits and ready hands. Men," continued Morris Græme with warmth, who, like you, have been victims of a false system of society; gently reared, partially educated, taught to look toward gentility, and taught nothing else; who having no trades, when ill fortune laid her iron grip upon them, and the world scorned them, flew to crime to save life, and avenge the wrongs society had done them. Such are the men who are my companions. You know *my* history. I know yours. You should have been a mechanic with your father's means. Now you must needs be a villain."

"I have listened to you, Morris," said Hayward, feelingly and sympathizingly; "I know that most crimes spring rather from men's circumstances than their depravity. But then this is no excuse."

"I don't wish to listen to any preaching, Hayward," said Morris, contemptuously; "I wish to ask you—will you become a member of our secret society?"

"No."

"You owe me your life."

"Take it back, then, if I am to retain it only by staining it with crime."

"This is cant, Hayward," answered Morris Græme, pacing the room with a quick, short tread. Henry was silent, and waited the issue. At length Græme stopped and spoke.

"Henry Hayward, you are an ungrateful hypocrite, and did I not know you to be a brave man, I should add, a cowardly knave. You talk of honesty. You, whom I took from the very heart of the city prison, where you had been taken for paltry theft. Out upon such morality!"

Hayward felt as if he should sink through the floor at the charge. His heart felt like lead in his bosom; the blood forsook his cheek, and he felt like one guilty and condemned. This had been an afterthought of Græme's. Red Fred had told him the true facts of the case, and Græme well knew he was innocent of intentional theft. But the *fact* was a powerful weapon, and he used it.

"Morris Græme," said Hayward, solemnly, and in a tone that came from his very soul, "I do appeal to God in attestation of my innocence."

"God is not here to answer the appeal," said Græme, scornfully. "I believe you *stole* what you are charged with stealing. You know you did, and so there is no need of further double-dealing. Come, join us freely and frankly. We have an undertaking in hand that will just suit your humor, and you shall be second in command of it. It is to seize the plate in a country house, which, we are told is unprotected. Come, you will get at least six hundred dollars as your share, and then you may snap your fingers at the world. What do you say?"

"I prefer the miserable condition from which I have been so recently taken, to any position to which guilt could hold out to me a temptation."

"You are either a knave or a fool."

"Is it friendship that prompts this interest in my behalf, Græme?"

"No, sir, it is *hatred*," cried Græme, all at once speaking with ferociousness; "I hated you in college, because you were always held up in opposition to myself by the faculty. I hated you, too, as I do every man that thinks himself more moral than other men. The day after I was expelled, you met me and turned away your head. I swore then I would be avenged; and when I heard you were here, in this city, in poverty, I then said, the time has come. I resolved to work your moral degradation; I kept spies on you—I knew all your motions. I threw temptations in your way, and daily watched your descent into the lowest state of poverty. I could have assisted you; I could have relieved you, with putting my hand in my pocket—but I chose to break your proud spirit and then see if your morality would stand the downfall of all else."

"May God forgive you," repeated Hayward, in the low tone of deep emotion.

"Pshaw! you have stood the test better than I supposed. You have fooled me by your superior cunning and duplicity."

"I care not what you term the motive powers of my resistance. I have at least, as you confess, not *fallen*, thanks be to that dear mother who early instilled into my mind the principles of morality and obedience to the laws of God; and gratitude be to that great and good Being who has enabled me at so sore a season of trial, to prefer obedience to his injunctions, and homage to his laws, before every earthly interest."

"You are a canting fool, Hayward. Your preaching, however, shall not avail you. I am not to have all my time and hospitality thrown away. By Heaven, ay, by the name of God, you shall enter into compact with us."

"You menace me, because you have me, weak and helpless, in your power, Morris Græme. But you can never threaten a man to do evil, if temptation, in itself, will not allure him. You may enslave and imprison the body; but the soul, which is the true man, defies all human coercion. What am I to understand from your language. Am I your prisoner?"

Morris Græme paced the room for several moments without replying, and then answered in a tone

of anger, "Yes, you are a prisoner. Do you think I am fool enough to expose myself, my abode, my secret haunts, to you, that you may betray me? No, no. You shall either sign the compact of our band, whose nightly rendezvous is not far from here, or starve to death where you are."

With these words Græme left the chamber by the way he had entered.

All that day passed slowly by—the sun went down twilight deepened into night, and Hayward had heard no voice or step near his chamber. He tried his doors—they were bolted without. He tried his windows and found it impossible to open them. Twelve o'clock struck—midnight—and the conviction came over him that he was a prisoner in the house of an evil man, who was familiar with crime; and that that man might stop at no act, either to bring him into the same guilty compact with himself, or to remove a dangerous enemy, who had too intimate knowledge of him. Not yet entirely convalescent, he felt the need of refreshing food, and hunger stared him in the face. He resolved to commit himself to Heaven, and sleep, and see what the morning would bring forth. He approached his water pitcher to quench at least his thirst—but to his horror and suffering it was empty. Could it have been so by design? He threw himself upon his bed, and slept until a hand, laid upon his, awoke him. It was broad day, and he saw Morris Græme standing by his bedside. The temptation of the morning previous was renewed. Hayward was still as firm as before.

"I will try another twenty-four hours," answered Græme, going to the door.

"Stay." Græme returned a step.

"Do you intend to murder me?"

"No; if you die it will be by your own obstinacy. Sign but this parchment, and you are free."

"What motive can you have in wishing me a partner in your compact?"

"I have told you partly *my own* reasons. Our chief has resolved on it, or on your assassination."

"How have I incurred his vengeance?"

"Merely by having been on board the brigantine which he robbed, and being able to recognize him."

This he fears you may be called upon to do, as the affair has created immense excitement, and the police are using every means to arrest him. If he is arrested, you will be summoned as a witness against him. To prevent this, he has resolved you shall *die*. I have solicited your life, on the promise of securing you as one of us. The captain is secreted at present, and I have the acting control of the affairs of the society. Thus you see I have interceded to save your life."

"To sacrifice my honor, make shipwreck of my integrity and ruin my soul."

"Preaching! By heaven, Henry Hayward, this is no boy's play. You shall either take the oath of the band, or here perish of thirst and hunger."

Hayward, though by no means strong in his present condition, wanted neither courage nor decision in action. He saw Græme's countenance, as well as learned by his words, that he seriously resolved to put his design into execution. Life is sweet, and cheaply purchased even at its own risk. Hayward, during this conference, had risen from the outside of the bed on which he had cast himself the night before, and was now seated on the edge of it. He suddenly, as Græme turned away from him to leave the chamber by the private door, threw his arms about his neck together with a post of the bed, and drawing them together till neck and post met in his embrace, he clung tightly round his throat.

Græme was so taken by surprise, that he could not resist the fearful embrace, and groaned with pain as the thin and plant arms wound themselves closer and closer, forcing his neck hard against the post of the bed, as if they would crush it. He struggled fiercely till he grew black in the face. Hayward had life at issue, and the reflection gave him strength and energy that was almost supernatural. Long, long, and fearful was that horrible struggle. At length, Morris Græme sunk lifeless toward the floor—the arms of Hayward relaxed and he fell over upon his face like one dead. Hayward looked at him a few moments, and threw himself back upon his bed with all his thoughts about him—his reflection clear. It was many hours before he rose up from that wretched couch. Morris Græme lay still upon the floor. Hayward gazed upon him with horror. The idea of depriving a human being of life—even in self-defense, is dreadful to dwell upon. He got up and approached him. He bent over him. There was no apparent sign of life. He laid his hand upon his heart; it had ceased to beat to his touch. He placed it upon his brow; it was not yet cold, but clammy as the grave.

"He is dead! Oh, God, who knowest all things, acquit me of this fearful deed!" he cried, kneeling beside the corpse.

He rose to his feet and went to the door by which Morris had entered. He had no definite idea what course he should pursue. Flight, food, water, were all strangely alternating in his thoughts. He found a door ajar, and passed through it into a narrow hall, with which he was familiar. He descended the stairs to the main hall below. He heard no one, saw no one; he entered the dining-room and rushed to the side-board. There was no water upon it—but he seized half a decanter of wine, and putting it to his lips, drank till the torture of his thirst was temporarily allayed. He found bread, and meat, and viands, in the side-board, and ate voraciously. He did not speedily satisfy the mad cravings of forty-eight hours' fasting. At length he finished his repast, and finding water, drank freely. He felt invigorated, and began to reflect upon the course he should pursue. He thought of delivering himself up to justice; but he felt he was not guilty, and that God had already judged and acquitted him. He knew that there were no witnesses, and that a human tribunal would condemn him to death.

But reflection led him to take a different view of the subject. Life was protected by human laws, and he who took it away innocently or intentionally, was equally answerable to them till acquitted by their tribunal. "I will surrender myself, and leave the issue to heaven," he said, firmly. He now felt more composed, and sought his way out of the dwelling. He found all the doors so guarded by locks that defied his knowledge, he could not open them. Finally he descended to the basement, which was vacated. He found a low door ajar, which he passed through, and followed along a dark passage that led him such

a distance, that he became surprised, and stopped. But a shout of far-off laughter caused him, between curiosity and anxiety, to proceed. As he advanced, the shouts became louder, and sounded like the uproar of bacchanalian revels. At length he came to the extremity of the brick arched passage, and descended ten or twelve steps, all the way guided by his feeling, as the place was wholly dark. On reaching the foot of the steps, a loud chorus of voices broke out not much further ahead of him, and going a few paces along, he discovered a faint light. He approached this and came to a door ajar, from which it and the sound proceeded. He looked through into a large underground hall, around a long table in the center of which were seated about thirty persons of both sexes, feasting, drinking, and smoking. At the foot of the table was Red Fred, and by his side, or upon his knee, the innkeeper's niece, Hetty Bell; while, on the other side, sat the tall girl, whose assistance Morris Græme had called to restore Hayward to consciousness.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE SECRET LEAGUE.

AROUND the table, in the center of the subterranean hall, which he had been conducted to by the passage he had traversed from the basement of the dwelling, he recognized faces he had seen on board the Sea Slipper. He looked in vain, however, for the features and commanding bearing of their chief, whom he had once since met at the Brown Jug, in company with Red Fred. He had now, as Morris Græme had intimated, doubtless hid himself for the present, until the vigilance of the police should abate, or he could gain time to temporize with them and buy them over.

Hayward now saw that he had unknowingly penetrated into the very heart and rendezvous of the band of secret outlaws. He gazed some time upon their bacchanalian orgies. Silver tankards were on the board, silver cups were in the hands of many. The richest wines were in abundance, and cards, cigars, dirks and pistols, were confusedly mingled with glasses, decanters and fruit. It was evidently a gala night. He saw that most of them were intoxicated, and felt that if he was discovered by them his life would be forfeited, unless he should enter into solemn compact with them. "But what matters it how I die? I am on my way to deliver myself to justice for a murder. I will confess it to these, and let them bring me before the authorities, if they will."

The long train of painful circumstances which had followed poor Hayward from his first entrance into New York, up to this moment, with the supposed murder of Græme, wrought up his mind to a species of calm despair! Life has no longer a blessing—death was a relief. Under the action of these feelings, he strode into hall of revel, and approaching Red Fred, laid his hand upon his shoulder before his presence was discovered by any one.

Red Fred, at this unexpected salutation sprung to his feet, with the cry, "The hounds," and drawing a pistol, leveled it at Hayward. In the act he recognized him, and threw up half a dozen pistols and knives that were aimed at his life from others; for every man had sprung to his feet.

"Hold, my mates, he is a friend," said Fred; "though by the grip upon my shoulder, I thought Old Hayes had scented us out. So, my knight of the harpoon, you have repented, and come to join us. Give us your hand."

Hayward, after touching him on the shoulder, had folded his arms upon his breast, and stood calmly before him. He now replied, "No."

"No; then why are you here?" asked Hetty Bell, earnestly, laying a hand upon his.

"To deliver myself up for the murder of your chief."

"Ha, Carleton murdered! Down with him!" were the furious cries.

"Not Carleton, but Morris Græme," he answered, unmoved by the wild uproar he had created around him.

"Morris Græme dead?" was repeated on all sides, in a tone less fierce, but deeper and more appalling than before.

"I have murdered him in the room above stairs, where he confined me," he said, addressing Red Fred. "Who knows the room?"

"Follow me," cried the tall girl. "Some of you seize him and detain him."

Red Fred, preceded by the girl and Hetty Bell, and followed by half a dozen of the men, who dragged Hayward along with them, left the apartment for the chamber. On entering it, they beheld Græme lying upon the floor, apparently dead. The girl threw herself upon his body with a shriek, while all were filled with horror.

"How was this done?" demanded Red Fred of Hayward.

"I strangled him. We struggled for life, and he fell."

"There may be life in him," some one cried.

"Let me see," exclaimed the girl; and tearing open his vest, she laid her hand upon his heart. For a moment there was a deep silence, which was broken by a glad cry.

"He lives! he lives!"

Fred placed his own hand there.

"His heart beats faintly as an infant's pulse, but it beats."

Those words fell like a blessing from Heaven on Hayward's ear. He was not then a murderer, if perchance life could be restored. Every means were now used to bring back animation, which had been suspended so many hours; and by the aid of the lancet, baths and application to the head and extremities, he at length was revived so as to open his eyes. In an hour he sat up and spoke with the possession of perfect consciousness.

Hayward, in the meanwhile, had been held prisoner, in one corner of the chamber, between two men, with dirks drawn in their hands. Red Fred having explained to Morris the events that had transpired, then demanded what should be done with Hayward.

"Guard him, on your lives, in the lower hall, till morning. I shall then be better, and will take my own revenge."

Hayward was then dragged away, through the passages he had first traversed, toward the scene of revelry, and being led to the opposite extremity of the subterranean hall, was thrust rudely into a dark vaulted room, which, from the roar of wheels above



his head, he believed to be beneath the pavement of the street.

The revelers returned to their drinking, and late in the night the sounds of their bacchanalian orgies reached his ears. At length these gradually ceased, and all was silent, save the occasional heavy tramp of a watchman above his head. His first act, on being left to himself, had been devoutly to offer thanks to Heaven that he was no murderer. He now began to feel a love for life, and to contemplate escape. He carefully examined the sides of the vault, and even the arched roof, to see if possible egress might not be made into the street over his head. But the closer he scrutinized the place, the firmer his convictions were that he could not escape. There was no kind of instrument in the cell, and no outlet, save the door by which he entered.

"Escape is impossible. I will meet my fate on the morrow with resignation. I will die rather than sacrifice my integrity."

He was startled by a slight noise at his door. He listened and heard the key turn in it. The idea of assassination entered his thoughts, and while he committed his soul to God, he resolved to defend his life. He stood back and the door opened and instantly closed. All was dark, save a faint gleam from the revel hall through the door ere it closed. He felt some one was present in the cell with him. Each instant he waited for a blow from some unseen hand. Suddenly a dark lantern was sprung, and the cell was filled with light. The shade of the lantern prevented him from discovering who held it; but he could see that it was a female. She approached him, slightly averting the direction of the rays, and he saw, to his surprise, that it was Hetty Bell.

"Henry Hayward," she said, at once addressing him, though in a low, cautious tone, "it is resolved that you are to be starved to death in this place."

"God have mercy on my soul," groaned Hayward.

"Yet you have one mode of escaping this fate."

"Name it and I will bless you."

"Sign this condition of the secret society," and this extraordinary young girl took from her bosom a paper, and unrolled it before him. It contained, he saw at a glance, several resolutions, and appended to them were upward of one hundred signatures, at the head of which were Morris Græme's and George Carleton's. She set down the lantern, and holding the parchment toward him, offered him a pen in an inkstand.

"Who sent you hither?"

"Carleton."

"And Morris Græme?"

"He says his own vengeance will be complete enough if you sign it."

"And now read the regulations," asked Henry, earnestly.

"That whoever subscribes to them obeys all orders of the chief, to whose commands those both of God and man are merely secondary. It is but your name—a mere scratch of the pen!"

"Which the tears of angels could never blot out! No, never! I will die, if such be my fate; but it will be with the sweet consciousness of loving life less than God's laws."

"Then you will perish! I am sorry for you, for you have a brave and noble nature! You may become the chief of the band!"

"Woman, urge me not. I am ready to die—never ready to sacrifice my integrity."

The young girl gazed a few moments on his pale face, after he had firmly and calmly thus replied to her, with a look of admiration and surprise.

"This is your decision, then?"

"Yes."

"You die, then."

"Be it so."

"You will perish slowly, day by day, not a mouthful of bread given you."

"Man lives not by bread alone, but by obedience to the words and commandments of God."

"Water will not even be given you."

"There is a well of living water, of which I shall soon drink and never thirst again."

"I do not understand you. But will you perish for a mere scratch of a pen?"

"You have my answer."

She slowly folded up the paper and replaced it in her bosom, took the lantern from the ground, and then said, in a low, earnest tone, "Follow me."

"Whither?"

"Do you, who fear not to die, fear to follow where a young girl leads?"

"I yield myself to your guidance."

She passed softly from the cell, and led him through the halls of the late revels, winding her way lightly and noiselessly among drunken sleepers, until she came into the long passage leading beneath Græme's dwelling, by which Hayward had first found his way to the banquet room. Surprised, wondering, yet unhesitating, he followed her until she came to the basement room beneath the house. From this, instead of going up into the chambers occupied by Græme, she turned aside into a narrow entry, and after traversing it, ascended a broken flight of steps, into an empty apartment. This she traversed, and opening a door, Hayward found himself in the same billiard room he had passed through on his first visit with Morris Græme. He knew that the way to the rear entrance of the dwelling lay through this room, and his mind was instantly filled with the hope of escape. She, however, gave him no time for reflection, but led him at once into the gallery already familiar to him, and at length stopped, and threw the light of her lantern full upon the door, which he well knew led into the lane. How wildly his heart beat at the idea of liberty. And was this strange girl leading him to freedom? She, who but a few moments before, was tempting him, with all the allurements and arguments in her power, to sign the constitution of the band, as the only alternative of life? While he was bewildered with the thoughts the seeming inconsistency of her conduct created in his mind, she said, in the free, frank tone characteristic of her:

"You are now at liberty. If you had signed this paper I offered you, you nevertheless would have perished."

"You are a strange girl! Worthy, though thus associated," said Hayward, who was struck with her words, and the natural energy and eloquence of her manner. "You have a mind above those around

you; and a heart that, kindly cultivated, would produce excellent fruit. Why do you remain associated with those you despise, and whose errors you are conscious of?"

"A woman once fallen can never rise again," she answered, with an energy and pathos that startled him. "But let us not waste time here. You are free!" and, placing a key in the lock, she threw open the door, and the free air blew cool and refreshing upon the late prisoner's brow. "Go, and remember me, if there is not guilt in the remembrance of one so guilty."

Hayward would have spoken, but his emotion and sympathy were too great for utterance, and, pressing her hand to his lips, and bidding "God bless her," he left her, followed by a low and touching "farewell!" in a tone that he felt he should remember to his dying day. The next moment the door closed behind him, and he took his way rapidly up the lane. As he reached the main street the city clock tolled four. To revive his spirits, he walked toward the Battery, and there lingered, with the bay and misty islands before him, till the sun rose, reflecting upon the strange scenes through which he had passed.

The morning was intensely hot, and fasting, fatigue, and excitement, with the action of the sun, created a fever of his brain, which began to alarm him. It was now eight o'clock, and few persons were walking there, save nurses and juvenile charges, and bachelor gentlemen taking their solitary morning promenade. He reclined upon one of the settees awhile, and finding himself becoming much worse, and that his mind wandered, he rose up and walked toward the gate, to find shelter in some public bar-room, till he should be better. He succeeded in reaching the gate and opening it, when he staggered forward and fell. At this moment a carriage was turning out of Broadway toward the Brighton ferry, containing a gentleman and two ladies. The gentleman, on seeing him fall, regarded him as some person intoxicated, and was turning away, when the young lady slightly shrieked, and cried to the coachman to stop. A second glance told Col. Powel, who had left his country seat, with his wife and Kate, early that morning, to spend a few days at Brighton, that the person who had fallen so lifeless, was the young man who had saved his children's lives. He instantly sprung from the carriage, and Hayward was placed in it, while the coachman received orders to return at once to his house, which was six miles from the city. They saw, as they gazed upon him as they rode, that he was suffering with high fever, and taking up a physician with them, soon arrived at their destination. Here he was placed in a comfortable chamber, and every attention was bestowed upon him by the family which the impulses of gratitude dictated. Ignorant of his name, they sought not to penetrate the mystery that hung round him, nor to ask if he were evil or good; but they thought only of saving that life which had been so nobly risked for those of their children.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

WHEN OUR hero awoke to consciousness from the state of insensibility into which he had fallen, he found himself in a chamber, richly furnished with curtains of blue silk to the bed, and damask drapery drawn before the windows, through which a soft, dreamy light was diffused throughout the apartment. He gazed around him with surprise, and for some minutes could not recollect himself. At length the scenes he had gone through came up to his memory, and he remembered that he had last known himself to be in a room of the prison, surrounded by the low and vicious. He then recalled to mind Morris Græme, and instantly the idea flashed upon his thoughts that he was in the chambers of that guilty young man.

He started at the idea, and lifting himself from the pillow, as if to rise, fell back instantly from weakness. He caught a glimpse of his face in a mirror, and saw that it was thin and deadly pale. His arm felt sore, and looking at it, he saw that it was bandaged.

"How long can I have been insensible?" he said to himself. "It appears to me that it has been an age! I have been bled—I surely have been ill! I have some indistinct recollection of strange events—of I know not what—of the mingled evil and good—of the bright and happy, and dark and guilty! Where am I? Can this be Morris Græme's room? I am alone; I will go the window and draw the curtain; a glance into the street will tell me if I am his involuntary guest."

On the chair by his bedside was a gentleman's morning wrapper. With some exertion, and exhibiting great debility, he got to his feet, and threw the garment about him. He was as pale as an invalid months confined, and looked wasted and delicate, like one in a consumption.

"It is strange," he thought, wondering, "that one day should have made such a change in me! I am helpless as a child! How wasted my wrist is; how thin my fingers! Surely I have been very ill without being aware of it! for my brain is filled with strange visitations of memory from the past! How strange that I am here! How strange that I am left alone!"

By the aid of a hand upon the chair, and the assistance of his other hand upon the couch, he made his unsteady way over the thick, soft carpet to the window. He put aside the curtain, and to his unspeakable surprise, his gaze fell not upon masses of brick edifices, towers and congregated roofs, but upon a green lawn, sloping to a beautiful expanse of water, with verdant banks beyond, adorned with villas, groves and gardens.

"Where am I?" he murmured.

While he was putting this question to himself, the door of the chamber, which was ajar, softly opened, and a hand with a vial in it, and then a face, gently appeared. The countenance was that of a middle-aged woman, in a neat cap and black silk kerchief. She glanced toward the bed, and started with surprise at seeing it vacant. A look toward the window told her what had become of its late occupant.

With a look of alarm she retreated from the chamber, leaving Henry at the window. The moment afterward a young and beautiful girl stole softly into the apartment, and with a timid, yet decided step, approached the spot where he stood. It was Kate Powel!

She was slight and graceful in person, with the richest dark brown hair in the world, half gathered about her head, half loose over her fair shoulders. Her eyes were the softest hazel in their hue, heavily lidded, and full of feeling and truth. She was a brunette, with a delicate rose hue shading her soft cheek. Her mouth was firmly shaped, yet sweetly beautiful. She was indeed a lovely creature, a child of nature, a bright, artless girl, with sunshine in her face, and goodness in her heart. The energy and self-sacrificing nature of her character is already known by those who remember the scenes in the third chapter of this romance.

She now came in softly, with a look of surprise and gentle sympathy upon her features, toward the place where Henry stood with his back toward her.

A gentle hand was laid upon his arm! The touch thrilled to his heart! He turned, and the smiling, happy face of Kate Powel met his gaze! The intellectual countenance of the invalid kindled with a glow of surprise and pleasure, while his emotion was so great as to nearly overcome him. An ottoman was in the window, and half through debility, half by her gentle force, he sunk upon it.

"So, sir invalid," she said, blushing while she reproved, "so you have taken it upon yourself to act without your medical adviser, and taking advantage of old nurse's momentary absence, to run to the window! But," she added, with feeling, and in a low, touching tone, "this is no way to give acknowledgment for the great blessing of your convalescence! Thank God for it." And the warm-hearted, enthusiastic girl pressed his hand.

He sought her eyes. "Am I dreaming?" said he.

"You have indeed been long strangely and wildly dreaming," she said feelingly; "but now, thank heaven, you are awake to reason and consciousness."

"But one—one moment, dearest vision, for I am still incredulous—tell me if I have been ill?"

"Many, many weeks," she said, smiling at his surprise.

"And how came—"

"Nay, nay," she said, "you must not talk. You will have a return of fever and delirium."

"Then have I been delirious? I must be so now, and imagine I have the happiness of seeing and conversing with you."

"Mind me, sir! you must not speak. Go to bed, and after you have had another night's rest, I will come and see you, and let you talk a little."

"And will you tell me all?" he asked, smiling.

"All except what and whom you talked about in your fever," she said, archly. "That I will keep to myself. Oh! you have told such a great many secrets."

"Yet none, save that of my poverty, I would fear to disclose to all the world," answered Henry, firmly.

"Did you not have one you would have kept?" she added in a low tone, but without awaiting a reply, she fled from the room, and Henry Hayward was again alone; yet from that moment he was a changed man.

Weeks rolled on, and Hayward was still the honored guest of Colonel Powel. Duty compelled him to write to his father, recount the story of his late adventures, and explain his present position. He was both surprised and gratified at the answer he received. The letter contained the agreeable intelligence that the Rev. Mr. Hayward, either from the fame of his talents, or the influence of some powerful friends, had received an invitation from a metropolitan parish, where he was living respected and contented. The reverse he had suffered had taught him, as well as his son, a useful lesson, and he now deplored, in affecting language, the errors he had committed.

The winter sun was setting on a landscape which the severity of the season had clothed with its peculiar charms, glowing through the tracery of the branches in the woods, each limb and twig of which were laden with glittering icicles that multiplied its rays, and pouring a flood of light through the sparkling frostwork of the windows in the Gothic library, where Henry sat in communion with his host.

"The time is come, sir," said the former, "for me to set forth again upon my wayfaring. Sickness and misfortune have too long rendered me an inactive visitor."

"Say, rather, an honored guest," replied Colonel Powel. "My son, in me you have found a second father. Such I will be to you, nor shall any scruples of yours prevent my acting as such. Good God, what would this house have been but for you. This mansion would have been—what should I have been but for you?—this mansion would have been a house of mourning; and, as for me, I should have laid my gray hairs with sorrow in the grave. To you we owe life, and all that makes life pleasant and endurable."

Hayward vainly endeavored to check the colonel's expression of his gratitude.

"Sir," said Colonel Powel, "I see I must use authority over you. I haven't forgotten that I have been a soldier, nor laid aside, with the profession of arms, the military habit of dictation. This is to be your home. I am not past service yet, thank God; but the care of my property is growing somewhat onerous, and I wish to shift its burden upon younger shoulders. If you consent to act as agent for me, you will find enough to do, and your leisure hours may be devoted to the studies you love. Believe me, I know all that has passed between you and Kate. You loved each other when you knew nothing about each other, like a couple of young fools, excuse me, as you were, and I liked you the better for it, like an old fool as I was, ahem. You know what your French author says—*qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit*—he who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks himself."

"It was folly, sir—madness, for me to aspire to the hand of Miss Powel."

"It was no such thing, youngster. Kate Powel, though I say it, that shouldn't say it, is the very finest girl in New York, perhaps in the world; but what of that? Aren't you the finest, the noblest young fellow that ever trod the earth? You need not answer me, I know you are."

"Alas, sir, I am poor," faltered Hayward, with a faint smile.

"I know you are—what of that? Rich men's sons are good for nothing—and Kate should never marry one of the rascals. I always said so—I always meant so. For why? Hasn't she a fortune of her own, and what's the use of joining two great fortunes; it only fosters extravagance. So there you have the



matter plain before you. Kate loves you, you love her, and I love you both; and if you go to refuse to marry her, and break the hearts of all three, hang me if I don't shoot you; that's one consolation."

Could the heart of a deeply enamored lover hold out against the combined assaults of passion, and the union of argument, whim, benevolence, and menace, which the gallant colonel brought against it? No! it yielded.

Kate and Henry were married. Romances, in two volumes, ay, and shorter tales like ours, and frequently the dramas of real life, end with a marriage; but the romance of Henry and his bride did not terminate with their wedding.

Hayward found plenty of in-door employment for the winter months, for he was engaged upon a literary work, his first essay as an author. It was published anonymously, for Hayward had no ambition to become a lion, and the success of his work, for it was triumphantly successful, was dearer to him, when it lighted up the countenances of his home companions, than if he had induced the multitude to gaze upon him, with looks of admiration, whenever he went forth. His success, and the turn of his mind, determined him to lead a literary life.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### BLANCHE HILLARY'S ADVENTURE.

LEAVING Henry Hayward and his beautiful wife enjoying their blissful honeymoon for awhile, I will return to the Amateur Freebooters.

From a treacherous member of the Secret League the police obtained knowledge of their resort, and laid a plot to bring them all to justice; but they were too much on the alert to be caught in a snare, and when the officers of justice gained possession of their den they had fled to other scenes; but their beautiful vessel, the Sea Slipper, was captured and restored to her former owner, and by him sold to Colonel Powell as a yacht, notwithstanding her former bad name as a buccaneering craft.

When the spring came Blanche Hillary made her promised visit to the Powell mansion, and one sunny day in June she was seated upon the river bank in a rustic chair, her bonnet fallen back, her book dropping idly from her fair hand, and her eye looked listlessly upon the sparkling waters, as they danced beneath the golden sun; while her senses were lulled by the near and monotonous splash of oars from a boat which was pulling along shore, hidden, however, from her view by rocks and foliage. The cessation of the chiming strokes roused her from her reverie, and at the same time Neptune sprung before her and commenced barking furiously.

"Down, sir, down," cried Blanche, and the dog obeyed her musical voice; but his erect head and bristling hair testified his watchfulness. A rustling in the bushes preceded the appearance of a man, who struggled through them, as he climbed the surface of a rock, and then raised himself to full height, as he attained the level ground. His cheek was pale and somewhat emaciated; his eyes had lost much of their recklessness and fire, and yet Blanche recognized in the form and face before her the former commander of the Sea Slipper, and who had so daringly boarded the brigantine in the Sound.

Uttering a suppressed cry, it drew the attention of Carleton upon her, and he paused and exclaimed: "You here? I dreamed not of this happiness. Happiness!" he repeated, with a sneer, as if questioning his own expression. "Yes, it is happiness to gaze upon so innocent a face."

Blanche resisted a sort of fascination which impelled her to remain, and, without one word in reply, turned to depart; but Carleton anticipated her intention, and flung himself in her way, and said, earnestly:

"Hear me, lady! I am a broken-hearted man—ruined in reputation and in fortune. I am only seeking an honorable death, though there was a time when I might have looked to a companionship with—yes—even such as you; but that is past."

"You may live to wipe out the stain upon your name, did you so please," said Blanche, commiserating the mental suffering he evinced.

"Never! yet listen to me! I hoped to die on the deck of fame, but there is no war pending now, and the stars and stripes sweep the seas in triumph; but I go where there is death at least, if not glory—against the Mexicans."

"To encounter death?" asked Blanche, not unkindly.

"To certain death, for I have sworn to sacrifice this hated life; but you, fair one, whose name I have breathed only when my thoughts were purest—who taught me at a glance to believe there might be one woman innocent and pure—pardon me for the insult that I dared to offer on our former meeting, and pray for me when I am gone."

"Leave me, sir," said Blanche; "I pity you—I pardon you."

"Go, then," said Carleton, rising, and stepping aside, while he folded his arms upon his breast; "I have but one more request to make of you—do not breathe to human being, but last of all to Hayward, that you have seen me here, until a day at least has passed. I exact no promise, madam, for I know your nature is too generous to permit you to add weight to misery."

Blanche bowed her head in assent, turned, and with a beating heart and pallid cheek, rushed home, and retired to her chamber. She was thoroughly terrified by the adventure, and, though her woman's heart felt some compassion for the outlaw, her reason whispered her that an actual outcast from society was very different from the *coulour de rose* attractions of him given in the novels of the Minerva Press.

That night her pretty head rested uneasily upon her pillow, for many wild visions flitted through it. About midnight she rose from her couch, and seating herself at the window, gazed upon the beautiful scene without. The round, full moon was high up in the heavens, and shone on the tidal waters, whose surface grew each moment rougher, under the effect of a fresh and increasing breeze from the west. The Sea Slipper rode restlessly at anchor, as if impatient to spread her snowy wings, and skim the waters like a buoyant sea bird. And, lo! as she gazed upon the schooner, Blanche Hillary thought she perceived figures moving on her deck. Was this a sport of her imagination? Some figures clustered near the schooner's bows, and it actually seemed as if her head swung free. Sluggishly, now, she shook

out her sails, as if by an act of volition. There could be no mistake. Up went the gaff-top-sail; the main-sail expanded its utmost tension; the square foresail, jib, and flying-jib, were hoisted simultaneously. A tall figure appeared at the stern, resting on the tiller, the bellying sails filled freely with the wind, and, with a rushing sound like that of many wings, the Sea Slipper was once more upon the waters.

The exclamations of Blanche aroused Colonel Powell, who slept in an adjoining room, from his first deep slumber. He, in turn, called up Hayward, and half a dozen heads, black and white, appeared from as many windows simultaneously, but regret and pursuit were alike unavailing, for, far, far away, fast vanishing from view, they saw the tall spars of the Sea Slipper fading into the deep-blue summer heaven, and her white sails shimmering in the ghostly moonshine, like the cloudy canvas of the Storm Ship. In the morning Blanche related her adventure, and none of her auditors entertained a doubt that the Sea Slipper had fallen again into the hands of her first commander.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### THE SEA SLIPPER'S FLIGHT.

It was indeed no dream of Blanche Hillary, for the Sea Slipper was again upon the waters under the command of her daring young captain, who with a number of trusted and reckless followers had taken possession of her.

Once headed for open water, Carleton left the helm to another, and walking to the stern, stood with folded arms gazing in the direction of Colonel Powell's villa, until it was lost to view by an intervening headland.

Then he murmured in a low, sad voice:

"Now fare thee well, sweet lady; but twice only have I met thee, and yet my inmost heart has been moved by thy grace and beauty."

"Yet, I am despised—nay, pitied and forgiven; a criminal to be pardoned; an outcast to be commiserated."

"And yet such am I, and to think of her is folly, for love me she never can; on me never will beam her soft eyes in love; and yet, never shall they open on another."

The last words he said with intense feeling, and turning he paced the deck with a quick tread for awhile; then he halted, and leaning over the taffrail looked down into the dark waters as the fleet vessel flew along.

Suddenly a hand fell lightly on his shoulder, and he started, for he had heard no footsteps, and looked into a face that was gazing into his own.

It was a woman's face, and ah! how darkly beautiful! Now full of expression, love and passion; she moved not her hand from its gentle and timid resting place upon his arm; but she bent downward her gaze as it encountered the stern, angry, surprised glance that met her look.

"Eve," he at length repeated in a tone of displeasure.

"Be not angry, dear Carleton," she said, laying her other arm upon his shoulder as if to soothe and caress him into gentleness.

"How came you on board? Not in the boats surely? Did I not forbid you following me further? We are nothing to each other now, Eve."

"Yet you are every thing to me, Carleton!" she answered passionately. "For you I have sacrificed all dear to woman in this life; nay, all dear to her being in the life to come! for my love to you is crime to Heaven, for I worship thee and thou art my god! In thee I live and exist, and out of thee all is dark and unlovely! Heaven is where thou art—hell where thou art not! Nay, Carleton, bend not those eyes upon me in wrath, that once only beamed upon me with love, and shone ever into my heart like the summer sunshine upon the fountain, in whose faithful bosom is mirrored its own bright image. Thus is thy image mirrored in my bosom, Carleton, and though thou, my son, seest it not for the clouds that thy wayward humor hath drawn between, yet 'tis there."

"This is idle, Eve," he said with impatience, yet in a tone in which her sensitive ear detected a gentler mood than he would show. "But how is it that I find you here when four hours since I left you in the city?"

"Carleton, your presence is to me life! your absence the darkness of the tomb to my soul! You told me not—you breathed not to me, when you bade me farewell, and commanded me to forget you, that you were going to leave me forever. My heart is a faithful monitor, and love has an omniscience that is not of earth. I secretly followed you to the place in the Park, where you met Morris Graeme, and heard your plot arranged. I heard you tell him how you had the day before seen the schooner riding at her anchor, and was confident that with twenty good men you could cut her out, that it must be done to-night. Morris Graeme told you he could have the men in one hour, if you would provide boats to proceed to the cove."

"And you overheard all this! Stupid that I was! Others were listeners too!"

"No! I stood cautiously in the shadow of the trees beneath which you met. After being satisfied of your intention, I watched your departure together. I then made up my mind, and returning to my room, selected a wardrobe, and seeking the carriage stand, drove rapidly along the water-road, until I saw the spiral masts of the Sea Slipper, glittering in the moonlight above the trees. Here dismissing the coach, I proceeded on foot through the wooded lawn to the silent cove. All was still and strangely beautiful. I thought sweetly of you, Carleton, kindly of all things, and solemnly of Heaven! The stars gazed down holy and still like eyes of love and watchfulness; the branches of the trees depending over the water waved gently in the low night wind; the moonbeams slept upon the quiet waters, and the green sward beneath the trees smiled as they fell through the branches of the trees upon it. Oh, I shall never forget the thoughts that filled my soul as I stood on that spot of lonely loveliness and peace! I could hear my heart beat! My eyes filled with tears, and my inmost nature felt that God was there! The stars repeated, God is here! the winds sighed through the grove, God is here! the moonlit waters smiled—God is here! and a voice in my bosom echoed, God is everywhere. Oh, Carleton, if you had been with me you would have believed!"

"But, my little Eve," he said smiling, and tap-

ping her brow, "this deck is no Bishop's desk. I would hear thy tale, rather!" His brow, though slightly overcast, was no longer forbidding, and as his features were lighted up with the smile that came upon them like the "summer sunshine," and were exceedingly fine and expressive. She smiled as he smiled, like a fountain reflecting the sunbeams, and leaning her hand a moment on his manly bosom, she breathed in a low, grateful tone, "Good, noble, generous Carleton!"

"But to thy story, Eve. I would know the mystery of thy presence here," he said playfully; "but do not give me a history, child, I beseech thee! Thy faith is a pretty one, and certainly hath made thee most poetical!"

"I looked along the dark, shadowy shore of the romantic inlet, and at length discovered a boat secured to the bank. I sprang into this, and releasing it from the land, with the aid of an oar soon reached the schooner, which, as I approached it, seemed like a beautiful thing of life sleeping upon the water. As I stepped on board I sent the boat shoreward with a push, but it long floated about distressed and lost ere I saw it cast upon the land far from where I embarked. How lonely then was the quiet deck and all around! I seemed the only living being on earth! To relieve the oppressive sense of loneliness I leaned here, where you now lean, Carleton, and bent my gaze long and steadily in the direction from which I looked for your boat. Wearily passed the hours, till the moon had got to the mid-heavens, and many a new and strangely bright star had risen from the East and ascended far into the skies. I knew it was midnight, and yet the same deep, unbroken repose reigned around! I grew nervous, and then began to feel alarm! Yet I knew you would come! I knew whatever you and Morris Graeme undertook, you would accomplish. I trusted and hoped and waited with my eyes still watching the far water. At length the soft night wind, that had moaned through the wood on shore like the sound of a far off and indistinct organ breathing a requiem for the dead, began to strengthen and to curl the surface of the water. The ripple soon increased to small heaving waves, and these soon broke, heaving up delicate pearls of foam. These pearls were shattered before the rudely increasing wind and melted into snowy caps, and the Sea Slipper began to move; at first, with a gentle murmur about her bows; but the motion soon became quite apparent and it was not long before, as if instinct with life and feeling the free seaward wind, she began to fret and champ at her curbing chain like a spirited war-horse impatiently held in when the trumpet sounds the charge. I caught the spirit of the time, Carleton, and as I looked up to the tall masts and saw the sails bound to the slender yards, I felt a desire to possess the power to unloose them to the winds and let the noble vessel free."

"Brave and beautiful. Thou art worthy to be a sailor's bride, Eve," he said, with admiration, "and now I dare say, if we had not come as we did, you would have followed the bent of your mind and gone to the mast-head and let her sails fly, and severed the cable and set her free."

"No, Carleton, I should not have gone leaving thee behind," she said, with feeling. "But my longing gaze in the direction of the city was at length rewarded. I saw a dark object scarcely distinguishable from the deep shadows of the shore along which it seemed to be stealing as if for covert. I watched its progress with a bounding heart and hushed breathing. I feared it would vanish; that my wishes had created to the eye what my heart would have had there! But onward swiftly and silently it came—gradually its outline became distinct, and I could then hear faintly the muffled fall of oars! I bent over the quarter-railing in earnest scrutiny as I discerned forms of men standing out in the dark moving mass. Suddenly the advancing barge shot out from the deep covert of the shore into the broad moonlight, and I recognized in the stern, not your commanding figure, noble Carleton, but Morris Graeme's! My heart sunk within me. Had I placed myself in that reckless man's power? The barge now came nearer and clearer into view toward the schooner; and, joy! I saw you stand up in her bows, your person revealed boldly and distinctly against the bright water. Your proud eye was upon the object of your daring adventure, and you stood as if impatient to leap on board and once more tread her decks her lord."

"Thou didst see and read me aright, Eve. Yet I say thee not."

"Fearing now to be discovered, and knowing my life and happiness were near, I hastened from my post of watching and descended to secrete myself in the cabin; as I reached it, I heard your foot strike upon the deck. In one of the gorgeously furnished state-rooms I remained until the bustle and confusion of getting under way had subsided, when, with a prayer in my heart, for courage, and strengthened by my love, I came from my covert into the main cabin. Morris Graeme was there. Before I could retreat he discovered me, with the exclamation:

"Eve Innes. Carleton has then changed his mind. He said he was to leave thee behind."

"He knows nothing of my being here. I learned your plot and anticipated him."

"If this be true, thou wilt not be long our guest, lady," he said, significantly, and then turned from me. I came to the deck and beheld you leaning moodily over the quarter. I knew you were unhappy—I knew, Carleton, you were thinking of your deserted Eve! and were repenting that you had left her. I approached in the trusting strength of my love, and in the remembrance how dearly once you loved me. But when I met your frown—

The few last words of this strange, beautiful creature, who hung on his arm and bosom, were not pleasant to him. He knew he was not thinking of Eve, but of Blanche Hillary. His darkening brow checked her voice. He drew himself from her caress! she bent her head and misinterpreting the cause of the sudden displeasure in his looks, she said:

"Nay, forgive me! I meant not to reprove thee, because you frowned. If I am but near thee, Carleton, I will gladly let thee frown upon me! I will learn to love even thy frowns, because *thine*, and strive to convert them into smiles."

"I know not whether to be pleased or angry at



thy conduct, Eve," said Carleton, after remaining silent a few moments, while her dark eyes watched with eloquent emotion, the troubled expression of his countenance. "But at present thou mayest remain! Return into the cabin, and by and by I will tell thee what my decision is."

"Oh, Carleton, listen not to Morris Græme. Thou knowest he loves me not well. Listen only to the voice of love in your own generous bosom."

"Fear not, Eve, I will do thee no wrong! Morris thou well knowest will be in none of my counsels touching thee! I have not forgotten that thy love and honor met, with proper reproof, his licentious freedom, and that he is no fit confidant between me and thee. Good-night, Eve."

Softly she repeated the words, and then slowly retired from the deck, passing on the way Morris Græme, who haughtily stepped aside for her to pass. He then walked aft to the spot where Carleton stood leaning thoughtfully over the quarter railing, looking with an absent gaze down upon the eddying waters as they danced and hurried away beneath the counter of the rapidly moving vessel.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE TWO OFFICERS.

THE young captain heard the step of his lieutenant as he came aft, and instantly altering his position, and changing the whole expression of his countenance, he said to him in a cheerful, congratulatory tone:

"Well, Morris, we have succeeded beyond our hopes. Here we have beneath us, once more, our tried friend, 'The Sea Slipper,' who is bounding over the waves again as if she knew her master once more trod her decks."

"Yes, Carleton, we have achieved a gallant deed, and one becoming us!" answered Græme. "See how gracefully the pretty creature carries herself, and how merrily she dances to the breeze," he added, his eye proudly watching her as she moved swiftly and almost noiselessly through the water. "But, Carleton, we have on board a—"

"Yes," interrupted Carleton, who evidently desired to avoid allusion to Eve, "no doubt plenty of stores, for I learned that Colonel Powel had her fitted for a cruise on which he was going to start tomorrow evening. But I shall have the runs and hold examined as soon as it is day; and also see how we are off for spars, duck and especially small arms."

"I have been examining the racks, and find two pairs of horse pistols, a rifle and two Manton guns, with a horn or two of powder and a case of balls."

"These, with the pistols and side-arms which we brought in the boat, will be of service to help us to more. I find the gun-ports are not sealed up, as I feared they would have been when converted into a yacht, and we must somehow manage to find guns for them. Her former guns are sold, and are now dispersed in half-a-dozen merchant-men."

"I thought we were to have no passengers, Captain Carleton," abruptly spoke Græme, seeing his chief disposed to avoid the subject of his thoughts.

"I am commander of my own vessel," answered Carleton, his haughty and quick spirit breaking out.

"If you are to carry your leman, I will carry mine," answered Morris Græme. "When I asked you, that I might decide what to do with reference to Ellen, you said we were to leave both! How is it now that I find Eve Innes on board?"

"Morris," said Carleton, in a quiet manner, and speaking in a singularly distinct undertone peculiar to him when much moved, "I do not wish to have a difference with you, nor will I. Eve herself told you in the cabin, for you knew of her presence here before I did, that she became aware of our intention and anticipated us."

"What is your purpose with her?" asked, or rather demanded Morris, half crossing the deck and returning.

"I have come to no determination, Morris," he said, more naturally. "She is resolved to accompany me, and I don't know how I can avoid it."

"Easily. The shore is not two hundred fathoms distant, and the quarter boat hangs from the cranes."

"I understand you; but I have not made up my mind," answered Carleton, evidently troubled and undecided. "The truth is, Morris, I do not want her here, neither do I like to put her on shore. Her lively presence will relieve the tedium of my cruise, and—"

"The truth is, you preconceived the meeting on board, and she is here by your appointment. I watched her first meeting with you. You betrayed by no start of surprise your ignorance of her being on board. You have deceived me, Carleton. Not that I care to have her here."

"Upon my life, Morris, I did you no wrong. If you say, send Eve ashore, I will do so." And Carleton fixed his gaze upon the face of his lieutenant and friend, with a look as if he feared he would require the alternative.

Græme paused a moment, and then with a singular expression darkening his handsome but vice-hardened countenance, he said dryly:

"I have no wish to dictate to you, Carleton. As she is on board, let her remain. On the whole," he added, suddenly changing his manner, "I am not sorry to get rid of Ellen, for she has grown very grasping and bold, of late, and I detest anything in a woman like boldness or want of modesty. She was once a sweet, loving girl, and I would have married her had I remained in society; for we were engaged before I was in college."

"Indeed? I did not know you knew her out of New York."

"Yes. When she heard I had left the college and was in New York she wrote me that her esteem and love for me were unchanged, and that if I would consent she would fly from her father's roof and share my fortunes."

"Of course she knew not what those fortunes were?" observed Carleton, at the same time giving an order aside to the helmsman to luff a little more to clear a sloop at anchor ahead.

"No," answered Morris Græme, lightly laughing. "She came and I met her at the hotel. Artless as she was lovely, and devoted as she was imprudent, I received her with rapture, and not without many tears and reproach, she became my wedded bride."

"She expected you would have married her, Morris? Was it not so?"

"Or she would never have flown to my arms," answered the young man, with cool indifference.

"It would have been more manly, Græme," said Carleton, "to have shown her her imprudence, and sent her in safety and honor back to the roof she had left in sorrow and dishonor."

"This is excellent morality, Carleton, coming from your mouth," answered the lieutenant, with a sneer on his handsome lip; "Ellen's love survived mine and my honor, and when, without ascertaining this fact, she threw herself upon me for protection, she deserved to become what she is. Yet, poor girl, it well-nigh broke her heart, when she found she was not a wife. But her love was deeper than her resentment, and so that she believed I loved her, she was happy."

"Upon my soul I pity her, and wish she were with you on board, Morris," said Carleton with feeling.

"Thank you, Carleton; on the whole I am content to have her on shore. She has money, and when that is gone she has—beauty!"

"And would you thus idly cast her upon the world?" said Carleton, quickly.

"Hath a too fondly loving woman ne'er been cast aside before, that you must look so very virtuous at the thought, Carleton?"

He was silent with the conviction that that very night he would have acted precisely a similar part toward one who had a still dearer claim to his continued protection; for Carleton had wooed and won, and wedded Eve. Yes, Eve Innes was the buccaneer's bride; his lawful wife. But this is not the place for the narration we shall yet be called upon to give, touching the strange union of these two. His conscience smote him at the other's words, and turning away from him he looked over the side of the vessel, making no reply.

Græme watched him a moment, and then finding him disposed to remain silent, he walked away toward the fore-part of the vessel as if to watch a sail that was crossing the bows. "Yes, I see Carleton loves his little beauty still. It is plain the plan was concerted which placed her on board. Let him carry her. Perhaps the charming creature may not be so haughty at sea as on land. The gods be thanked, I brought not Ellen, for time is we were separated! besides she would be sadly in the way with my proposed flirtation with Carleton's pretty one. If ever I was fascinated by a woman, and yet loved her not, it is by this sweet, proud, cold, vexing enchantress. Thanks, good captain. The lady may relieve the tedium of the cruise."

Thus significantly repeating Carleton's words, this bold, daring, and singularly reckless young man, continued to walk the waist in a thoughtful mood, till the dashing of waters ahead warned him of the proximity of Hurl-Gate.

Hitherto, the "Sea Slipper" had been easily gliding along the picturesque shores, moving past silent villas and gardens and lawns sleeping in the moonlight, meeting at intervals sloops or brigantines under full canvas stretching away toward the city, or going past others which were crowding sail seaward, or rather southward.

After sail had once been made on her, impelled by the breeze, she had glided from her moorings before the incredulous and bewildered gaze of Blanche Hillary, the schooner had kept on her course, solely under the guidance of the helm. Not a rope had been pulled, nor the set of the well-ordered canvas altered to this time. The small crew with which they had boarded her, were quietly leaning over the bows, or standing in the fore-rigging gazing at the shores as they glided past. The order and stillness on board, were such that no person would have suspected that she had half an hour before been taken possession of at her moorings! But Carleton and Morris Græme were no ordinary leaders in such an expedition as they had so daringly planned and felicitously executed. The men—many of whom had eight months before manned the "Sea Slipper"—were picked and known. They were but twenty in all; but more than enough for working the schooner, but not the third part of a full complement, had she been armed as before her seizure and conversion into a yacht. The schooner still remained nearly the same as she had been originally constructed. Her paint had been altered, and she was now perfectly black, with the exception of a narrow scarlet line, or ribbon, running along her head, and relieving it. Her canvas was new and in perfect order; her blocks, rigging, and all her hamper were in thorough preservation. Every thing drew well, and every rope was in its place. In fact, she had been made in all points fit for sea by Colonel Powel, and all that was necessary was a crew; which, however, proved a very different one from that which he had probably anticipated. Of the schooner and her sailing qualities we have already given a description in the former portion of this story. Her cabins were now richer than before, being furnished with every luxury that could contribute to their elegance and comfort. A library of books—even a harp and guitar were not wanting. The latter instrument drew the eye of Eve Innes, as she descended into the cabin, and taking it up she struck its chords like one familiar with the strings. Her voice accompanied one or two of the careless notes she struck. It was touchingly sweet and sad—in tender harmony with the sorrow and love's fear that lay at her heart. She threw it aside a moment after, and leaning her head upon her gemmed hand, wept long and silently.

Still glided on the Sea Slipper past the pleasant shores, her path over the moonlit waves. Before her suddenly roared the surges of Hurl Gate. It was not until their loud, near roar struck his ears, that Carleton was roused to a sense of his responsibility. He sprang into the main rigging, and looked ahead. On either hand the dark rocks frowned and menaced him, while a whirlpool foamed in the narrow strait between. He sprang to the helm and took the destiny of the vessel in his own hand. Morris Græme was forward, standing on the heel of the bow-sprit, and ever and anon his clear voice rose above the roar of the mad waves, giving directions how to steer. Calm and resolute Carleton stood at his post, and guided her on toward the perilous passage—a passage at that time less familiar than now to mariners, and greatly dreaded.

"Port a little!" cried Morris from the heel of the bow-sprit.

"Ay, port!" repeated his commander, who with

the assistance of one of his men, could hardly govern the schooner, which now began to jump about in the irregular sea like some frightened steed, whom his rider would force into some present and visible danger, which he vainly plunges on every side to avoid.

"Steady!" sounded the loud, seaman-like voice of Græme.

"Steady it is!" answered Carleton, in an even tone, which he could just hear.

The Sea Slipper was now in her greatest peril, and truly did she then earn her appellation. Like a feather she was tossed upon the convolving, up-lifting, far-sinking waves. All was commotion and imminent danger to life and matter. For a moment or two the vessel staggered and reeled over, as if fairly conquered by the waves; and then, while every man expected to see her the next instant plunge madly into the wild, wrathful bosom of the maelstrom, she righted herself, gathered new energy, struggled upward and onward, came to her course, and again obeyed her helm.

"Bravo!—that like to have been her mortal struggle," cried Morris; "but the gallant little schooner will always come atop! See how she shakes the water from her sides like a Newfoundland dog. Luff a little!—we will soon be out of this infernal place."

"Luff it is!" answered Carleton in the same unmoved tone.

"Steady as you are!"

The schooner now altered her course a little, and went flying like the wind through a narrow strait confined by rocks, between which, it being ebb tide, the whole body of water raced with astonishing velocity. The topsail collapsed with the rapidity of her motion and though the wind was high, once flapped against the fore-topmast with a loud report. The rocks being left astern, gradually her speed lessened, and she moved along with the wind free, over smoother water and a more open sea.

"I never passed Hurl-Gate with the water so wild," said Carleton, as Morris came aft. "I thought at one moment we should have foundered."

"It was a narrow escape," said Morris, laughing. "Now that we are through the passage, let us set everything that will draw; and as the wind is north-west, she will carry her studd'n'-sails."

"Let her remain under what sail she has for a while, Morris," replied Carleton, walking toward the companionway. "She will make nine knots with this breeze, which will place as many leagues between us and pursuit by morning as we will want?"

"What are your future plans, Carleton?" asked Morris, as he saw him descending into the cabin.

"What is the schooner's destination? I received your note that you wanted to meet me in the Park at eight o'clock, and there only briefly heard from you a plan to retake our vessel, which for eight months has been out of our possession. You explained the plan, which I consented to, and obtained the men. The plan has been successful, and once more, thank the gods, we are on the broad deep with the "Sea Slipper" our home. Now, what is our purpose, good captain?"

"I have not wholly decided what course to pursue, but will do so soon."

"Nay, Carleton, have I not as deep an interest in this decision as yourself? I am willing to yield to your nominal superiority in command; but as we have both been equally active in retaking the schooner, it is but natural we should be equally interested in her destination."

"You are perhaps right, Morris," answered Carleton, with unexpected mildness; for few men were more impatient of dictation or opposition than he. "I was your commander under our former organization, and when we were scattered the compact was virtually annulled; I have no right to command the schooner beyond any that you have, save that but for me she would now be anchored before Colonel Powel's villa. With you, Græme," he said somewhat sternly, "I want no quarrel."

"Nor will I quarrel, Carleton. I cheerfully yield to you the command, but insist on being consulted and advised on any important occasion. This is certainly one."

"True, and we will by and by see what we had best resolve on. I will propose to you my own plan, and hear yours, if you have any to offer. As it is, we have taken fortune on board, and followed her, all blinded as she is."

"Then you have no definite aim in view?" said Morris with animation.

"No, truly I have not," answered Carleton with a smile, that on the instant restored good feeling between the young men.

"Then I have one which you will embrace when you hear it."

"That I will do by and by," answered Carleton, descending the stairs to the cabin. "Hold the deck till I come up, Morris, and I will then muster the men and have the watches properly organized."

With these words the young captain disappeared to the interview with Eve.

"Thou hast a gentle treasure there caged, my good captain—for so thou mayest be till my own time come!—but I will ere long teach thy pretty bird to pick from other hands save thine. But let this be for another day and hour. Now let me mature my half-conceived plans."

Thus speaking, he paced the quarter-deck, now with a quick turn, now with a slower; now stopping full; now moving on; and altogether seeming like a man in excited thought. How beautiful was the night, or rather morning—for it was now three o'clock. The moon was in its western field, white and clear as silver, with which it tipped the bursting waves. The shores on either hand, a league asunder, were dark and wooded, with here and there a bright spot indicating the position of some half-embowered villa. They were not alone upon the moonlit wave. Astern, abeam, ahead, gleamed the white sails of many a fair craft; some beating toward the city—others crossing their track to some mainland port; while others stood toward the open Sound, on the same course with the schooner. Near them, just forward of the beam, sailed a brig, schooner-rigged aft, which had kept ahead of them since passing Hurl Gate; but she was now rapidly neared under the additional impulse of a topmast studd'n'-sail, which Morris, observing her speed, had quit his walk to and fro on the quarter-deck to set. He stood near the main rigging, with a hand upon a stay, watching her. She was so near that he could



distinguish the helmsman, whose tarpaulin glistened in the moonlight. Save him, he saw no one on her decks. Swiftly and rapidly she glided over the waters, that leaped sportively about her sharp bows. As Morris watched her, and prided himself upon the superior sailing of the schooner, which was fast overhauling the brig, to his surprise, as if without hands, up rose from her deck a large ball of canvass, which unfolding itself like a huge bird spreading its wings, displayed the broad surface of a lower studd'n'-sail, which soared to its boom, and then, pressed outward by the wind, at once took the rounded shape and fair proportions of the other drawing sails, and gave a new impetus to the vessel.

"That is no merchantman, or if so, she is commanded by a man from the navy," he said, turning to the helmsman, in whose bushy red hair and peculiarly wicked countenance, no one who had seen Red Fred at the Brown Jug, would have failed to recognize that personage.

"So I was thinking, Master Morris," answered Fred, giving a hitch to his trowsers, changing his tobacco from one cheek into the other, ejecting a shower of saliva into a spit-box at his feet, and then giving the wheel an extra turn and a half to windward. "I never saw a stu'n'-sail set in that man-o'-war style afore on board a trading craft. But in my eye, Mr. Graeme, she doesn't look so much like a coaster as she might be. Look at her sheer and cutwater, and the sweep o' the counter. See the set o' them masts, and how square her foreyard is, and how d-d a-taunto she looks. I'm blowed if I should be surprised to see four ports open in her sides, and as many bulldogs run their muzzles out."

Here Red Fred gave the wheel a half-turn back, and brought the schooner a little more up, for she had fallen off a point during his remarks upon the brig.

"I believe you are half right, Fred," said Morris, after looking again narrowly at her. "One of you hand me my glass from the becket," he said to a group of men who were in the waist, leaning over the schooner's side, gazing at the brigantine, which was now about a quarter of a mile to leeward, two points forward of the beam, and running very free. Her speed had evidently increased since the studd'n'-sail was set, for she was then but a point forward,—or else the schooner had fallen off.

"Have you fallen away any?" he demanded of the helmsman.

"No, sir, not a hair line. She is gaining."

"So I thought,—bear a hand with my glass, boy."

This order was addressed to a lad about sixteen years of age, who, when Graeme called for the spy-glass, was standing alone, leaning against the capstan, a little apart from the men who were gathered in the waist, and who, on hearing it, sprang for the companionway. He lingered, probably attracted by some words overheard from the cabin; but the second stern demand of the lieutenant was quickly heeded. As the lad handed the glass, he quietly drew back and resumed his former position against the capstan. Morris, adjusting it for night use, leveled the instrument at the brig. Her decks were at once brought close and distinct to the sight. He could see the shadow of every rope and spar traced upon them by the moonlight with beautiful distinctness. At her helm stood a neatly-clad ordinary seaman. No other man was aft, but the companion doors were open, and a cloak and a book, ay, and a lady's glove, lay upon the weather settee. He carried his glass slowly forward, and saw that the running-rigging was neatly coiled, as on board naval vessels, instead of being hung from pins. Forward, under the black shadow of the foresail, were grouped several seamen, engaged in watching the schooner and evidently interested in outsailing her. He again ranged her decks with his glass, for her bulwarks were unusually low, and he himself was in the main rigging of his own vessel, to discover the officer of the watch. But such a person was nowhere visible. One object arrested his attention, and that was a bright brass gun—a nine-pounder—on a carriage opposite the leeward port. He immediately turned the glass to examine the side next to him, to see if he could discover a fellow port to it, and detected one. He then ascended the rigging twenty feet, and again brought his glass to bear upon the deck, and by this means he overlooked the bulwark, and saw enough of a gun-carriage to assure him that she carried at least two guns. He now directed his glass to her spars and top-hamper, and after a brief examination was satisfied that she was an armed vessel. He was about to withdraw his eye from the lens when it was arrested by a figure in the fore-top rigging of the brig; which, on closer inspection, he saw was a man with a spy-glass in his hand, which was directed down upon the schooner's decks. Morris kept his glass leveled until he saw the other remove his, when he tried to get a look at his features. But the other, as if divining his purpose, and not choosing to gratify his curiosity, turned away and directed his glass to a sloop on his lee beam. Graeme gave once more a narrow scrutiny of the brig's decks, and then closing his spy-glass descended to the quarter-deck.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Morris?" inquired Red Fred, with that freedom which their former companionship on shore somewhat authorized. "She looks suspicious, and in my opinion means to make our better acquaintance before we part company."

"If we had the schooner in her old trim, we might court the intimacy," said Morris. "She carries a pair of your bull-dogs, Fred, and a watch of eight men."

"That will give her a crew of sixteen—besides cook, and steward, and captain, and mates," said Fred. "We are even-handed and four more, if that was all. What do you take her to be, sir? Hadn't I better keep the schooner away a point, and run her closer aboard, Mr. Morris? I see we have gained on her since the spencer was set."

"Yes, keep away a little—I would like to take a higher view of her. She is not in the service, for there is no vessel in it of her description; besides, her armament is not naval. She is more likely a fancy merchant brig, owned by a dandy captain, or a yacht from the provinces."

"I've seen such craft with your fancy skippers," said Fred, throwing the wheel smartly to windward half-a-dozen spokes, and then checking it. "There was one from Baltimore come into Havana when I was there, and all the Spanish went to see it. She

was a full-rigged brig, and everything about her was in apple-pie style. Her capstan was silver-plated, and had silver sockets for the bars. Her running gear was all of white Manila-grass, and every block and dead-eye about her was polished like mahogany. Her decks were white as snow, and only fit for a fine lady to walk over. I went into her cabin, and blazed me if I ever saw such finery in a theater. The companionway was carved and ornamented with silver—the hand-rail was silver—the stair-ropes were silver, and everything was edged and set with silver. I never saw anything so rich. Carpets were laid so thick you could not hear a step,—and such carpets for beauty was never seen by my eye. The furniture was a little beyond anything in that country. It was all bird's-eye maple, gilt and silvered. A pianny was where the transom ought to ha' been, and looking-glasses were so plenty that I could not turn without seeing myself. The state-rooms were large, and furnished off in great style, and the steerage was as handsome a drawing-room as anybody's parlor in York. I looked round for the captain, expecting, you see, of course to see a little dapper gentry, half-sailor and half-greenhorn, finacked off in long-togs and ruffle-shirt risbands. But, shiver my mizen, if I wasn't shown as the captain of the craft as well-built, thorough-bred a seaman from keel to truck as ever I'd wish to lay eyes on. He was a handsome chap too, and had a keen eye for a pretty lass, or I'm mistaken. He had been a middy, but having had a fortune left him, he got leave for three years, and built himself that craft, and so sailed about on a blow-any-way cruise, just for pleasure. This was two years ago, and I dare say he is cruising yet; and if that chap hadn't a schooner-rig aft, I should say it was the same craft, for I never see two profiles so much alike."

"I shouldn't be surprised, Fred," said Morris, again looking at her, "if she was some such craft as you describe. It would be a feather in our schooner's cap if we could take her guns out of her. But we can't do that without guns, unless we run her aboard."

"And that could be easily done, Mr. Morris," said Fred coolly, grasping at the same time the lower spoke of the wheel, as if in readiness to put the schooner away toward her.

"I believe it could," answered Morris with animation. "But keep her steady—we sail together now, and there is time enough. I will speak to Carleton."

Thus speaking, Morris advanced to the companionway to make known the suspicious character of the vessel; while Fred, impatient to lay alongside and carry out his reckless suggestion, kept gradually edging the schooner nigher and nigher the stranger.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### EVE.

WHEN Carleton descended into the cabin, Eve was seated on a low ottoman, her face buried in her hands, while tears were slowly trickling along their azure-tinted veins down to the beautiful wrist. Her long and beautiful auburn hair fell in disregarded luxuriance about her neck and over her molded arm and sylph-like figure—the soft and touching drapery of woman's grief. She heard his well-known step, and brushing the tears from her dark eyes, she threw back her glorious hair, and rose to meet him. What love—what deep affection was in her sweet aspect, as she advanced toward him! Whatsoever power there is in female fascination—whatsoever charms there is in woman's idolatry, was inscribed by love's finger on every feature. She sprang toward him,—she hung upon his manly bosom, as the ivy entwines its trusting tendrils around the oak.

"Carleton, dearest Carleton, you have not forgotten me. Oh, if you knew how heavily the hours passed when you were away. I am envious of all others, that keep you from me. I would be with you ever—ever be looking up thus into your eyes, that now beam upon me so kindly;—ever by your side, knowing that whenever I lift my gaze, it will rest upon your beloved features."

"You are silly, Eve, to love so wildly," he said, slightly drawing her to his side and imprinting a kiss upon her pure forehead; and he looked as he spoke as if touched and gratified at her deep womanly and almost childish devotion. "You should not thus lavishly cast all your love at a throw."

"I cast it into thy bosom, Carleton," she said, bending her graceful head, as if to hide from him a shadow of sadness.

He was touched by the tone of her voice, and said playfully,—"Yet thou hast lost, Eve, and I am the happy winner."

"Have I not gained thee, Carleton?—Having thee I possess all things. It has filled my heart with joy that I hear thee say thou art the happy winner. Oh, Carleton, if you knew how a careless word from you—one word that gives me a hope that I still am dear to you—makes my heart a heaven, you would love to bless me thus. But alas! I sometimes of late, fear that you have forgotten your love for me and—"

She could not go on. He felt a tear fall upon his hand.

"Nay, Eve, thou hast done naught to offend me," he said tenderly, moved by the touching and eloquent distress which checked her words; and leading her to the ottoman he seated himself at her feet.

"My dearest, noble husband! Nay frown not!—thou must suffer me to call thee by that loved title, Carleton!—for to feel that I am thy wife is a source of sweet, indescribable joy. I cannot keep the deep tide from bursting forth, when thou alone only art present! Forgive me, Carleton! To thee I must speak of my happiness, and tell thee how full it is. I must repeat in thy ears, the happy word *wife*. I must hear my voice utter the blissful sounds, *my husband*. Forbid me not, dear Carleton! Nay, do not look so darkly—I will not offend again!—But smile on me, and I will, though it break my heart, keep locked within it the secrets of our—"

"Utter not the word, Eve," said Carleton, with stern interruption. "Thou well knowest thou art risking my fiercest displeasure. Be content—I suffer thee to remain on board."

"Oh, joy, joy! I dared not ask thee what thou hadst determined, but I knew in my heart, when you entered, that my love had triumphed. Bless thee, Carleton! For this clemency—may I not call it returning love?—you have my deepest gratitude.—*Near thee!* Oh, this is sweet peace! I will forget, since thou hast commanded it, that thou art—I will

breathe the blessed word only in my heart—and I am thine—thy—let me speak it, Carleton—thy wife.

"Eve."

"Nay—be not angry with me. To thine ear alone has it been breathed. Art thou unwilling in secret to hear it? Oh, no, no. Notwithstanding your late icy coldness, which, if hot tears could have dissolved, had long since melted into your first affection! notwithstanding you would last night have left me, yet I know, I feel, Carleton, that you do not wish thou wert not my—*what* so dear, *thou art* to me. Thou wouldst kill me didst thou say so. Do I hate thee? Did I love thee less when I knew my husband was an outlaw! Did I fly thee, and scorn thee, and, like the world, turn against thee? No—thou knowest I did not! True to thee and my woman's love, I loved thee—had room been in my heart—more. Thou wert dearer to me, when I knew I was the *only one that loved thee*. Of thy crimes confessed to me, the night I discovered *who* my husband was, did I reproach thee? Did I not forgive thee, and tell thee that guiltless thou wert to me, so that thou lovedst me?"

"Noble, devoted Eve! I feel that I am unworthy of you," he said, sadly. "I never appreciated you—you were not destined in Heaven to be my wife;—thy love and devotion deserve a better return than I can render thee."

"Than *thou* canst render me!" she cried, with an earnestness and passion that increased the brilliancy of her dark eyes, tearful though they were; "what canst thou give me, Carleton, that is not dear to me? A word—a look—the slightest glance of thine, is to me a treasure, which, like a miser, I hoard up in my heart's close casket, fondly to gloat over when thou art absent."

"But, dear Eve," he said with hesitation, as if uncertain how to reply to her impassioned words; "you would not love wisely to love unrequited. Such love as thine should be returned with all a man's soul and being. Besides thee, he should have eye or thought for no other. Thou must be the altar of his passion—the shrine of his adoration. *Thou adorest—he must adore*. Eve, I never have even *loved*!"

The lovely being at whose feet he sat, listened as if she did not hear, or hearing, did not understand. With her eyes fixed earnestly upon his troubled face, and her lips apart as if she would speak, she spoke not. She looked at him a few moments in silent, painful amazement. Then she released her hand slowly, gently from his—for he had held it all along, and now seemed with his downcast gaze to be admiring the glittering jewels that adorned it. Gently—slowly, she disengaged it, and clasped instead her own hands, and bending toward him in an attitude of touching eloquence, she knelt suppliantly. Still she spoke not. He felt her large eyes fixed upon him, and he dared not look up. He feared to meet their sad, reproving, soul-stricken gaze.

"George—Carleton!" she said, and her voice seemed to issue from her heart; "did I hear aright? Oh, speak—speak kindly to me; and tell me if you said you never loved me? I will listen—I will not let my heart burst—I will hold it in thus with my hands!" and she pressed her clasped fingers beneath her bosom close to her heart. "See—I am calm."

"Eve, for God's sake, do not look and talk to me so," he cried with acute misery. "It was an idle word—I meant it not. Turn away those eyes, I cannot bear their gaze."

"If they grieve thee, Carleton, I will turn them away: I would not grieve thee. But thou hast grieved me—oh, Carleton, thou hast grieved me!"

Who could withstand the touching suffering of these few gentle words of complaint? The pirate-chief caught her hands, pressed them to his lips, and breathed a word of tenderness into her ear.

"Eve, forgive me—I meant not what I said—'twas an idle word."

"'Tis spoken, Carleton," she said, recovering her hand and rising to her feet with sweet dignity; "and I feel that it is a true one. Thou hast then *never* loved me.—Alas! when to thee I gave my virgin heart, and thou didst kneel and swear thou lovedst me better than thou didst love life—lovedst thou me *not* then? When in that hour, I surrendered to thee my maiden name and took thine—alas! ne'er yet mine—and thou didst fold me to thy heart thy bride and wife—lovedst thou me *not* then, Carleton? When, because thou wished it so, I—ere yet I had been one day a wife—did take a dreadful oath administered by thee, that I should never divulge, save with thy free consent, our union—lovedst thou me *not* then, Carleton?"

It was like a spirit of judgment from the other world interrogating him. He was overpowered with the conflict of his feelings, and, turning from her, walked across the cabin, where he stood a moment with his face buried in his hands. She approached him with a countenance emanating love and sympathy.

"George, forgive me! I meant not to wound where I would kneel to heal. I know thou lovedst me—I know thou hast ever loved me. Thou knowest not thy own heart. If thou wilt look within, thou wilt see the image of thy Eve imprinted there in the lines of life."

"No, no, Eve," he said, with bitterness, "I will not deceive you—I never have truly loved thee. If I could have loved thee, thy deep, pure, idolatrous affection would have created love in my bosom. I was proud of thee—of thy matchless loveliness—of thy deep love for me; but I never returned—never requited it. Instead of being a fountain, reflecting the summer sunshine of thy warm and sunny love, I was like a wintry pool presenting an icy shield to its beams."

"Never—never loved me," spoke she, slowly and whisperingly, as if her thoughts, introverted, were holding converse with her heart.

"No, truly, Eve. It is time thou wert undeceived. I have long wished for this occasion, but—"

"Long!" repeated the lovely sufferer; "hast thou not loved me for long, Carleton?"

He hesitated, embarrassed how to reply to such painful questions. If she had shown anger, or scorn, or hate, he felt he could have borne it. But to be so like an angel in meekness and gentleness, to receive with such touching sorrow his confession, this was more than even his cold and stern spirit could endure. Again he turned from her, and seemed as if leaving the cabin; but a single word from her lips arrested him.



"George."

"Eve."

"Come to me;—nay, nearer—sit by me."

He obeyed her.

"I will say what I have to say calmly. Thou hast deceived me, Carleton, but I complain not. I am not about to reproach you. If I have grieved you, forgive me. It was a sudden shock to me to be told from your beloved lips—for thou art still my beloved, George—that I was not loved by thee. But it is over now. I feel I can bear it. Now nothing remains but for me to love thee. Nay, do not look displeased; it is the sweet lesson I have taught my heart for years, and it will not forget it; nor would I it should forget. Thou art my heart's world—its serene Heaven—in which, like a dove, it flies and is blest; its up-rising star, guiding it to happiness and peace; its sun, from which it derives its warmth and life. Its pulse can only throb with thine, and when thy heart ceases to beat, mine will find rest."

"Strange and unaccountable creature," said Carleton, with emotion, and yet speaking as if annoyed. "I have told thee, dear Eve, that I have never loved thee. I must now tell thee I do not now love thee. I pity, I feel for you, with all my heart. I know how deep, how strong your attachment is to me; I knew it would survive even this painful and most trying confession. But, my dear Eve, is it not folly to love where thou art not beloved? Is it not—"

"Nay, Carleton, I have heard thy words; the arrow hath pierced and cloven my spirit's life; but it hath not shivered the mirror in my breast, wherein thy image is reflected. Thou art dear to me as before. I may not cease to love thee—but I may weep that thou lovest not me. But wherefore, dear Carleton," she said, with warm and glowing feelings, "wherefore hast thou not loved? Have I been all unworthy thy manly affection—of that noble love, which this hour I would die to know was mine own?"

"No, Eve!—you are worthy any man's love;—of yours few are worthy, much less myself."

"Yes—you wrong yourself, Carleton!—you have erred, you are now in the path of error; but you are generous, and noble, and good. Thy spirit is dark and thy nature is stern; but I know that thou hast among men few thy peer. Unworthy? No! and," she added, her voice suddenly changing to a subdued tone, "thou lovest me not. Alas, me!—yet thou must love some one—thou wilt love some one. Happy she whom thou lovest! blest the maiden, into whose rich bosom thou pourest all the wealth of thy great heart's affections! Happy the lovely and loved who can read in thy deep, passionate gaze that thou lovest and she is the beloved. I have, alas! thought (for my love blinded my penetration, and I was willingly deceived,) that I read love and devotion in your admiring eyes; and my ear has trembled, and my heart-strings catching the vibration, have thrilled with joy, as you poured into them words of love. But alas! the glance was that of pride and admiring passion—the words the voice of flattery. George, thou hast then mocked me with the semblance of love!"

"Thou didst deceive thyself, Eve—not I thee. I admired thee; I was proud of thee; and thou sawest these passions in my eyes, and construed it love. I praised thy beauty, and thou didst think I worshipped thee. No, Eve, thou wert the idol only of my vanity—the shrine of my self-love."

"Carleton," she said, with strange seriousness in the tones of her voice, "why then did you wed me?"

"Because I then believed that I loved thee."

"Then!" she repeated, with an emphasis that made him start. "What has shown thee since then that thou wert in error, George?" and her dark, observing glance was fixed upon his changing countenance with singular earnestness.

He was silent a few moments; he was perplexed, and evidently was withholding the truth to invent an indifferent reply. It was plain by a change in the expression of her intense gaze that this suspicion rose to her mind.

"It was the devotion and disinterestedness of your own love for me, Eve," he replied, with a sudden readiness, that would have showed to a close observer that he had lit upon a happy reply, with which he meant to cover from her the true one.

"I witnessed your attachment, and from you learning how to love, knew then I had never loved." His eyes avoided hers as he replied, and she listened without moving. For a few seconds after he had ceased speaking, both were silent; he inwardly congratulated himself upon his successful answer to her abrupt inquiry—she with her young and faithful heart torn by the first pang of jealousy. She broke the silence.

"George Carleton, thou hast not spoken the truth!" she said, severely yet not unkindly;—there was more sorrow than anger in her even and solemn tones.

The young pirate-chief started, and his haughty spirit instinctively rose at the imputation. But as his gaze fell on the lovely woman he had wronged, he suppressed his emotion and replied:

"Eve, from thee I forgive that word. I have wronged thee, most truly have I, and from thee can forgive much!"

"And from thee, George, I can forgive much! I did think a while since that there was nothing I could not forgive in thee,—but my heart hath within the minute past taught me not to trust my deep love too far. There is one thing I may not forgive in thee, George."

Carleton plainly desired to avoid the allusion that he evidently anticipated, and said quickly:

"Would to God, Eve, thou wouldst heed the teaching of thy heart, and not trust thy deep love too far. It will ne'er be requited, and if it be trampled and crushed under foot, thou must thank thyself. If thou wilt love where thou art—"

"Oh, say not hated with thy lips, as I read it in thine eyes, Carleton, and I will strive to love thee less," she cried, almost shrieking, as she pressed her hand upon his mouth. "I have wronged thee by my suspicion of thy truth. I knew thou wouldst never be false to me—though thou lovest me not so much and warmly as thou thinkest thou ought to do. I will not require that thou shouldst measure thy love by mine; nor, because thou findest it fall short, thou shouldst not think, and so teach thy heart, that thou lovest me not. I but think that 'tis woman's nature to love most. I know thou art deceiving thyself, and dost truly love me. For the suspicion that, now, flashed on my brain like bale-fire,

that it was because thou hadst learned by loving another that thou knewest thou lovedst not me—I will not, I dare not, I may not cherish in my thoughts. Say 'tis false, dear Carleton—oh, God! say 'tis false, and I will kneel to thee!"

Carleton saw now before him, in Eve, woman in her true character. Gentle, loving, adoring, self-sacrificing,—let but a spark of suspicion, not that her love hath been slighted, for this she will forgive, and still love on, but that her love hath been slighted for another's shrine, light on her heart, and a conflagration of all the wild passions of her being ensue. Carleton had never seen Eve but as the gentle, beautiful and loving; her dark eyes beaming affection; her soft, heart-deep tones breathing tenderness and devotion. But now how changed—how sudden the transition in the time from giving utterance to one sentence to speaking another—and yet she only suspected, and the moment before she had rejected the suspicion; but now, as she gazed upon his tell-tale cheek and averted eye, and saw he spoke not, it rushed back upon her soul with new strength and distinctness of outline, and she at once yielded up her whole nature to its influence, loosed the wings of her spirit to its storm, and let it drive her whither it would. Such is woman when the depths of her heart are moved by jealousy. Light and darkness are not more opposite than her two natures. To her jealousy would create a hell—love a heaven!

Carleton stood in silent awe and gazed upon her. Her slight and singularly elegant person was dilated, and seemed taller by many inches. Her bosom violently heaved till her kerchief seemed as if agitated by the wind. Her attitude was commanding and spirited. Her dark, glorious eyes flashed with fire, and her pale cheek and bloodless lip spoke eloquently and painfully of the deep feeling within. He stood as if petrified before her, and observed her with an astonishment he did not strive to suppress. Could that lovely yet angry creature who stood flashing upon him, be the yielding and quiet girl whom he had so long held dishonored, by withholding from her the title of wife? He felt both fear and respect as he contemplated her; and the awkward conviction forced itself upon his mind that to trifle with such a woman's love would not be lightly dangerous. She seemed to be reading his thoughts.

"Speak!" she said, commandingly, as he still continued silent.

"Eve, I know not what wild spirit has taken possession of thee. Thou art not thyself. But a moment since thou wert defending me with extraordinary eloquence, and now I behold thee without a feather of a cause standing in hostile attitude and demanding of me I know not what. Art thou beside thyself?"

"No, Carleton, no," she said hurriedly and nervously. "Yet I do not know but that I am. There is a strange sensation at my heart;" and she pressed her hands against it. "It can't be so. I have judged you wrongfully. No, dear Carleton—I knew you would not lo—love anoth—I could not live if I knew it; yet I—I think I should—thou—love you still—but—dear Carleton—she you—you should both—"

Here she tottered and would have fallen to the floor but for her arm. He caught her and gently laid her on the ottoman. Her lips still moved, and he bent his ear over her to catch the words from her tremulous lips. She spoke in a very low but singularly distinct and firm tone—it was the completion of the sentence:

"—both die," and she was insensible.

"God of Heaven, what a woman," he exclaimed, starting back with horror.

Pale, and lifeless, and lovely; how still and strange was her deathlike repose; how calm and beautiful she lay there, like innocence slumbering;—yet her nether lip wore not the pure expression of innocence. It was compressed against its fellow, and bore the footprint of the stern spirit that fled from it as she breathed forth her last determined words.

Carleton made no effort to reanimate her—he seemed not to think of it. Lost in his own thoughts, he gazed upon his wife a few moments as she lay beautiful and still before him, as if death and not life now claimed her; and as he dwelt on this new development of her being, he was amazed, and feared to contemplate the consequences to his future purposes. He loved Blanche Hillary. Eve had been to him a pretty toy, whom he had tired of, and with whose devoted love he wearied, though his pride was gratified by it. Although circumstances had now fortuitously brought about his confession that he had never loved Eve, he withheld, for reasons all will discern, when it is remembered that Eve, though unacknowledged, was his lawful wife, the confession of his attachment to Blanche. Eve's womanly penetration, aided by her deep love, which is ever the parent of jealousy, had detected his embarrassment, and instantly suspicion of the truth flashed upon her mind. The consequences we have just seen. The reaction of feeling upon her full heart crushed it. A beautiful sacrifice—she seemed an offering upon the altar of love—a victim of Carleton's pride. And was she a victim to his pride? Loved he never that sweet, devoted creature? Had he never thought he loved her? Yes, until he met Blanche Hillary. He then knew that he had been deceived—believing he had loved; and that alone he felt was love which the charms and presence of Blanche inspired in his bosom. It was a new, strange, blissful emotion, such as he had never experienced in Eve's presence. It was deep happiness; with such happiness Eve had never filled his soul.

And, as he gazed upon her with introverted thoughts, the past came before his mind in vivid colors, and his heart throbbed with deepest emotion when he gazed upon the picture memory so faithfully retouched.

Back through the vista of years he saw himself a youth, dwelling with his stern parent, who lived wholly away from the world; and Eve, then a mere child he had saved from drowning one day, when her canine attendant, and constant attendant, had upset the boat she was in, gathering water-lilies from the lake.

Children though they were, from that day they loved each other, and when they grew to man's and woman's estate, the maiden gave up father, home, and all to fly with the one who held her own heart, and whom no rumors of his wild and evil life could turn her against.

And through all she clung to him, even when he carried her to New York where she now found out

that he was a professional gambler,—ay, far worse, the leader of a secret band of wicked spirits like himself.

Yet she remained firm, no matter how deeply he sinned, and her influence held him greatly in check. But at last he met Blanche Hillary, and, from knowing that she would never love him, he became infatuated with her, and poor Eve from that time felt his neglect of her.

At last she discovered the cause, from his interview with her in the cabin, and wrought up to frenzy her overburdened heart, found relief in unconsciousness.

At length alarmed, for he did not wish her dead, he bent over her, and his better feelings awakened by the memories of the past, when they were children together, he used every effort to revive her from her swoon, speaking to her at the same time in the same loving voice as of yore.

The effect was surprising, for her eyes opened, and meeting his bending on her with seeming love and tenderness, she again felt her heart throb with happiness.

"Forgive me, for I have deeply wronged you," she said, faintly.

"Think not of it, dear Eve, for I cannot be hurt at thought of thy devotion."

"Then thou dost love me?"

"Yes, Eve."

"Then am I happy; but go, for Morris Græme calls thee to the deck."

He kissed her, and turned away, deeply impressed with the wrong he had done her, and went upon deck, for a second time had Morris Græme called him.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE STRANGE SAIL.

UPON reaching the deck, Carleton found the Sea Slipper gliding along at the rate of seven and a half knots, and he glanced aloft at the clouds of snowy canvas, and then his eye fell upon the brigantine not two hundred fathoms from the schooner and square abeam.

"Is that the brig that was abreast when I went below, Morris?" he asked.

"Yes, and for this I called you; I have examined her closely with my glass and find enough on deck, as well as in her hull and spars, to make me suspicious of her. When she found, about an hour ago, that we were creeping up to her, and were likely to overhaul and pass her, she set her studd'n'-sail and would have run away from us, but for our increase of canvas. You see I have got the schooner under all she can handle with the stern breeze, and yet the brig is abeam, and has held her position the last twenty minutes."

"The glass, if you please; there is but one vessel that can sail with the Sea Slipper," said Carleton, putting the spy-glass to his eye. After looking at her a moment, he added in a low, impressive tone of voice, peculiar to him when much moved, "and that is the craft. She ran away from me when I was in my Spanish schooner in the West Indies, though that craft, sailed nearly as well as the Sea Slipper. This brigantine is a pleasure yacht, hailing from Baltimore. I can't be mistaken in her—she was once a square-rigged, and perhaps has been dismantled and altered aft to a schooner rig."

"I would be sworn to her, captain," said Red Fred; who, having just struck four bells, and been relieved at the wheel, was passing forward; "wasn't she in the Havana two years ago last month, and made a sort of city show for the Spanish?"

"She is the same, Fred," said Carleton, with the glass still at his eye, evidently taking a very close scrutiny of the stranger. "I was on board of her then, Morris, and made up my mind to have her. I had my vessel lying there in a creek, on the south side of the island, and ascertaining the day on which the vessel—"

"Didn't they call her 'The Lancet,' said Fred, who still lingered in the waist.

"The Lance," you mean, Fred; it is the same craft, without question. Learning when she was to put to sea, I was off Havana, waiting for and giving her a good offing; I gave chase, expecting to come up with her in my own way, and my own time, but I reckoned without my host. Soon as her skipper found what I was after, he just walked away from me, as if I had been a fruit droger. I then put the Sea Slipper, for that was the name of my West Indian craft too, to her best paces, and gained what I had lost. We had been running hitherto with the wind aft—it was a stern-chase; but he finding my studd'n'-sails did so much better service than his own, and doubtless well aware of his best sailing points, suddenly took in his star-board studd'n'-sails and hauled on the wind, set his stay-sails fore and aft, and his three jibs (which you see he has now), and with the wind four points free, she went off on the wind with as light a pair of heels as the devil would put upon a thief. By sun-down she was hull-down, and I gave up the chase."

"The Sea Slipper was not a fast sailer, Carleton, or the chase would not have run away from you in that style," said Græme. "See, we hold with her now—and, by heaven, are slipping a half point ahead. She couldn't compare with this schooner."

"She was in bad trim at the time, and not well manned; beside, her best point of sailing was with the wind nearly dead aft. If the brig had not discovered this, but kept on before the wind, I should have overhauled her. But this Sea Slipper, Græme, shall atone for the fault of her namesake. She, like the brig, sails best on a wind. That fellow must know me; but, infernal devils, we are without a gun."

"He carries two," said Morris significantly; "but if he would only wait a week for us, we could show him a little sport."

"What do you mean?" asked Carleton, earnestly.

"There is an old fort near the mouth of the Kennebec river in Maine, (not thirty hours run from here,) which is nearly dismantled; it is not far from my place of nativity, and in boyhood I often visited it. It was then occupied by a few soldiers, the war having just ended. I was at the place again three months since, having secretly revisited my native village, hearing my father was ill. It was then quite deserted, but there were in the embrasures four guns, the carriages in tolerable repair, for I examined them, with the probability of being some



day in want of them. The fort stands elevated, but a vessel can anchor in deep water under it, and the guns can be removed without difficulty;—they will answer our purpose until we can capture more suitable ones."

"This is well conceived, Morris, for I confess I had come to no definite purpose. But the ammunition?"

Two leagues further up the river is the town of Bath, near which, in a retired spot, stands a powder-house. From this we can remove what we require."

"Well planned, Morris," exclaimed Carleton with animation; "it shall at once be put into execution; and as you have been so clever as to conceive it, you shall carry it into execution. The active command of the schooner I resign into your hands till this enterprise is carried through. We are slipping past the brig, as you said, Morris. At the wheel, there—let her fall off a point—steady. With the wind a point more on our quarter, we will improve our advantage."

"The brig has fallen off as we have," said Morris; "she is evidently governing her motions by our own."

"I will know something more of this craft, and see what her business is up the Sound. It is 'The Lance,' for this insignia is now glittering in the beams of the moon, at her foremast head," he said, directing her glance aloft, where the moonlight suddenly revealed a long glittering lance of silvery appearance affixed to the royal-mast head.

"Her captain, then, if Red Fred be right, is the owner, and is a naval officer, on leave," said Morris.

"I will make his acquaintance; I saw him once in a cafe in Havana—a handsome, gallant-looking, sailor-like person, and I have reason to know him to be a good seaman. I will breakfast with him."

"He may compel you to dine then," said Morris, laughing, but with a meaning in his words that his commander understood. "We have no guns."

"He cannot suspect us: our having no guns will be in my favor, as I intend to pass ourselves upon him for a yacht. We are no more nor less now, Morris, God knows, to our sorrow," he said, smiling.

"We shall be something more ere three days, if we run at once for the Kennebec," said Morris.

"That we shall do. Morris, call the men aft to the sheets and braces; I am going to put away two points more, and see if I can't shoot ahead and go across his fore-foot."

The young lieutenant of the Sea Slipper at once gave the necessary orders, and the schooner was steered in a course which gradually drew her nigher the brig, which she would soon have fallen astern of, and crossed her wake, if her own speed proved not to be increased by this alteration. But the advantage of this slight change in her course was soon apparent; while she approached the brigantine she worked perceptibly ahead of her, and sailed clearly a knot faster on a free bow-line than with both the sheets aft. Carleton stood leaning over the bulwarks looking at the brig, with a proud expression of triumph in his dark eyes; while Morris watched closely the sails and helmsman, that no advantage might be lost.

"How steadily we work ahead on her course," said Morris, glancing over the side of the brig which they were fast approaching. "She is resolved not to alter her steerage half a point."

"Then we shall make acquaintance with her pencil-like, flying-jib-boom end," said Carleton. "My trumpet here, boy!"

The trumpet was promptly placed in his hand by the lad, and Carleton took an attitude for hailing the stranger, who was now on his starboard bow not fifty fathoms distance. The two vessels were rapidly nearing each other at the bows, and it was a nice question which should shoot ahead of the other; as they sailed, they promised to come in collision, the bowsprit of the Sea Slipper pointing directly at the figure-head of the brig.

It was evident that the maneuver was watched with no little interest from the brig. Two persons were on the quarter-deck, one with a glass in his hand, the other with a silver trumpet, that gleamed at every motion of his hand in the bright moonshine.

The dark, tall pyramid of sails on the brig's foremast already rose between Carleton and the moon, casting their shadow on his quarter-deck; and the ripple and gurgling of the water, agitated by the brig's motion through it, mingled with the sound of the spray-dash about the schooner's bows."

"We are in no condition to lose a spar, Carleton, or suffer damage in the hull," said Morris; "shall I bring her to the wind a couple of points? we are sure to be foul of her, or have her bowsprit run between our masts."

Carleton made no reply, save a dark proud smile, and seemed intently to watch the deck of the other; Morris turned on his heel, muttering:

"This is foolhardy! If we get damaged I can never carry out my plan of getting the guns from the old Kennebec fort."

His further thoughts were interrupted by a loud, stern hail from the brig, while his weather-bow port flew open, and a gun was run out.

"Schooner, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!" answered Carleton, in a clear, manly tone, not making use of his trumpet.

"What the devil do you mean coming athwart my vessel in this buccaneer style? Luff, or by heaven I'll fire into you!"

"Steady as you are!" cried Carleton, coolly turning to the helmsman; then answering the other, he said, with provoking indifference:

"When I give my helmsman my orders I never interfere with him—he is steering his proper course. I should be sorry to run into you, and equally regret to have you fire into me; but I never change the course of my vessel at the dictation of any man—the sea is free for all who rove it."

There was just a probability that the schooner would forge ahead clear; but the chances were more probable for a collision. If she fell off from her course the breadth of a bowline, contact was inevitable. Still they were approaching each other with a merry rippling and dashing of the water, and hastening the crisis.

"He will put up his helm, you may rest assured," said Carleton.

"There is too much firmness in his tones for that," said Morris. "But we shall soon see."

The vessels now were not two lengths apart, and both had way nearly seven knots.

"Luff, I say!" again thundered the captain of the Lance.

"Steady!" cried Carleton to the man at the helm; "I have told you that I never change my vessel's course," he answered to the fiery hail of the other.

He saw that collision was inevitable unless one of them deviated; but, reckless as he was brave, he loved the excitement and the danger; and there was besides a pride—his perseverance for that very vessel had once humbled his pride. In his heart he resolved to risk the safety of his vessel rather than yield an inch to that craft. The captain of the other could have had no such motives, but he kept his vessel undeviatingly on her course due east. Silently they approached the point of collision, when all at once a bright flame issued from the bow port of the brig; bang, thundered the gun, and the ball buried itself, with a shock that made the schooner lurch and reel, deep into the mainmast, just above the rack of capstan oars. The next instant, amid the rolling smoke, there was heard a loud crashing and shivering of splinters, mingled with the curses of men, and the schooner shot ahead out of the confusion, dragging with her the flying-jib and jibboom of the brig, carrying away her topmast studd'n'-sail dangling at the end of her topsail yard, and losing her own stern-boat and half the mainsail, through which the brig, in heaving ahead as the schooner crossed her bow, ran the splintered head of her bowsprit. All this mischief was done in a moment, and the two vessels separated and passed on without, at first, scarcely any check to their way.

"I have a mind to give you my other gun," shouted the captain of the brig, as the schooner passed clear of the confusion; "but I see you have not escaped any better than we have. Who are you?"

"The Sea Slipper," answered Carleton, in a tone that sounded like proud defiance, while he smiled at anticipating the other's astonishment. The mention of this name had the effect he looked for. They heard an exclamation of surprise, and then came the voice of the commander:

"I know your colors now, my lad. I thought you had been sunk;—or is there a pair of Slippers? We have met before. I will not let you go, then, since such is your quality, without another card."

The starboard port in the waist was thrown open, and the next moment the gun was discharged. The brig, however, steered awkwardly in her crippled state, and the shot fell wide, dashing a huge feather of spray in the moonlight far to leeward.

"I owe you two," said Carleton, quietly; and leaping on deck, turned his attention to the state of the schooner. She already began to steer wildly, for she was much clogged forward by the brig's studd'n'-sail and spars that hung from her bowsprit, and felt the want of her mainsail. The wreck was cut adrift, the sail being saved, and the injury ere daylight nearly repaired. The stern boat, which had been torn from one of the davits and left hanging by the other, was much stove; but being hoisted to its place, was left for another time, the schooner having two light whale-boats slung at either quarter bulwark.

Day had begun to dawn when the schooner was got again under her former accurate steerage way. By the time the pearly hues of the East deepened into the blushing glory of the morning—the two vessels were three leagues asunder; the brigantine, her damages unrepaired, being seen far to windward, near the Connecticut shore, standing back toward New York; while the schooner was sailing easily along on a bow-line, a mile from the land, off Oyster Bay.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE BRIG'S RETURN.

"I HAVE heard from my yacht, and she has been at her old buccaneering tricks again," exclaimed Colonel Powel, entering his drawing-room, the second morning after the flight of his schooner from the cove, and addressing Hayward, who was reading a paragraph in a newspaper to his wife and Blanche.

"And so have we, father," said Kate Hayward, who, with her husband and friend were looking as much excited as Colonel Powel himself.

"There was a rumor in town just before I left that Captain Harry Ellis, who left port the day the yacht was spirited away, had been run aboard by a schooner answering the description of mine, and that he beat her off with his guns."

"This is just what we were reading when you came, sir," answered Kate.

"It must be true then," said Hayward.

"I see no reason to doubt it," said Colonel Powel; "but let me hear the printed account, Blanche."

"I will read it, father; Blanche looks frightened about Harry Ellis, and her voice would tremble like a rose-leaf."

"How can you, Kate!" said Blanche with a reproving glance and blush.

"Here it is, dear father: 'We mentioned yesterday the sudden disappearance of Colonel Powel's yacht, 'The Sparkling Wave,' once better known as 'The Sea Slipper,' from her anchorage opposite his villa, and that a revenue cutter had sailed in pursuit of her. We have just received intelligence that leads us to believe that she has fallen into the hands of her former daring commander. It is now known that this person has been privately lying in this city, and would have been secured by the police the very night the yacht was taken off. And the fact that he was not found by the police at the place to which their informant guided them gave cause for the suspicion. The intelligence brought by a Captain Martin of the Hartford sloop 'Betty Ann' is, that about three o'clock yesterday morning firing was heard by him and his crew on the Sound, and at sunrise they fell in with a brigantine which hailed her, and asked for a spar to make a flying jib-boom of. He stated the brig reported that she had been run into by a buccaneering schooner with a score of men on board, and that he had fired into her and evidently defeated an attempt to board, as the schooner stood on after carying away, by the collision, some of the brig's hamper, including her jibbooms. Not being able to supply him, Captain Martin left him, and soon after he saw the brig attempting, with her jib only, to beat back to port. If this be correct, the schooner is, without question, the Sea Slipper revived. We sincerely trust she may be fallen in with by the cutter, and treated as her merits deserve. We understand Colonel Powel had full insurance. We shall probably

soon have all the particulars from Captain Ellis, who has doubtless put back to repair damages, in which case we shall not fail to lay them at once before our readers.'

"There can be no kind of doubt now into whose hands she has got again," said Colonel Powel. "Well, ladies, we have lost our excursion to Newport. You know something of these adventures, Henry, and you, Blanche!"

The young lady started and blushed, and quickly answered, with the consciousness of her late intercourse with Carleton, "I, Colonel Powel?"

"Why, Blanche," said Kate, "you look guilty."

"Yes, we were fellow-passengers on the Ariel," answered Hayward, relieving her embarrassment by speaking, "and one pleasant afternoon were boarded by the Sea Slipper. Her captain was a tall, dark, and exceedingly handsome man, not more than twenty-six. They were reckless men, captain and crew, and I have reason to know one of his lieutenants."

"That fearful Morris Græme," said his wife.

"Well, it is dangerous to have them abroad upon the sea in so fast a vessel; but they have no guns, thank Heaven," said Colonel Powel.

"These men like them will not be long in obtaining. I have no doubt the motive of their attempt to board Captain Ellis was to possess themselves of his guns."

"And he gave them to the fellows, it seems, in a true seaman's style. I must see Ellis when he returns, and hear from his lips the facts. Somebody else would like to see and welcome him too, or I am mistaken," and he glanced significantly at Blanche, who also catching a mischievous look in Kate's face, got up and went to the window to conceal her pretty confusion.

And was Captain Harry Ellis her lover? In a few words, Blanche and Harry Ellis first met when he was a Middy. He was at home in Boston on leave; he nineteen, she fourteen; and they fell in love, flirted, sighed, and parted. He soon rose to Lieutenantcy, and then inheriting a great estate in the South, followed his roving humor, and getting leave, cruised for two or three years, in a beautiful and costly craft, which he had built, in Baltimore. In the meanwhile, Blanche had been met by Carleton, who became at once deeply, passionately enamored with her; but toward him she felt no other emotion than a romantic interest very natural for an imaginative girl to feel in a handsome buccaneer. After Blanche's return to Boston, Harry Ellis again met her, and renewing his vows of attachment, thought he found a reciprocal feeling in her bosom, addressed her and was rejected! A few months elapsed and she was again in New York on a visit to Kate Powel, now become Kate Hayward. Harry Ellis arrived nearly at the same time in The Lance, and being a friend of Colonel Powel's was invited to dine with him. Judge his surprise, on meeting in the dining room the beautiful Blanche Hillary. She met him with a frank kindness that led him again to cherish a hope, and after a few weeks' devotion, he renewed his suit and was accepted. Carleton knew not that he loved one who was betrothed. If he had suspected it—but he did not! and so in safety she was left by him till the time should come when he could more favorably press his suit, for Carleton had in his mind the half-formed idea of reforming his life for the sake of winning Blanche. His first step of reform was deserting poor Eve!—his next cutting out the Sea Slipper; in truth a promising beginning. But the true, yet false notion which he harbored was, that Blanche loved him and might be induced to share his fortunes even in the life he led. He formed this opinion from Eve's great love, and the sacrifice she had made. But Eve loved! Blanche Hillary did not.

Their marriage was settled to take place in six weeks at Boston; and Captain Ellis had left New York the afternoon of the cutting out of the schooner to proceed to Boston to have her refitted for a voyage to England whither he intended to take his bride as soon as they were wedded. Blanche was to go with Colonel Powel, Kate, and Hayward, in the yacht as far as Newport, and pass a few days, and thence proceed to Boston by land. We have seen how these plans were interrupted by the daring deed of Carleton and Morris Græme.

Blanche stood by the window, from which was a view of the lawn and the bright river beyond, her heart trembled still with the idea of the danger from which Harry escaped, when those in the room were startled by an exclamation of surprise; and ere they could ask her the cause of her excitement, she had thrown up the sash of the long, ground window, and the next moment was flying across the lawn toward the water.

"Ellis's brig, by the Cæsars!" exclaimed Colonel Powel, who with the rest had sprung to the window.

At once the drawing-room was deserted, and at a graver, yet full fast pace they pursued the course taken by Blanche, whose light form had already disappeared in the grove which crowned a headland over which were visible the taper masts, one of them distinguished by the silver lance at the fore-royal-mast-head.

When Blanche reached the rocky headland she saw the brig slowly advancing almost beneath her, the cross-trees being on a level with the shelf of a rock. On the deck stood her betrothed, who, hearing her pronounce his name, looked up and smiled, waved and kissed his hand, and then giving an order to his helmsman the brig came nigher the headland, while he sprang into the fore-rigging and went aloft. The rest of the party had now reached the rock and Colonel Powel hailed Ellis as he gained the cross-trees.

"Welcome back again, Captain Ellis! Have you fallen in with my yacht?"

"By the gods! was that your yacht, Powel?" answered the young commander from the cross-trees, the brig in the meanwhile slowly nearing the rock.

"Yes; she was cut out and run off by her former captain, I am positive."

"I am a fool not to have been sure of her. When I first saw her astern I thought it was the yacht, but having seen the yacht but once, as it only came from the ship-yard last week I was not sure, and then I could not think you would have sailed at midnight. I then took her to be a revenue cutter, and sailed with her an hour or two, but she overhauled me, maneuvered in a masterly manner, and finally came up with me, and I verily believe would have boarded me, but



they discovered that I was armed. As it was they did me mischief as you see, and I did them some, as well as left a nine-pounder in her main-mast. Port a little there at the wheel."

"Port it is," answered the helmsman.

"How is the depth of water here, colonel?"

"Twenty feet."

"I thought it look black enough for full five fathom. Hard a port."

The helmsman obeyed the order, and the brig came slowly past the headland, approaching it nigher and nigher. The young commander, walking out on the top-gallant-yard, waited a moment for her to come the nighest; then calling out loudly to the man at the wheel, "Starboard, hard a starboard!" he fearlessly swung himself—just as the vessel was falling off again and in spite of the cries of the terrified Blanche and of Colonel Powel—far from the yard-end toward the rock, catching at a branch of a tree with a firm grasp. Then securing a footing upon it, he with a light bound, stood amid the group with his hand clasped in that of the happy Blanche.

"How could you be so rash, Captain Harry?" said Mrs. Hayward. "Blanche ought not to forgive you. The color has not yet come back to her cheek."

"You young sailors will ever be a reckless set," said Colonel Powel, shaking him warmly by the hand. "But I am glad to see you, light upon us any way you will."

"You will stay with us," inquired, or rather insisted Hayward, the two young men having, since they first met, become warmly attached to each other.

"Not five minutes. I must be on board again when she returns on the other tack, and I will take your boat, colonel, for the purpose. I only jumped ashore to say how d'ye do, and explain the cause of my return."

"We knew it before. Blanche saw your brig and ran to the river-side as if chasing her runaway wits," said Colonel Powel. "The affair is all over town, and in the papers. It was brought by the sloop which you spoke."

"Oh, ay. I wanted a spar or two, resolved to repair damages and go in chase of the scoundrel who run me aboard. But after hailing half a dozen coasters and putting into Norwalk, without getting what I wanted, I was forced to put back. But by the Lord Harry! I will catch him."

"No, lord Harry, that you don't," said Blanche, laughing, yet with a look of seriousness in her sweet beaming eyes; "you shall run no more risks. I have a claim upon you, and I mean to enforce it."

"That is right, Blanche," said Colonel Powel; "make him feel his responsibility. You see, Ellis, the traces begin to jingle in your ears already. But cheer heart. We men must all come to it, if we are fit to make a woman happy, and so long as the traces are wreathed with flowers, as I am sure Blanche's will be, we can wear them for the fragrance they yield."

"Quite sentimental, pa," said Kate, looking archly at Colonel Powel; "will you make another such pretty speech?"

"Mischief, no. Hayward, don't let your wife be too saucy."

"Kate, don't quiz your father," said Blanche with a roguish look.

"Oh, you are quizzing too. Well, I don't see but one is as bad as the other. Harry, when you come again I will take you into my library, shut the door and give you some lessons as to wife ruling. I must not forget Hayward either."

"Oh, you naughty pa," said Kate, tapping his cheek with her fore finger. "But you don't look so very Bluebeardish, and I will kiss you." Col. Powel received the kiss with becoming gravity, and then the party walked along a descending path to the cove, and so round the white beach to the opposite jut of land where the brig would come in on her tack. Here, as the vessel came nigh he left them, promising to be with them in the evening, after he should have anchored his vessel at the ship-yard.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE MANIAC.

THE scene changes! It is moonlight, bright and beautiful, and a silvery radiance falls upon the rugged shore of the coast of Maine, its reddish glare glimmering over a wild scene of rock and wave.

A steely river flows to the ocean between barren and craggy woodlands, and all around is drear and savage grandeur.

A light wind comes from the south, and the waves roll in with a suppressed murmur.

Inland half a league is a dark light, and the moonlight reveals that the ruins remain of what was once a fortress.

And in one of the embrasures, standing beside a gun, is a man, his head bare, his body half naked, and his hair and beard white and unshorn.

His eyes are wild, and his gestures those of a maniac, while he seems to be watching the sea.

Suddenly his gaze rests upon the moon, and turning toward it, with outstretched arms, he eloquently addressed it in wonderful glory of language and imagery.

Now he spoke with tenderness, now with fierce displeasure; now deprecating its vengeance, and now pouring forth toward it torrents of terrible denunciation.

Suddenly, in the midst of one of these scenes, he stopped, and shaking his head despondingly, seemed to realize the madness of his conduct; and, sighing, he said in a tone of touching woe:

"No—I am not in my right mind. The moon is not God. Yet why does the moon madden my brain? I feel not this till it shines. 'Tis the cause of these paroxysms of madness—for I am mad. Men call me mad. I hate the moon. No, I do not hate the moon. Ho, the silver moon," he suddenly exclaimed, rising and stretching forth his hands toward it; "the glorious moon. Give me wings and I will bathe in your oceans of light. Curses!" he added fiercely after a pause. "Thou hearest in silence, and I see thee smile at thy slave; for I am thy slave. Thou hast bound me in fetters: thou hast flung burning chains around my brain. God! I feel it scorching, and the fire is driving me to hell."

He sprang from the gun, and rushing along the battlement stopped full where it overhung a precipice a hundred feet in depth. There he balanced himself upon the dizzy height, and long and loudly

laughed, as in mockery of the danger into which the devil in his brain tempted him to cast himself. All at once his countenance changed, and so did his whole manner. Sitting down upon the edge of the battlement he sobbed like a child and anxiously looked toward the sea.

"They say she is on the ocean with him somewhere, and so I know if I look and keep watch when the good moon rises and keeps watch with me, I shall see her. There's the ocean, and there I will keep my eye. I bless the moonlight that helps me see the ocean. Oh, I should be so lonely without the moon. Good moon! I will not curse thee. There comes a vessel. No, 'tis a wave breaking on the rocks at Seguin. I have seen so many vessels come, and yet not his. They say she will never come home again. I know they lie. She would never stay from her father. She is my only child. She was a good daughter till she left home. Oh, curse the hour. Curse him who tempted her. They lie, when they say she was not deceived and wronged. Oh, how beautiful she was. Some men say *he* is hung. They lie. If it was true she would have come home to her father. She loved me in childhood, and she is not evil now. She was deceived. Her mother is dead weeping for her; and she is away, and I am here alone, with only the moon to love me and keep me company. It's a good moon. *His* mother died of grief last year, because they told her her boy was a pirate. *Her* mother died of a broken heart. I did not cry. My heart did not break. No! I was strong. I shed no weak tears. I! No! I laughed when they told me. I laughed when I read her name, coupled with his in the papers the neighbors sent me. No, I wept no tear. Women weep. Men, when they cannot weep—men—*go mad!* and I am mad. I have no house, no clothes, no food. I hate man—I hate houses, I love this old fort. When I am hungry I can gather clams, and when I am sleepy I can lie down in this grassy nook with the moon to watch by me all night. There is a sail—she comes—no 'tis a mocker. The devil sails mock ships on the ocean to make me mad. 'Tis a vessel near the land. I saw her broad mainsail turn white and large to the moon. I shall see my child, my Ellen now. I have seen many vessels pass, and hailed to ask for my Ellen; but I know now she is come; and when she comes I sha'n't mourn as I do now. I sha'n't be mad; oh no; I will be happy, and I will tell them all she is not bad, but has come home to bless me. Oh, how fast it comes. I will sit on my gun and watch it."

The maniac then left his dizzy seat and took a position on a dismounted gun in an embrasure looking seaward. Gradually as he watched the advancing sail, his eyes closed with fatigue and mental exhaustion, and he sunk upon the grass by the side of the gun in deep sleep.

This poor being whose madness we have witnessed, had been a clergyman of eminence in a village not far from Bath. He had an only daughter whom he spoiled by indulgence. But mother and father were both devoted to her, and in no other way did they feel that they could show forth their love. They restrained her in no impulse—checked her by no exercise of authority—never crossed her wayward will. Near them lived a gentleman who had an only son whom he equally indulged. Him, he at length sent to college, where he early betrayed a vicious propensity; and after two years sojourn at two different Universities, he was expelled in disgrace, and went to New York, where he entered upon a course of profligacy and guilt. The daughter of the clergyman was attached to him, and deceived by his letters, eloped from her father's roof. The result is already in the reader's possession. This imprudent girl is the mistress of Morris Græme!

The vessel which the broken-hearted father had seen was made out as a rakish schooner, standing on under free sail toward the mouth of the Kennebec.

"This is a savage coast, Morris," said her captain, as he stood on the schooner's deck eying the rocky shores with his glass. "I would not like a storm to catch the Sea Slipper upon it."

"There are numerous safe harbors all along the coast, and vessels are rarely lost here."

"It is a romantic and wild region, and seems without inhabitants," said Carleton as he swept the land with his spy-glass.

"Yet there is scarcely a cove that has not its fisherman's cabin, nor an upland that is not cultivated, though rudely."

"How far up is this fort?"

"A half a league by the water. Now you can see it lifting its dark head into the sky."

"Yes, but 'tis impossible to get the guns from that height without more means than we can command."

"No. I have well examined the spot. The path to the water is even, and twelve men can with ease and safety get down a gun at a time."

"Be it so. The devil lend us a lever but we get them aboard; and then hey for the rule of the ocean."

"Blow, good breezes! The tide is ebbing, and we go up slowly," he added to Morris, who had himself taken the helm, as the schooner entered the river.

"If that revenue cutter," said Morris, laughing, "that chased us off Nantucket shoals, should catch us in this infernal trap, we should have a hard chance to get off as well. But I would fight her to the last."

"Yes," said Carleton, in a low, deep tone of voice; "yes, we must never be taken."

"No!" came with equally stern decision from Morris's lips.

"No," echo repeated from the cliff-side with a stern distinctness that made them start.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE DEATH-STRUGGLE.

SILENTLY, and moving like a specter of the waters, the schooner glided along the dark and savage shores, not far from the mouth, and almost lying at the base of the fort-rocks, stretched before them a low broken beach, on the extremity of which was visible, as they rounded the point, a white circular battery. It stood out in fine relief in the moonbeams, and in the indistinct light, seemed to the eyes of Carleton to be bristling with guns.

"How is this, Morris?" he said, quickly; "what fortress are we coming upon? We are fairly caught."

"No," answered Græme, coolly. "This is a fort built some time before the late war, but has never been used, the fortress on the height so fully commanding it. It is a pretty affair, and looks formidable by moonlight."

"Had I been sailing into this river alone, I should certainly have put about upon coming thus upon it," said Carleton, as they glided past within a hundred yards of its yawning embrasures.

"This is a lovely, wild scene, Edward," said a sweet voice at his side; "and there is something in the danger that your purpose hither associates with it, that inspires awe as I gaze. How smiling in the moonlight this low round fort appears, with the grass waving above it, contrasted with the dark and savage grandeur of the frowning battlements above and almost overhanging it. That high seems the throne of the battle-god."

"You are a romantic person, dear Eve," said Carleton, suffering her arm to rest on his, and her soft white hand to steal for the pressure of his own:

"I learned to be so from you, dear Carleton, it was you that first opened my eyes and my heart to the beauties of nature. You taught me to love the roar of the cascade, to gaze with awe upon the rocky cliffs, and to love the beautiful and the sublime in all that our native river represented. And from loving nature I learned to love you as my spiritual nature. Thou wert my world for my heart's abiding home."

"And you found it, Eve, a world of storms and earthquakes; all unfair and unlovely; its bosom up-torn with whirlwinds of passions, and itself often forced upon its true orbit by its own inward convulsions."

"Yet, as I delighted to listen to the roar of the water-fall, to gaze on the wild whirlpool of wrathful waters, to rejoice in the careering storm and feel a pleasure in witnessing the fierce uproar of the elements, even as I enjoyed the lovely and peaceful in nature's serenest mood, so have I loved, yet with awe, ever, dear Edward, the wild warfare in your own impetuous nature. I loved not earth less for its storms and clouds, nor have I loved thee less. But we do find the type of all our passions in the elements and their results."

"I think I understand your idea, Eve. But see how sternly and warningly towers this fortress upon us. Let us discuss this matter another time," he said, narrowly watching the frowning fortress, which rose nearly above their heads. "To your cabin, lest danger should fall upon you—for our object here may not be accomplished in perfect security, as Morris thinks."

"Nay—I will remain on deck and watch you," said Eve firmly. "I fear no danger."

"Morris, come hither," said Carleton in a low tone. "Do you not see the figure of a man reclining against the outline of the south battlement of that fort? We are likely to find here some persons to object to our carrying away your guns."

Morris looked a moment, then sprang for his glass and leveled it at the object.

"It is a man seated on a gun in an embrasure of the fort. I see but one, and he does not look like a soldier. He has disappeared. What can this mean? I could have sworn a human being would not have been within a league of it."

"Could your purpose have been betrayed? But no—this is impossible."

"The fort may have been manned since I was there a few weeks ago. At all events, this looks suspicious, and we must act warily. There is no one else to be seen. We are now so near that I could see a crow if one were sitting on the top of the fort. Yet there is some one there, and what his purpose can be, unless to guard the place, I cannot conceive."

"If there is one, then, there are more than one," said Carleton. "Forts are not usually given in charge of a single man."

"We will soon know," said Morris. "I will stand on; for our character cannot be suspected, and if we find resistance we must meet it as we best can. I can depend upon the twenty men we have."

"The guns we must have, at whatever risk," said Carleton, with decision. "Let her stand on and let the issue be put in fortune's hands. As we approach nearer I can discover nothing upon the fort. 'Tis must have been, I think, a delusion, after all, Morris."

"No. I distinctly recognized a human figure. It was bareheaded and seemed half-naked, as it appeared to me."

"Then some wild man of the woods, perhaps, who haunts the spot," said Carleton, laughing. "I have heard of such persons."

"We anchor beneath the cliff in the deep shadow there," said Morris, from the helm. "As we come nigher we shall find a path winding from the water up to the fort. We can lay close alongside of the rock, as the water is ten fathom deep."

"If the fort is manned, we are now, at least, too far under their guns to be injured," said Carleton, as the Sea Slipper glided toward the calm, sheltered spot indicated by Morris Græme, bringing the fortress each moment further above their heads, until at length it was no more visible. In a few moments afterward the schooner lay close to the cliff with her sails, not one of which had been lessened, unmoved by a breath of air.

"We shall have to tow out of this black hole," said Carleton, as the schooner came gently to and ceased precipitous motion with its bow against the side of the precipice. "Have the boats down and attached, with oars in all ready, if we should have to do it in a hurry. If this was in the West Indies, I should say we were in for a pretty adventure."

"Be assured we shall find no one in the fort. I will take half the men and lead, as I am familiar with the path. The rest better remain in charge of the schooner, in case of surprise."

The Sea Slipper was now secured by her hawsers to the rock, both at the bows and stern, as snugly as if she had been lying at a pier. Planks were placed from the waist to the rock, where the ascent commenced. It was decided that Morris should take the lead with ten men, and, on ascertaining that the way was clear, he was to give the signal, when Carleton, with eight of the remainder, was to follow him, the men bearing the ropes and necessary tackle for removing the guns.

Morris Græme sprang ashore with a light, adventurous spirit, characteristic of him in acts of danger, followed by his men. He had his own pistols which he had retained, and brought on board with him at New York, as also had Carleton. Some of his men had a single pistol each, and others were armed with knives, harpoons, or capstan-bars, as they could collect them on board. As they ascended further, the path turned off to the right and became less steep as



it wound round the rock. At length he suddenly emerged above the trees, into an opening within a few feet of the base of the fortress. It towered above him in stern silence. His glance narrowly ranged the whole breadth of the walls, but neither ear nor eye could detect any signs of the presence of man. Half inclined to adopt Carleton's suggestion that he had been deceived, he waved his hand to his men to advance again, and then with a confident and familiar step, hastened to the battlements and with a shout gave the signal to Carleton. It was returned from the deck of the schooner below in her captain's clear tones.

"Nay, Eve, you must not follow me," he said kindly.

"But there is no danger. Besides, I have made a vow in my heart, and sworn by my love, that I will not leave you. I have wronged you, Edward, in being jealous—for I was *jealous*, but for a wicked moment only. After your kindness to me for the last few days, I can never believe you false, or that you do not love me. Let me go with you.

"Have thy pretty will," said Carleton, playfully.

"You will ask the captain for me," said a voice near her and only heard by her. She looked round and saw by her side the handsome lad whom Carleton had made his steward.

"Yes, you shall go, Little Belt," she said with cheerfulness. "Edward, let Belt leave the schooner to have a climb on the rocks. He merits it, he has made himself so useful."

"If you wish it, Eve," answered Carleton; and the boy grasping her hand bounded before her up the path, and was soon far out of sight.

"What an affectionate yet strange boy he is," she said after a moment's silence, as they climbed the height, her arm clinging to Carleton's. "Little Belt can't be his true name, either. How came you by him on board?"

"I never saw him till I was on board. He came in with the other men. Morris probably knows him."

"I will ask him about him," she said, as they at length emerged in full view of the walls of the fort, and beheld Morris Græme standing by a gun upon the battlements watching their ascent.

"It is all as I expected, Carleton. The fort is unoccupied, and the man I saw must have been an apparition or a delusion. But I could swear he was bareheaded. Heaven defend us! here he is again," cried the young lieutenant, starting aside from the embrasure in which he stood, with alarm and surprise, as a half-naked wild figure sprang to his feet from beneath the gun where he had been unobserved in the deep shadow, and seized him by the arm. Carleton and Eve both started at the sight and gazed upon him with wonder as he stood, tall, wild and demoniac upon the defined outline of the fortress, his gray hair streaming, his chest naked—the moonlight gleaming ghastly upon his haggard countenance in which his eyes glowed like volcanoes. Eve recoiled with fear, and Carleton gazed with horror.

"Who and what art thou?" demanded Græme, endeavoring to throw the madman off.

"My daughter! hast thou brought back my daughter?" fiercely cried the maniac. "Thou shalt not go till thou hast brought back my daughter," and he suddenly threw his arms closely round him and involved him in his embrace, while he yelled in a voice, between grief and rage: "I have thee now—I have thee close. Thou art mine, and thou shalt be hell's till thou give me back my child—my child."

"Help—for God's sake, Carleton, help. I am without power to move in his iron grasp. Hasten round to the gate and come and release me from this demon. He will hurl me from the precipice."

Carleton obeyed and flew along the path followed by Eve. He sprang past the men who were standing immovable, completely paralyzed by this strange and sudden spectacle, and leaping upon the grass-grown battlement he hastened around the rampart to the preloious quarter where Morris stood struggling with the madman.

In the meantime the maniac continued to make his wild thrilling appeals to him for his child.

"I know nothing of thy child. Release me, demon, or I will hurl thee from the rock," cried Morris, with mingled fury and fear.

"Ha, ha, ha! thou liest—thou hast my daughter! Give me back my daughter! I am mad for my child. I am crazed for my lost one." Here his manner suddenly changed. He released him and knelt before him. "Give her to me, Morris Græme, and I will recall the father's curse that now is on thy head. Oh, return her to me and I will bless thee."

Carleton and Eve had come near and seeing that Morris was released, they stopped and listened.

"How knowest thou me by name, old man?" demanded Græme hoarsely.

"Thou dost not know me, then? Hast thou torn so many daughters from their homes that thou shouldst be at a loss for father's name when he appeals to thee?" said the other rising to his feet and regarding him with flashing eyes.

"My daughter! I demand her at thy hand! I will kneel to thee! Give me back my child I say! Return to me my lost Ellen."

"Ellen!" repeated Græme, from the very depths of his being, as if the sound of that name had moved the foundation of his guilty soul. He gazed on the face of the madman and through all the degradation of form and wreck of mind he recognized the father of her he had wronged. Græme seemed rooted to the spot. Who can paint the horrors of his conscience in those still moments of reflection, with the fearful supernatural gaze of the lunatic upon him? He seemed arraigned to judgment before his time. Carleton would have rushed forward and relieved Morris from the presence of the man, but Eve said:

"No, let us see the issue. If Morris Græme hath done this wrong, this is God's judgment and we may not interfere." Carleton suffered himself to be guided by her, but her words deeply troubled his own thoughts. At length Morris Græme spoke—for he could no longer endure the fascinating look of the burning eyes upon him. He spoke soothingly; but his voice trembled.

"Of thy daughter, good man, I know nothing. Thou shouldst seek her elsewhere than of me."

"Thou liest," shouted the madman. "Thou canst not deceive a lunatic, for the God who hath taken away his reason hath left in its place a sagacity that laughs at reason. I can read thy thoughts, and to my burning brain they are written upon thy black heart in letters of blood. Thou knowest well where

my child is. Give her to me or I will tear thy heart from thy foul throat."

Quicker than thought, and ere his purpose was anticipated, the madman caught Morris again in the same terrific embrace as before. The young man felt his hot breath upon his face, and the glare of his eyes which burned like furnaces seemed to scorch his brain. He was nearly mad. He struggled, but vainly, to disengage himself. But the strength of the maniac was like that of three men.

"Nay, then, fiend of hell! if thou wilt but let me go, I will tell thee of thy daughter," he gasped.

Instantly he was unclasped, and just as Carleton had again advanced to release him, who a second time was withheld by Eve. The madman's manner changed to a quiet bearing; and clasping his hands he bent eagerly forward in an attitude to hear.

"She is in New York. Six days since I left her there. She will probably be at home, as I left a note with her, saying I should not return to her, and that she had best go back to you," Morris ceased. The father remained a moment, silently regarding him. He then spoke musingly as if to himself:

"Home! you say home! This place is now her home. The sound of the sea will be her lullaby—for her singing mother is dead. If she would come to me she must come hither to me, for here is my only home. Ha! and what hast thou to do here?" he fiercely demanded; "here in my house! Wouldst thou bring woe and madness and burning hell here? Thou hast cursed with thy presence one fair home, and what dost thou here? But thou shalt not defile this sanctuary of the God-afflicted. The spot is sacred to madness and woe. 'Tis the home hallowed by woe, woe, woe! The whistling winds howl woe! the lashing waves shriek woe! the wild sea-bird screams woe! a thousand demons dance on every rock and sit in every tree, and cry nothing but woe. Oh, 'tis a sweet woeful place! and 'tis my home! What dost thou in it, defiler? I will hurl thee into the sea."

With an air and gesture significant of the purpose he expressed in his fierce language, he leaped toward the young man, who, anticipating his intention, retreated and sprang across an embrasure behind him. The madman, excited by the appearance of flight, shrieked fiercely and bounded after him. Morris stopped with a curse upon his lips, drew his pistol from his belt and leveled it at him. Heedless of it the lunatic rushed onward, and Morris fired.

"Take thy death, then, if you will have it, madman."

The maniac staggered, pressed his hand to his temples, from which the blood poured as if from a fountain, and then recovering himself, made a fearful leap forward, and a third time Morris Græme found himself clasped in his embrace.

"Now, by my soul, Eve, I must to his rescue," exclaimed Carleton.

"See! behold! they will go over the cliff. Oh God! this is terrible," she suddenly shrieked, covering her eyes and ears with both her hands.

The grasp of the lunatic was the grasp of death. Græme realized all his danger. He struggled for life, while the madman strove fearfully to hurl him over the battlements, mulling all the while indistinct maledictions. He foamed at the mouth, and Morris was bathed in the hot life-blood that streamed from the wound in his temples. For a few moments the contest for the mastery was terrific to witness. The battlements seemed to tremor beneath the feet of the two men. The madman strove, inspired by vengeance—Morris for love of life. Carleton involuntarily paused to witness the issue, when suddenly, after a terrible struggle down on the ground, both stood suspended above the precipice. Each had a foot braced upon the verge. Both eyed each other in menacing silence. The last movement would hurl them both into the rocky bed beneath. With breathless awe all looked on without power to stir to aid them. It was at this moment that Eve shrieked. It was instantly echoed by a shriek wilder still.

Startled by the shriek, and its wilder echo, the madman released his hold of Græme, exclaiming: "Tis Ellen, my child! my child!"

Morris feeling himself free from him, with a difficult effort recovered his footing; but in the act he so suddenly threw the lunatic from him that he reeled on the verge, where, balancing himself, he stood an instant between earth and air, stretching forth his hands toward a female form that suddenly appeared before all eyes upon the battlement.

"Bless thee, my child, thou hast come at last to thy father: I forgive—blessings on—th—"

His last words were lost in air. With a dead, heavy, headlong plunge he disappeared over the battlement into the void beneath.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE NEMESIS.

WHEN the last murmur of the disturbed waters had died away, every one turned to gaze upon the form that had so suddenly appeared before their eyes and those of the falling lunatic. It was that of a tall and graceful female robed in white! But it now was not the emblem of peace and purity. Her garments were disarrayed and rent from the exposed bosom. Her unbound hair fell in long, disheveled masses about her shoulders, and her feet were bare and bleeding. The moonlight shone upon her countenance, and revealed features of surprising beauty and proudly cast. But deadly pale was her brow, and colorless the cheek where once had bloomed the rose. The eyebrows were bent in stern regard upon Morris Græme. The eyes, large and wild, were fixed upon him with a strange, unearthly intensity. Her attitude was threatening, and as she stretched forth her white arms toward Græme, she appeared like a spirit of evil—a fallen, yet still beautiful angel—come to adjudge, condemn and punish. Silent and awed stood the score of crime-hardy buccaners on the green sward within the fortress; and silent and observing remained Carleton and Eve, gazing alternately upon her and Morris Græme. And how appeared this guilty young man? From the moment she appeared like a vision upon the battlement, and his eyes met her form, he stood like one struck into a statue of horror by some judgment of Heaven. He heard not the mangled fall of the lunatic's bounding body, as it plunged from rock to rock until the dashing waves opened to receive it into their secret bosom! his ears were eyes! his senses were become eyes! he could only see the form before him. Her steady gaze paralyzed his

soul; he could not look away; but, as if compelled by some fatal fascination, still gazed upon her as she gazed upon him. But how different the expression of their look!—his horror-struck, fearful and full of remorse and evil forebodings; hers proud, stern, full of vengeance and undying hate.

There they stood, confronted on that lofty battlement's verge, in the full moonlight, the awe struck and curious groups standing silent and breathless awaiting the issue. Carleton and Eve had both heard enough from that lunatic, and knew enough of Morris's history to comprehend in part the nature of the wild scene before them. To the men, the figure was an apparition from the other world. And Morris Græme would rather such it had been than the reality it was. Two minutes—oh, what hours of mental suffering they involved to the guilty young man!—passed in this manner; gaze to gaze, the basilisk enchainment of the fear-struck eye of its victim. Græme's lips moved, and his hands opened and clenched, and he seemed as if striving to call on Carleton for deliverance from her; but no words came from him, and he could make no intelligible gesture.

"How fearful!" whispered Eve, under her breath; "how dreadful must be the punishment of the guilty in the world to come, if God permits such visitations of judgment here!"

"Hush! she speaks," said Carleton, whose own guilty character would not let him listen with temper to Eve's words.

"*Morris Græme!*"—the deep, deep, unearthly tones of that voice! they made every man start. Every eye was turned on Morris Græme—he trembled visibly, and covered his face with his hands.

She approached him, and laid her white hand upon his wrist, and said again in the same deep voice—"Morris Græme, look up."

He removed his hands from before his eyes, and looked in her face, which was bent close to his. The look he encountered caused him instantly to drop his eyes.

"Ah, Morris Græme!" she said in a softer tone, but with her stern beautiful features still fixed in immovable rigidity, and her large wild eye scanning his face; "time was when you loved to look upon me, and to gaze into my eyes! But those were the days of thy love—*this*," she added, in a tone that made him shrink—"this is my hour of hate! Ha, ha, Græme! dost thou not love me now? I can remember, when by this same moon, my only lover, we walked together arm locked in arm, heart echoing to heart, and I was to be thy bride. It was a sweet dream—but *'tis gone*. You went far away, and when I followed thee to be thy bride, thou didst falsely wed me: taking my true heart and virgin love, giving me foul lies, and still fouler dishonor, in return. Yet I cursed thee not!—still I forgave and loved thee. And when once I believed thee dead by Hayward's hand, I wept over thee as if thou hadst never done me the great wrong that broke my heart. But thou didst not love as I loved, Morris Græme, or else thou wouldst not have dishonored me? True love ever elevates, never degrades its object. Time passed, and you became weary of me. Six nights ago you deserted me, destroyer! I wept not—I cursed not—I resolved to die! Your suggestion that I should return to my father's roof I obeyed, for I would see him once again, and receive his blessing before I died. I this day reached my native village; my home was in the hands of strangers; my father, I asked for him—they scorned me, and turned me from their doors, and bade me seek him among the rocks by the sea-shore, for there he wandered day and night, a madman! And all said I had broken his heart—that I had crazed my father, and driven him to the holes in the rocks—that I had murdered my mother, and when he should die I should be *his* murderer! And so they drove me forth with epithets of scorn and dishonor; and then in my heart, ay, in my inmost being, I did curse thee, *thee*, Morris Græme! I went forth, and at every place I came I knelt outside the gate—for I dared not enter a house again—and with clasped hands asked who had seen my father? And so I wandered on till night came; my feet were bleeding and my body wearied; but I could neither rest nor linger till I had found my father. The moon rose, and I saw a fisherman launching his boat; he fled at my approach, but when he saw me kneel upon the sharp shells that strewed the wet beach he came near me and said, 'Poor thing, thou art crazed too!' and he would have taken me into his house. But no; I had no roof henceforth but that free sky which covered my crazed father's head. He then said it was God's judgment come upon me, and bade me seek my father in this place. And hither I climbed the weary hill and I beheld my father—but how, Morris Græme? How?" Here her voice, which in the foregoing narrative, had been low and earnest and singularly touching in its tone, rose on the still air like the night shriek of the battle hawk. "I saw him, hand to hand, eye to eye, struggling with *thee* for his fast oozing life! Thy brow wet with his fresh blood—thy hand crimsoned with the warm life that gave me life; I beheld thy efforts to hurl him from the battlement; I beheld his gray hairs streaming in the contest, his visage marred with grief and vengeance and woe! God gave me energy and strength, and I flew to save him; but 'twas too late; thy hand had done its deed of blood! He heard my voice—he knew his long-lost child's tones, and turned his eyes and hand upon me and blessed me! In bestowing that blessing he perished by thy red right hand, thou thrice-dyed murderer!"

"For God's sake, Ellen, be calm!" exclaimed Morris Græme, who had by this time in some measure recovered his usual self-possession; "I meant not to slay him; he was the assailant, and I did it to preserve my own life."

"Thy life? What is thy vile life, man, compared with his? Thy life was forfeited to him for the wrong thou hast done, and thou wert a coward to seek to save it! Hast thou not robbed him of his child? Hast thou not slain his wife? Hast thou not robbed him of his reason? Hast thou not dishonored his daughter? What hadst thou to do with sacrificing him to save thyself? Thou art guilty and accursed, evil man! The day of thy retribution has come, and God hath given thee into my hand. For thy arms, Morris Græme, I have sacrificed honor and the lives of all I love—in my arms then shalt thou now atone with thy life for thine and mine."

Instantly he was locked in her wild embrace; so



sudden and unlooked-for was this act that he could not resist; there was but a momentary struggle, and with a wild, maniac laugh, mingled with which was heard his raving shriek for aid, she sprang over the precipice with him in her arms. Carleton had sprung forward, but too late; he could only see a confused dark and white mass bounding down the broken sides of the cliff, and with a loud sound plunge into the sea.

"There was only a woman in white that struck the water, sir," said Red Fred, who, with all the rest, had rushed forward to look over the edge of the battlement. "I watched the fall; Mr. Græme must have been caught by one of the rocks or trees."

A deep groan at this instant reached their ears from below, which corroborated his words.

"I believe you are right," exclaimed Carleton; "down with you after me to see if he is lying among the rocks, and is alive."

Midway the cliff, and near the path, led by his moans, Carleton came upon Morris, faintly clinging by one arm to a root growing in the crevice of the rock; he was ten feet distant, and it was impossible to approach him on account of the steep face of the cliff at this part.

"Hold on, Morris, a moment or two," he cried, encouragingly. "Bear a hand here, Fred, with half a dozen fathom of that running rigging," he shouted; "now secure it to that shelf above and make a running noose."

"For God's sake be quick, Carleton; I am bruised and half dead and can hold on no longer," groaned Morris.

"Courage, Græme; there flies the noose—lower yet, Fred; pass it under his feet; now raise it gently up his body—hold; now draw it together close; there, now we have you safely moored, Morris; let go the limb! Hold on firm there on the shelf; now heave away all of you; gently, there is time enough; steady; there comes his head—lift him over the rock, three or four of you; kindly, kindly; don't you hear his groans?"

A litter was formed of the men's entwining arms and the wounded man was borne to the foot of the rock on board the schooner.

"This has been a strange night's work," said Carleton, musingly, as the men moved down the path with their burden.

When the last gun was on board, and the decks cleaned, Carleton gave orders to tow the schooner out of the calm nook where she lay, to meet the breeze; and as he did so he felt a light hand upon his arm.

"Carleton, let us not go thus and leave the dead father and daughter unburied."

"You say truly, Eve; but time presses, and there is not two hours to dawn; I have to take in powder ere sunrise, without which our guns are so much ballast."

"It will take but a few moments. Oh, Carleton, if you love me, leave not the dead we saw so lately in life to bleach in the sun, or be a prey to the fish and carrion fowl! There!" she pointed, shudderingly, "lies her body, glistening white where the tide has left it; he cannot be far from it. Let a barrow be made of oars, and let the men bear them back to the fort, which he so pitifully called his home, and there, within the shadow of the gateway, let a grave be dug to hold them both. You will feel better, and so will Græme."

"It shall be as you say; does he still lie as insensible as when I set his arm and ankle?"

"Yes, heavily breathing, as if in a deep brain-sleep. Nature is repairing the strength of life within, ere she restores sensibility to the body."

"I fear, Eve," he said, shaking his head, "we shall have to make a third grave."

"No, he will wake at sunrise."

"I hope so. Who is with him?"

"Belt, the strange boy, weeps, constantly, and fans him without rest."

Orders were then given to construct a barrow, and Carleton preceded his men to the foot of the rock, where the white garments of Ellen indicated the spot where she lay. They took her up, her long hair dripping with sea brine, and laid her upon the bier; her marble face was unbruised and wore the same stern expression which the recital of her wrongs had impressed upon it, living. The mangled corpse of the miserable father was found lying across a rock, with his head and breast beneath the water. The lifeless form of the daughter was first borne to the gate of the fortress, and laid upon the ground by the wide grave which the men had dug. Then came, borne upon the bier upon four men's shoulders, the half-naked, bruised body of the madman. Side by side in the shallow grave they were laid, in the cold moonlight, and then a sail was thrown decently over them by Carleton.

"Now, my men, cover them up," said Carleton, turning away, not without emotion at the painful sight.

"Nay, Carleton—hold, men! Edward, do not bury them thus, like dogs!"

"What would you more, Eve?" he said moodily, for he half-guessed her request.

"The holy service for the dead."

"Tis mockery! What care they whether men curse or bless them now?"

"Nay, Carleton, you do not speak as you feel; I will repeat the service."

"But thou has no book."

"I know it by heart, Carleton; I have always loved to read and think of it in my sad hours. I will not detain you five minutes longer. Though your life is such as it is—your pursuits so unlawful and erring—you are not unmindful of the better forms of better years."

"When were my years better, Eve?" he said bitterly. "Have I not been ever from boyhood what I now am? Who taught me good in early years?"

"And oh, wilt thou cherish this belief?"

"Nay, I said not I believed in a better life to come: I do not. If there is a God then this world and we are his creatures. And is all evil here, Eve? As his creation is here, so will it be there; as it is now, so will it be forever!—evil and misery under all his dominion."

"This is a fearful blasphemy!" cried Eve, with a shudder; "I know you do not believe as you speak. God is—"

"No more! Say thy prayer for the dead if thou wilt, and these may listen; I care not to see thee

make a fool of thyself, Eve!" and the unbelieving man turned slowly from the grave.

Eve, the gentle, loving, imaginative Eve, looked after him with a sigh and a prayer, and then turning to the two-fold grave, devoutly knelt by its side. Two or three of the seamen gathering round knelt also, and all but Red Fred reverently bowed their heads. How beautiful was the sight. The green rampart with its yawning embrasures, with the sea and islands spread beneath and around; the group of buccaneers on one side of the grave, half lost in the shadow of the gateway; the tall, dark figure of Carleton, standing alone on the battlement a short distance off, silently surveying the scene; the open grave, with the canvas pall, and the kneeling form of the lovely priestess for the dead, with her clasped hands upon her bosom, and her eyes uplifted in lofty and pure devotion to the blue heaven above her head. Deep and singularly impressive was the silence of that moment. Hush! listen to the low, sweet voice of prayer go up from the grave's side, and ascend from that lofty height like incense from an altar.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold him and not another."

She rose from her knees, and, in a voice of solemn sweetness, proceeded as follows:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The men stood a few moments in silence after the sound of her voice had ceased, and she had turned away; there was then a general movement to fill up the grave, but no words were interchanged, save one or two necessary orders given by Red Fred in an undertone. The work was completed, and the men took up their barrow and descended the path to the schooner. Still Carleton, their chief, stirred not from the spot where, with folded arms, he had stood watching the burial. Eve at length approached him.

"Edward, the men wait for you."

"Eve," he said, in a gentle tone, "I do confess that I have been deeply moved. But this is not time nor place for such idle talk. Eve, let us on board, and learn how it goes with poor Morris."

Thus speaking, and suffering the true and faithful Eve to lean upon his manly form, he descended the path to the vessel. In a few minutes afterward she was towed out from her shelter—the breeze caught her sails—the boats were called aboard, and once more the Sea Slipper was gliding along with increasing motion upon her native element.

With a light, but fair wind, she stood on her way up the river, with the helm under the management of Red Fred; who was the only one on board, now that Morris Græme was no longer able to be on deck, familiar with the winding and narrow channel of the Kennebec. Carleton paced the deck with an uneasy step and troubled air. The injuries of Morris Græme had deprived him of his services, when most in requisition. He felt he could trust no other person as second in command of the schooner. Headland after headland was passed by the schooner, and half an hour had elapsed since they left the rock, when he became impatient.

"How is this, Fred?" he demanded; "Græme said the town was not two leagues up, and we have come full that."

"Soon as we clear the wooded point ahead, sir, we shall come in sight of it. I have been upon this river many a time in a Kennebec sloop, when I was a boy before the mast. There, sir, now it opens; see the white houses and the churches, how they are filled up with moon a-glistening on 'em."

"And the powder-house! where does it stand?"

"Hereaway, sir; if you will take a look just under the after leading-block but one, between it and the ratlin, you will fetch it in range!" answered Fred, removing his wheel half a turn.

"Yes—I see it crowning a ledge, apart from the town. How can we reach it undiscovered?"

"I know the path to it, sir; and we shall not be disturbed at this hour. I will run the schooner in alongside an old deserted pier, you see just off the larboard bow, and we can ship the powder from that on board."

The Sea Slipper was then run along close to the shore, until she neared the broken pier, which was a wharf situated half a mile below the town, and quite remote from observation. The sail was gradually lessened on her, and in a few minutes she came to the pier, and was secured by the hawser run ashore. The town, with its harbor and vessels, was visible above; but all was still, save the distant striking of a clock which warned them that day was not far off. Taking half his men, and proper barrows and slings to convey the powder, Carleton left the schooner, and guided by Red Fred, pursued a rocky, wooded path leading to the ledge. A few minutes' brisk travel brought them to the bleak upland rock; on which the solitary structure stood, far from any dwelling. It was small, but securely constructed of brick and stone, with a slated roof. The door, though massive, was soon forced open, and Carleton entering, found piled up on one side thirty large-sized kegs filled with powder. In three trips to the schooner a score of these small barrels were removed on board, and safely stowed in the magazine. Morning by this time began to dawn, and casting off the hawser from the pier, these bold buccaneers were once more on the water. "Now am I a man again," said Carleton emphatically, as he looked back on the receding town, and then watched the swift progress of the schooner seaward. "Now," and his voice fell in its tones deepened with feeling, "now shall Blanche Hillary be mine."

With these daring thoughts in his heart, he paced the schooner's deck, until the wide sea once more opened its heaving bosom before him to receive the bounding vessel.

"Yes, there the sea spreads her wide arms to welcome her son again! Blow fresh, ye good winds, blow fresh and fair, and hurry me to her embrace. Well, Eve, how fares it with poor Morris? I will go down and see him as soon as we clear this coast. There frowns, with the dawn lightening its summit, the fortress to the right, where we buried the mad father and his daughter. I shall ne'er forget that

scene, nor thy voice of prayer. Nay—no preaching now, pretty one. Thou hast not told me how my lieutenant fares."

"He has not yet come out of his state of insensibility. With the rising sun he will revive."

"I hope so. I would not lose Morris now. We have work for both before us. Is the boy with him?"

"Yes, nor has he left him. What purpose or plan is in your heart, Edward. I hope no evil, that you should wish Morris Græme's aid."

"Listen, Eve," he said, walking slowly and thoughtfully with her toward the stern, his brows meeting as they did when he was deeply moved. "I am about to tell thee, what may not please thee well, because there is in it other love than thine. Nay—do not start! I have already told you, I know not how to return thy love."

Eve gasped but spoke not, and painfully listened.

"But to my story, as thou hast just wished to know my present purpose. A year ago, and but a few weeks before our marriage, I returned to Charleston, I was commander of such a vessel as this in the West Indies, with a wild and savage crew of Spaniards and mulattoes; but men abjectly under my authority. My schooner was called the Sea Slipper, as I have named this. I fell in with a packet ship bound from Boston to New Orleans, and boarded her without resistance. Among the passengers was a lovely and youthful Spanish widow, whom I resolved to take with me aboard the schooner. Do not shrink, Eve! Had I loved thee I should not have so resolved. Her father was also a passenger; and learning that he was immensely opulent, and having been disappointed in finding specie on board, my cupidity got the better of my passion, and I ransomed her to him for a very large sum. He wrote me an order for the amount on his banker in Havana, and I left the packet ship to pursue her course to New Orleans, while I stood in for Havana, which was but a few hours' sail. Before I reached port, I fell in with a heavily armed British cruiser, and being hotly pursued I ran my schooner ashore, and took to the boats. But the pretty Sea Slipper was taken possession of and burned before my eyes. But, thank the gods, I have another, the fellow to her, beneath my feet. Without a vessel, I dispersed my men for two months, and alone, and in disguise, proceeded overland to Havana. The amount of the draft would have purchased me another vessel. Fashionably attired as a stranger, I sallied out from my retreat, in a house near the *Paseo*, to present my draft. After a long unsuccessful search to find the house upon which it was drawn I was satisfied that the names were fictitious, and that no such banking-house was known in Havana. You may judge my fierce disappointment and threats of vengeance upon the old Spaniard; for I had built up all my hopes of getting another vessel upon this money. The same day a letter reached me, informing me of the death of my father. I instantly embarked for Charleston. The remainder of my history, you know, Eve. But I have more to add respecting this accursed Spaniard. I have had intelligence that he resided in a magnificent mansion, a league outside the walls of Havana. My first purpose is, now that I am once more in command of a vessel, to pay this wily cavalier and his beautiful daughter a visit. I made oath to do it whenever I should tread the deck of another vessel its master. After this expedition I have another one, Eve, will please thee less than this—but thy looks tell me thou hast heard enough."

"I have!" she answered, in a deep suffering tone.

"You are offended with me, Eve, touching my fancy for the fair Castilian! But, then, thou wert not my—"

"Speak the word! Say wife, Carleton, and I forgive all!"

"Thou wert not then my wife, Eve," he said, with a smile.

"Yet thou hast just now said thou art again seeking her. I know not, Edward, how it is, but I know I do hate this fair Spaniard. I am a miser, and thy love my treasure, which I watch with such jealous care that I would not other eyes should look upon it!"

"Eve, thou wilt yet be convinced thy treasure is but dust."

"Heaven put far away that hapless hour!" she said, with emotion. "I do begin to realize something of what thou would have me believe," she added, with touching resignation; "I know I have been blinded by my love! I will confess—though my heart is breaking as I speak—that thou lovest me not as thou hast done! Something has changed thee, Edward."

"I will tell thee what it is—nay I dare not now! See how we are suddenly lifted upon the billows and feel again the familiar rocking of the ocean. Once more we are upon the sea. Go down, Eve, and as soon as the sun is up I will follow thee."

In the main cabin lay the form of Morris Græme upon a pallet. His face was deadly pale, and a scar was upon his temple, from which the fresh blood oozed, but was constantly wiped away by the hand of the lad, "Little Belt," who had knelt for hours by his side, watching every breath and sign of returning consciousness. He seemed to be sleeping heavily.

At length the fading gleam of the lamp was outshone by the morning which gradually filled the cabin with light and, as if there had been some mysterious union between sensibility and light, a favorable change in the face of the wounded man was visible. The deadly, marble aspect softened and assumed a faint one of life, and the strong heaving of the chest became subdued and more regular. The signs of returning animation were watched with the most intense anxiety and solicitude by the lad; and, when at length as a bright beam of the rising sun flushed upon the sky-light and was reflected throughout the cabin, he stirred and opened his eyes, the lad uttered an exclamation of joy so deep and fervent, that it was plain there existed between them some mysterious bond of union; perhaps, however, the interest was all on one side. This idea was strengthened by the glance which Morris Græme turned toward him; it was one of doubtful recognition and wholly without the emotion that might have been anticipated from the conduct of the other. The exclamation of the lad drew Carleton to the cabin, where on entering, to his joyful surprise, he met the intelligent look of his lieutenant fixed on him.

"The gods be praised, Morris," he said taking his hand. "I thought you were *visé* for the land



under sea. I am rejoiced to see you have come to. You were lucky not to have been killed, and you have come off without breaking but two bones, which I have set. It will keep you on your back, perhaps, till we get to the West Indies, whither the Sea Slipper is now steering."

In a little while Morris was able to recall the past and to listen to the recital of his rescue and also hear of Carleton's plans for the future. He made no remark when informed of the death and burial of the father and daughter, and by the expression of his features evidently wished no further allusion to the subject. Days passed on, and with the alternation of fair winds, calms and storms, the Sea Slipper held on her course to the West Indies, where were to be found material in plenty from which Carleton intended to complete his crew. Morris's injuries rendered it necessary for him to remain almost constantly on deck, although Red Fred in a measure relieved him from duty in the larboard watch. They had been at sea three weeks, and yet Morris remained an invalid in the cabin, occasionally being taken on deck for the air. The lad "Little Belt," so called by the men, on account of his small waist, was constant and assiduous in his attention upon him. Eve also was left much with him; and he received all her attention with a grateful look and tenderness of voice, that showed how strongly passion for the beautiful creature was working in his bosom. He sat up or reclined most of the day upon an ottoman, and she read to him or they played chess or backgammon together. This sitting for hours eye to eye, with hand in contact with hand, is a dangerous position for an enamored man. Morris Græme drank in love with his eyes until his brain and heart were both intoxicated. This convalescence was to him a passage in the hours of paradise. She could not be insensible to the impression her presence made upon him. He betrayed it in every look and in all his manner. He took no pains to conceal his feelings from her. Carleton was not only much on deck, but had grown more and more cold from day to day. Blanche Hillary was taking Eve's place in his thoughts, and he only thought of her to devise some means of getting rid of her in quiet. He had of late discovered Græme's passion for her, and in his heart rejoiced, hoping that she might be enticed and fall! Was she then growing false to Carleton ere she knew he was false to her? Let the result tell. She liked his society for it was a relief from the coldness and neglect of Carleton.

Morris was reading from the first Act of Richard III. GLOSTER.—Look, how this ring encompasseth my finger.

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart. Wear both of them, for both of them are thine!

And if thy poor, devoted servant may But beg one favor at thy gracious hand, Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

ANNE.—What is it?

MORRIS GRÆME.—[seizing Eve's hand and kneeling.] "Sweet Eve, let me put this question of Lady Ann's into thy mouth, and myself answer it instead of Gloster. This is the favor I would ask of thee. I beseech you listen patiently and give me one ray of hope. Since the first hour I saw thee I have loved and in my heart worshiped thee. Nay, do not struggle to release your hand. Have pity on me, for without thy love I am, indeed, most wretched. Carleton loves thee not. Each look and act of his shows that thou art hateful to him. Nay, more. *He loves another!*"

"Dost thou speak truly, and from thine own knowledge, Morris Græme?" she demanded in a tone that made him start.

"I do, sweet Eve. The lady is very fair; but in grace and beauty hath no compare with thee."

"I heed not thy compliments," cried Eve with emotion. "Tell me her name?"

"Blanche Hillary."

"Has he met her often?"

"No—but his passion for her is as the springs of his own life."

"I knew it—I—Morris Græme, swear to me that thou tellest me truly; for this thing must be confirmed by an oath, ere my heart receive it all."

"I swear it," he said, now feeling confident that, convinced of Carleton's unfaithfulness, she would throw herself into his arms. She stood for a moment lost and absent in thought. He took her hand, and would have passed his arm about her waist. The act recalled her to herself. She shrunk from him with a look of womanly dignity, as became a true wife, and said:

"Thou dost mistake me, Morris Græme. Carleton may not love me, but to me he is still dear."

"Nay, 'tis madness, Eve, to love when thou art scorned. To reject the true heart I offer thee, for the cold neglect of one who spurns thy love. If thou wilt be mine, I will surround thee with every luxury."

"Talk not to me, Morris Græme," she said commandingly, pacing to and fro the cabin; "I am not thinking of thee or thy hopeless passion."

"Hopeless, Eve?" he said, attempting to take her hand.

"Ever! I am not whom you think me. Oh God! that he should subject me to the degrading addresses of this man—nay, of every man. Oh, Carleton, Carleton! thou hast drugged my cup with a bitter, bitter draught!"

"Eve."

"Stand by, sir, and disturb me not. If I have, following charity and kindness in nursing by thee, overstepped my modesty, and so given thee excuse for this license, then am I grieved, and severely judge myself therefor. Morris Græme, I cannot listen to you."

"Cruel Eve."

"Sir, hast thou not heard me?"

He recoiled a pace at the stern and virtuous dignity with which her voice, look, and manner were clothed by her indignant emotion, and in silence gazed upon her. He knew she had loved Carleton, but he was not prepared for such an exhibition of faithfulness, when he no longer cared for her. His passion was only increased by her lofty conduct, and in his heart he resolved to win her, even with the life of Carleton. Eve now retired to her state-room in a painful conflict of feelings, and Morris reclining, as if still very weak upon the ottoman, mused upon what had occurred. He was not alone, however, nor had the scene just drawn been with-

out a witness. In the shadow of the stairs or companionway stood a figure half revealed, watching the progress of Græme's passion with eager interest; it was the lad, Little Belt. His dark eyes gleamed like coals of fire, and his brows were knit together as he listened to his declaration of love. He more than once thrust himself so far forward, in his eagerness, that persons less engaged than Eve and Morris Græme would have discovered his presence. Once, when Græme would have clasped her waist, his hand was upon a knife in his belt, and he half drew it forth, and looked for a moment, as if about to spring upon him and bury it in his heart.

While musing upon the past scene, and deliberating upon a half-conceived plan of taking the schooner from Carleton and forcing Eve to his love, he felt a hand laid nervously upon his arm; he turned and beheld the lad by his side.

"What would you, boy?"

"Revenge!" came from the pale lips of the lad in a low, deep, startling tone.

"Who? what art thou?" cried Græme, starting up and gazing in his face.

"One whom thou hast sworn to love and to love only; and who, trusting to thee, has found thee false. I am she whom when thou wert weary of me thou didst force to wed another. I have waited my hour of revenge, and it has come! Thy hour of retribution had not come when thy mangled corpse should have found a grave in the sea; and I knew thou wouldst not die then—for thou diest only by my hand! I have loved thee, Morris—I have degraded myself for love of thee. Knowing I could never be your bride, I gave thee my virgin heart, and was happy in being thy mistress! But thou didst soon tire of a treasure too easily won! I have loved and hated thee by turns since thou didst force me to marry thy knave Frederick. I have thrice since had thy life in my hands, and yet love turned aside my hand! I have wept over thee in thy illness here when thou knewest it not, and loved thee without rebuke. Yet I was tempted each day to poison thy food, but still love let thee live. But I only hate now! I have witnessed thy passion for Carleton's wife—"

"His wife!" exclaimed Morris, who had been listening and gazing upon her like one in a dream.

"Yes—his wife. I have overheard that which assures me of it, though he does not acknowledge her. But with this thou hast no further interest. I hate thee, Morris. Look at me!" and she removed a wig of massy tresses and exposed the undisguised features of Hetty Bell. "Look at me and see the beauty that has now brought thee to thy death! Now die!"

"Hetty, for God's sake! you are not—"

His words were lost in the ineffectual struggle in his great weakness to rise from the ottoman, and release the pressure of her hand upon his throat.

"I have sworn thy death, Morris Græme, and I have the strength and power of hell in my heart and hand! In vain thy efforts—Die!"

The knife, as she muttered the word, descended into his bosom. The guilty young man fell back with a groan; and having faintly murmured the name of that God whose laws he had for years broken and despised, his unaneled soul took its flight to his bar of judgment. A shriek from Eve, who had overheard the scene through the blinds of the state-room, brought Carleton below. On entering the cabin, he beheld the murderess bending over the body of her victim, and passionately pressing her lips to his. He did not know that Morris was dead, and stood with a look of inquiry gazing round.

"She has killed him!" cried Eve, pointing to the corpse. "She—Morris is dead!"

"Yes, and by my hand," answered Hetty Bell, turning toward him, and speaking in a tone strange and full of sadness; "I have slain him because I loved him! Now he is dead, I care not for life, and I follow him to a world where love hath no rivalry, and where 'tis not crime to love, if the hearts are wedded."

Before the astonished Carleton could arrest her hand, or comprehend her purpose, she drew the knife from Morris's breast and plunged it into her own! She threw herself upon the body of him whom she had too well and criminally loved, and with her head resting upon his bosom, there breathed her last.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### THE FATAL COMBAT.

THE third morning after the tragic scene described at the close of the preceding chapter, the Sea Slipper was gliding along within a league of the Cuba coast, between Matanzas and Havana, and running up to the former port. Carleton was pacing the deck, moody and silent. He had lost a faithful coadjutor in Morris Græme, and the presence of Eve daily more annoyed him. He would not suffer her to walk on deck with him, and the most of her time was passed in her cabin weeping—yet still she loved him with the same holy and undying constancy. As the schooner approached Havana, with the Moro Castle two leagues distant to leeward, Carleton's attention was directed to the maneuvers of a sloop-of-war under American colors; which, after standing in toward the harbor and signaling, tacked, and began to beat seaward again, stretching away to windward of him, with her signal still flying.

The sloop-of-war came down with a flowing sheet and open ports; and the armed schooner was standing shoreward, across his course on the starboard tack. Silently and swiftly the Sea Slipper approached the sloop-of-war, till within pistol shot, when the latter wore round and fired a broadside.

"Luff a little—now let them have it, my brave lads," at the same instant cried Carleton, first to his helmsman, and then to his men.

The smoke blew away, and Carleton found his fore-topmast shot off just above the head of the foremast, and two of his guns unshipped and rendered useless. The sloop-of-war had only been hulled by a shot, and lost her flying-jibboom. The injury to the Sea Slipper at such a moment was irreparable and fatal; before she could be brought to her course again, or obey her helm, the sloop-of-war came down at a slapping pace, and heaving to under her stern, poured a broadside into her, which raked her fore and aft. The destruction was terrific!—half of Carleton's men were killed or wounded, and the rest fled from their guns. The next moment the sloop-of-war lay her aboard, and Carleton alone with Red Fred, and Eve clinging upon him, defended his

quarter-deck. A party from the sloop-of-war now poured over her starboard gangway, and Carleton found himself face to face with Harry Ellis, her commander. After a personal conflict between the two captains, the buccaneer was disarmed and made prisoner upon his own deck. He was soon afterward taken with Eve on board the sloop-of-war. As he crossed the gangway his eye fell on Blanche Hillary, who, pale and beautiful, rushed up to Harry and tenderly embraced him, crying:

"My dearest husband, thank God you have returned in safety."

"Her husband! Blanche, is he thy husband?" sternly demanded the bound pirate chief.

"The lady is my wife, sir buccaneer," said Harry with a look of surprise; "dost thou object? if so, be speedy with thy words; for by mine honor, you will have short shift and a strong rope."

"Nay, then I have no further word to say," he said, with a look dark and gloomy as his own stern nature; "lead on to my death. Eve, there stands the woman who taught me how to love, and that I loved not thee."

Eve turned upon Blanche her large, earnest eyes, then advancing to her, said:

"Lady, I forgive thee, though thou art the cause of all my woe!"

"What beauteous being is this?" exclaimed Blanche, moved with astonishment.

"The pirate chief's bride—his wedded wife, for now there is no need of concealment, Carleton. He loved me till he saw thee, and now my heart is broken for his love of thee."

"Thou art a strange creature," said Blanche, with deep interest; "I grieve that I should have been the innocent cause of thy sorrow."

"Thou dost not love him then?" she asked with an earnestness, as if life depended on the reply.

"No, lady; here is my husband, and him alone do I love."

"Thanks, thanks—thou hast kept me from hating, nay, cursing thee! Carleton, I forgive thee for loving one so beautiful and so good. But ah, these are the signs of death! Sir, let me die with him!" she cried, kneeling at Captain Ellis's feet and clasping his knees.

"Nay, thou art not guilty with thy wretched husband, if thy face speaks truth; his life is forfeited by his crimes. Remove her: and, Blanche, see that she does no mischief to herself, poor child! As for thee, thou red-handed man of crime, prepare to die by to-morrow's sunrise! There goes thy schooner to pieces, an emblem of its master's coming fate." He pointed, as he spoke, to the Sea Slipper, which at that moment blew up with a terrific explosion. Carleton was led below in irons, followed by the twelve surviving men of his crew, Red Fred alone having escaped by swimming to the land.

It was midnight. Carleton lay in the wardroom upon a carriage, to which he was chained. The sloop-of-war was becalmed off the Moro, which through the port he could discern in the moonlight. He was reflecting upon the past without remorse, and contemplating death without fear. "Pass!" said the sentinel at his door, in a stern tone. He looked up at the voice, and by the faint lantern hung from a beam above, he recognized Eve. He turned away his head, and seemed not to have seen her enter.

"Edward," and her soft hand was laid on his arm.

"What would you here!" he roughly inquired.

"The lady you love—Blanche—has at my earnest entreaty persuaded the captain to permit me to visit you. Well, to-morrow at sunrise you die."

"Wouldst thou mock me with telling me of it?"

"No, dear Edward; I have come to tell thee I love thee at this dark hour as I have ever loved thee; that thou art, though chained and condemned to die, and hated of mankind—that thou art still as dear to my heart as when in girlhood I first surrendered it to thee. Be comforted and hope for a better life."

"Eve, your love strengthens me—I bless thee for it; but of a better life I have no hope."

Hour after hour she sat by his side till the dawn broke. The secret effects in Carleton's heart of those hours of prayer and eloquent teaching are known only to the Searcher of hearts. The hour came for his execution. When Eve left him he tenderly embraced her, and then walked calmly to the spot to which he was led. He looked up to the foreyard, and saw none of the usual preparations for death swinging there; his eye then fell on a file of marines drawn up, and he was told that his men would be taken into Havana and executed, but he was to be shot.

"Thy wife has begged this lenity for thee," said Captain Ellis. At this intelligence his dark eye brightened, and his bearing and look became prouder. He looked round to meet Eve's eye, and saw her and smiled upon her. She sprung forward, threw herself upon his neck, and whispered with strange calmness:

"Edward, bear up; I will not be long separated from thee. Remember thy promise to commit thy soul to God, in Christ in thy last moment!"

The moment came, and the young buccaneer chief was led to a stage erected on the bow, and there was unironed and blindfolded. There was a deep silence for a moment, as he stood there left alone. His lips moved, his face was uplifted a moment, as if in prayer, and he placed his hand on his breast at the signal. One simultaneous discharge of musketry, uprising high above which was heard a wild, piercing shriek, and Edward Carleton fell dead upon the stage, his bosom pierced by a dozen balls. There were two spirits released at that fatal discharge. Eve was raised from the deck where she had fallen with a wild shriek as he fell, and, lo! she was dead also!

Thus tragically terminates our narrative of the career of the Sea Slipper. If the perusal of it has made any one better or happier, strengthened the love of morality and order in society, and shown the evil consequences of vice and immorality, the aim of the author will be attained.

THE END.

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